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SPECIAL SERVICE FOR ARTISTS IN WAR TIME

By Ernest Peixotto

ACCOMPANIED BY REPRODUCTIONS OF ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY FRENCH WAR ARTISTS

WHAT can the artist do for his country in war time? What has he done in the countries now at war? In what direction can he exert his maximum of efficiency? For what work is he especially equipped?

Through my connection, as American secretary, with the Appui aux Artistes—an organization that has been helping the needy artists of Paris by providing cheap meals for them in studios loaned for that purpose—I have been kept in close and constant touch with what the art-workers have been doing in France. Even before I left that country, in the fourth month of the Great War, the artists were actively organized.

At the very outbreak of hostilities the younger artists and the students at the Beaux-Arts took their assigned places in the ranks of the youth of France, and shared the horrors of the first few months of war with such fine self-sacrifice and with such spirit and ardor that I have among my papers a single list of three hundred and fifty of them killed in action.

Many distinguished themselves on the field of battle; many were "gassed" or wounded; many have come back physical and mental wrecks after long periods in the hospitals.

Two artists of the Appui were among those who acted as *éclaireurs* for what was probably the most deadly volley of artillery ever fired. "At Verdun, when the Fort de Vaux was cut off from the main French body by German cross-fire," writes a friend in Paris, "the situation of the garrison became hopeless and Reynal capitulated. The Germans seemed to think that, with Vaux fallen, Verdun was in their power. They prepared a triumphal advance in force. Platoon after platoon, regiment after regiment, rolled out of the trenches, formed in close order under their standards and began to sweep onward, cheering and singing, with their music at their head. Two men of the 'Appui' helped to signal the right moment for the French guns to open. Those who saw it say that a great cloud of dust rose to an enormous height, hiding everything from view, and when it settled no living thing could be seen. The space between the lines became a lifeless chaos and remains so until to-day."

And so one might go on indefinitely with tales of military achievement connected with the artists of France. But they have done better than this. The French Government awakened to the fact that the artists of its country should not be thus wantonly sacrificed; that there were very useful things that they could do. So it directed its efforts toward employing them in work for which they were specially equipped.

It sent the more vigorous ones to the front, with special permits from the War Department, to make sketches from life of scenes in the trenches, in the avant-postes; of life in the hospitals, in the

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prison-camps, on the battle-fields, and in ruined villages. Many were employed in making topographical drawings, and those who remained behind the lines worked for the great propagandas. Some drew cartoons intended to inspire patriotism.

Drawing by Abel Truchet.

Reading from the "Official Journal."

. . . "Succeeded, in spite of the wound that blinded him, in bringing his men back in safety." . . .

Celebrated men like Leandre and Forain made lithographs for the public prints that stirred the feelings of the masses. Men like Hermann Paul and Abel Truchet, in terrifying drawings, depicted the horrors of war and the barbarities of their enemies; Steinlen sympathetically portrayed the grief and resignation of the poor bereaved women of the invaded regions; Abel Faivre, Willette, and many other well-known draftsmen gave their talents to the cause.

It was the artists also—Forain among the first—who, at the very beginning of the war, first thought of dissimulating war material by means of protective coloring. To paint a cannon gray renders it less visible, but by no means invisible, and in these days of hidden warfare when men fight underground, burrowing like moles in the earth, all objects of military importance, everything in fact that would disclose their movements, must be carefully concealed from the scouting air-plane, with its hawk-eyed observer and its even more keen-eyed telephotographic lens.

Before every important battle nowadays flights of aeroplanes soar aloft, fight off assailants, and photograph as accurately as possible the enemy positions. These photographs, when developed and examined under a magnifying-glass, reveal every secret that cannot be carefully hidden. For instance, a bright high light will shine along the top of every cannon and reveal its emplacement.

So the artist comes along with his paint-brush, paints a black streak along this high light and a gray streak at either side, with white paint where the shadows

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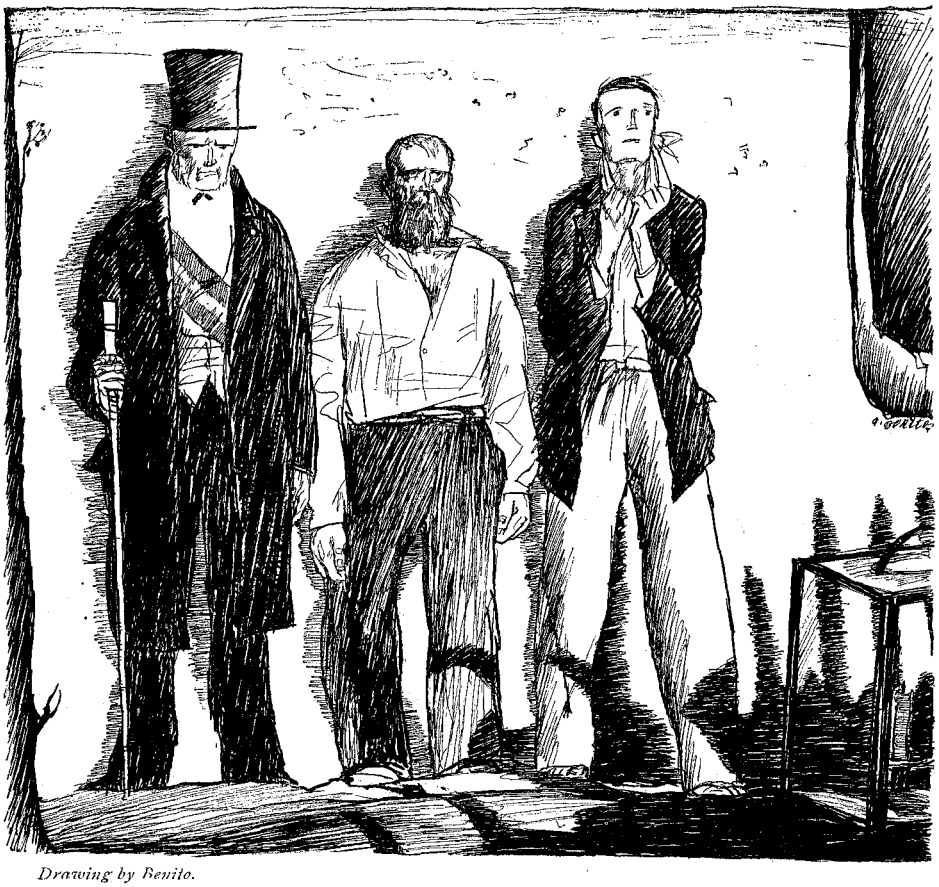

Drawing by Benito.

Against the Wall.

The Mayor and Two Civilians.

would naturally come underneath, thus reversing the modelling of nature and flattening the object out. A few colored streaks over this to confuse the form of the object and the cannon is effectually disguised even from the camera's all-seeing eye.

Motor-trucks, artillery-wagons, trains of cars with their locomotives are painted with broken patches of green in summer and with white in winter so as to dissimulate both their form and color. Aeroplane-sheds that stand as well protected as possible on the edges of woods but with open ground before them from which the birdmen can take flight, have their fronts and roofs painted exactly to match the trees behind them and thus become hidden in the forest and form an integral part of it.

This scientific faking has become known as "camouflage," a word derived from the verb *camoufler*, that, in theatrical parlance, signifies to make up, to disguise. A friend of mine, applying its use to the army, translates it "The Illusion Department," and he says: "The sign of the aviator is a wing on the arm; that of the telegraphic corps is the braided forked lightning. The sign of the *camoufleur* used to be the chameleon, but this has lately been removed. There could be no better insignia for the camouflage than this—a disappearing chameleon."

In his latest book H. G. Wells, writing of his visit to the Isonzo front, tells of a great battery that he came upon—"the most unobtrusive of batteries, whose one desire seemed to be to appear a simple piece of woodland in the eye of God and

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Drawing by Steinlen.

Portrayed the resignation of the bereaved women of the invaded regions.—Page 2.

the aeroplane." And he speaks of a great gun that he found there—a sort of decoy gun made of logs to draw the enemy fire "with its painted sand-bags about it . . . and it felt itself so entirely a part of the battery that whenever its companions fired it burnt a flash and kicked up a dust. It was an excellent example of the great art of camouflage which this war has developed."

A friend writes me from Paris that one day, while driving through the forest of Saint Germain, he came upon a convoy going to the front—six big 155-mm. guns "dragged by motors and all the personnel and ammunition tractioned by motor also, but automobiles of such very strange aspect. They were painted in chromes and greens and blues and purples to represent rocks and trees and leaves and shrubs, like scenery, so as to be completely dissimulated from the enemy. My companion said, '*Regardez comme ils sont bien camouflés*,' and I said, 'Well, I am glad that at last they are making use of the talent of the painters in a practical way.' "

Last summer, just after the battle of the Somme, this same friend met a man he knew, the head of one of the great designing houses of Paris, wearing his uniform and proudly displaying on his breast his *croix de guerre avec palmes*, the highest military honor. "You are back on leave?" he asked. "Yes and no," was the reply, "I am at present on post near Paris. I am *camoufleur*."

Then he told some stories of the camouflage, among them this one:

Just before the attack on the Somme the German aviators were very active and made it difficult, except at night, to move large bodies of troops to the front. One road especially, leading from a small forest but lying straight and white over the fields, was closely watched. It became most important to get some big

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guns and many men over this road and into position by the 1st of July. So the camoufleurs got very busy and painted "three kilometres of white roadway bordered with green and when the enemy aviators arose to reconnoitre, they reported 'nothing moving on the road from Amiens,' while all day long, for five long days, a continuous line of artillery and thousands of troops passed under the painted roadway to take their assigned places for the great attack. So you see that we painters are worth something, after all, and that this canvas was the result of *genie* as well as genius!"

The possibilities of camouflage are quite without limit and its principles can be and have been applied to the concealment of men as well as of inanimate objects.

Drawing by Steinlen.

His Wounded Comrade.

To be seen, in modern trench warfare, is certain death. So the shining helmet of the day is painted a dull blue and the contending armies have all adopted uniforms of the color that they considered least visible. But these obvious pre-

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cautions have been supplemented by other devices for concealing soldiers, especially those engaged in dangerous outpost duty. Blouses and hoods are provided and carefully painted by talented artists to match exactly the surroundings in which they are to be worn. Even the face of the soldier is streaked with bars of color like that of an Indian and he thus becomes quite invisible and is as effectively concealed as any wild animal lying under cover in the woods.

This work in the outposts is, of course, the most difficult and the most dangerous that falls to the camoufleur. Its utility was at first doubted.

"General X of the Nth Sector had little faith in these methods, saying that no one could imitate a tree for purposes of observation that could deceive him. An officer of the camouflage told him that a tree in a line beyond had been erected for that purpose and asked him to name the tree. The general looked over the row carefully with his field-glasses and in a moment his keen and experienced eye told him that there was something wrong with the third tree from the last. And so there was—but that was just to fool the general. The observer was in the fourth tree from the other end. The camouflage has grown in importance since those days. In August, 1914, the number engaged in it was [censored]; the last reports I have received from the ministry of war put the number to-day at [censored].

"This department sometimes has to face very delicate and dangerous situations. It is, for instance, not so easy, with the Germans at a stone's throw, to crawl out of the trenches at night, remove the carcass of a horse and put an imitation

Drawing by Hermann Paul.

In the Invaded District.

"Don't cry so! . . . We'll do much worse when we go."

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Lithograph by Naudin.

Refugees.

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Lithograph by Abel Truchet.

"The Taking of Verdun."

. . . "The Devil! . . . after forty-five years of rehearsal!"

in its place with an observer inside so that no one will know the difference in the morning. It cost Gabriel Ferrier his son; and now Ferrier himself is dead. Two good Prix de Rome men have been killed at it already."

Talented sculptors often model these fake horses and also these trees for observation purposes. The trees can be of vital importance. For example, an old blasted stump, torn by shell-fire, may stand between the lines in an advantageous position. It becomes necessary to post an observer at that point. The sculptor models a duplicate of the tree. The stump is removed at night and the duplicate is erected in its place, with the observer inside. He remains all day peering down into the enemy lines and, after nightfall, makes his way back to his own trenches.

This is dangerous work as you may imagine and only too often results in the death of the observer. Here is an amazing story that comes to me in a letter from a friend in France:

"Once after an attack and a slight advance of the French many German dead were left on the field. Among these was a large fat, red-haired German who had fallen on a bit of rising ground in a good place for observation. It occurred to the colonel that a French observer might be useful at that point. The camoufleurs therefore made a most beautiful, fat, red-haired German corpse—I know you are too good an artist to see any contradiction of terms here—and that night they crawled out with it to where the fat German lay. They threw a rope around the dead man, dragged him away, and left him behind a pile of rocks, and they then placed the French observer in his place with a rope attached so that they could pull him back.

"The next morning, to their horror, the Germans made a target of their beautiful corpse and shot bullet after bullet into it. Of course, they thought their friend was dead. That night the Germans sent up flares every once in a while and continued the shooting so the French could

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do nothing. Later on, however, the flares and shooting ceased and the French started to bring back their observer with no hope of finding him alive.

"They dragged him behind the lines notwithstanding, but when they came to examine him they found, instead of their dead comrade, a very irate and much alive German 'Unter-Offizier.' They crawled back to where they had left the dead German the night before and found only a Prussian uniform, stuffed with straw and cotton and capped with a red wig. The Germans, it seems, had been doing a little camouflage on their own account. The first German corpse wasn't really dead at all. The observer inside had crept out and made his way back to his own lines. The Germans had then captured the French observer, shot up the imitation corpse, and, between flares, the next night had put one of their own observers in his place. They say that for a long time afterward in that sector no corpse was comfortably safe between the lines and a big fat one had no hope at all.

"When I consider the actual results, relatively, together with the various possibilities and anticipations from a strategical point of view, I am unable to decide who got the best of this duplex camouflage: the Germans, who lost a live German whom they did not expect to lose while gaining a live Frenchman whom they did not expect to gain; or the French, who lost a live Frenchman together with a live German whom they might have gained, but who gained a live German while expecting to lose a dead Frenchman."

On the very day of America's entry into the world war a group of New York artists wanted to organize for war work. Some one proposed that we should raise a regiment of American painters. And the reply came: And what would you think of a regiment of American doctors —two thousand well-equipped doctors throwing themselves away as a unit in the trenches instead of tending the sick and wounded?

When the idea of the "camouflage" was suggested it was received with enthusiasm. Several of the men had even

Drawing by Sem.

"Poilus" Returning from the Trenches.

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then made careful researches in the domain of protective coloration, and one at least had been working with the full knowledge and approval of naval officers.

The scientific disguising of ships at sea —whether merchant ships, destroyers, or submarines—is a branch of camouflage that has received but little attention abroad, as there have been so few naval engagements. Yet for us, here undoubtedly lies our most important and immediate problem—a problem that, before this article can appear, will probably have had many interesting solutions. Ships painted battle-ship gray are less visible than those painted black or white, but there are other ways of painting ships with vibrating colors that will greatly decrease their visibility. I have already heard of one submarine of our navy—But I must not make known secrets that should be carefully guarded.

I think I have told enough, however, to show that there is ample and excellent opportunity for the artists of America to emulate the exploits of their comrades in France and England. Work in the camouflage is the most efficient way in which they may serve their country—the older men staying behind to prosecute their researches and direct the work; the younger men, those of military age, taking their places in the ranks and putting into practice the laws of protective coloring—whether in the vivid, parched deserts of Arizona or New Mexico, or in the lush, green fields of northern France.

A CHANGE OF AIR

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT

I

THE stuffy drawing-rooms were full of people. Some of the group realized the stuffiness, and would have liked more air; some of them were too much overawed to mind an atmosphere that knew how to live with ancestral mahogany. There were those who averted their gaze from the black-walnut "what-not"; there were those who ached with desire of its beauty. There were young eyes that could have appraised to a penny the big royal Bokhara rug in the front room, and watery eyes behind glasses that knew just how much work had gone into the complicated rag carpet before the fire in the room beyond. There was Bessie John, dressed in well-cut, much-worn tweed, prettily intent on ivory chessmen from the Summer Palace; and old Miss Bean, whose gloveless hands showed the stabs of a thousand relentless needles. Little Julie Fort dangled a German silver vanity case from her bare left hand and hid her paint-smudged right in a cheap fitch muff. Next her sat Walter Leaven, gaunt, correct, threadbare: with time-stiffened figure and time-eroded face. Young Jim Huntingdon sprawled uncomfortably on the gilt Louis Seize chair to which fate had unkindly led him. Bleached hair and tanned face recorded the onslaught of tropic suns and of winds that acknowledged no human responsibilities. Now and then he threw up his head and snuffed the air uncomfortably, like an animal—panting a little as he sprawled. And others—and yet others—in every variety of attitude, filling the two great rooms, surging into corners, pressing hard against door-jambs.

Now, at last, the rooms were full. For five minutes the shadowy butler had not introduced a new member to the group. There was little talk, for of this large number of people many found themselves alone among strangers. Even those known to each other were suspicious and silent; for no one knew why he had been

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summoned. Eager, proud, annoyed, miserable: there were many qualities of facial expression there; and all slightly sharpened by resentment. No one would have minded meeting, alone, the rich hostess who had not yet appeared; but this unexplained crowd, like a prayer-meeting or a table d'hôte, was maddening. It savored of sermons or of some abominable charity. Still, they had all responded to the summons, and they waited, unprotesting; for they were all poor. Sometimes two glances crossed, like swords forestalling an insult; but no one got up and went out. The same fact chained them all to their places; and each tried not to realize that this was so. Their relations to Miss Wheaton differed widely. Some had exploited her and some had really loved her, but nothing in the past of any of them—and this feeling was everywhere, like the stuffy air—justified this ruthless association of him with others. These people, while they waited for Miss Wheaton, bristled with individualism; they were half a hundred "special cases," having nothing in common with their fellow guests but the perfectly fortuitous and undeserved circumstance of poverty. There were those there who could, with contentment, have made a quick way to the door, distributing kicks as they went. But no one stirred. Two men—one of them Bessie John's husband—marooned together on a Sheraton bench between the wall and a door, looked at each other suddenly, an identical phrase in the eyes of each: "If one could only smoke!" But neither uttered a word.

Bessie John gave herself up to futile scorn of a rich woman whose drawing-rooms were furnished as heterogeneously as the Ark was peopled. But she showed her scorn only in her smile, which she directed, with dishonest explicitness, at old Miss Bean. Fortunately Miss Bean's own eyes were resting, fascinated, on Jim Huntingdon. She had a furtive hope that this young giant—whom she did not know—might break the gilt chair on which he sprawled. If he did, she knew a man no one else could possibly know who could mend it beautifully. To her the catastrophes of the rich were the sole providences of the poor. She was ready to exclaim louder than any one if he did break it—and then to slip up to Miss Wheaton with the precious address. Miss Bean liked to be useful. Smiles came your way if you were useful; otherwise, never. Stiff on her horsehair sofa, she hated the young man for being there, on the gilt chair. Why should he be there at all? She did not hate Miss Wheaton, who had been kind to her; but she would not have minded—except in humble speech—having the chair break. Some of the others concealed similar meditations deep within them; but with Miss Bean they were very close to the surface. She was so humble that one wheezing manner sufficed to her contacts with life. It was such an ostentatiously unlucky manner that, like rags, it took every one in. Few were so wretched that they were not obliged to pity her. She had probably never before encountered, at the same time, so many natural enemies as this afternoon. But she did not notice them; she was waiting, almost breathless, for the chair to break.

Every one was finally, now, very still. Only Walter Leaven, whose tiny annuity had enabled him to preserve, and not sell, a few priceless affections, grew restless. In spite of his poverty, he would have made a bolt for it if he had not so trusted Cordelia Wheaton.

It was not characteristic of Miss Wheaton to keep her friends waiting; indeed, it was with a phrase of apology that she entered. She took her stand in the uncurtained arch between the two big rooms, refusing the chairs offered her. She was a mass of burdensome soft flesh. Her hand was white like moulded wax; her gentle blue eyes seemed to take reluctant command among features long since conquered, most peacefully, by alien tissue. She looked unhealthy, as fat, white, small-boned women do; but there was no gross suggestion in her corpulence. It seemed rather the result of pious inertia; of a mystical and unhygienic staring into space for many years. She had apparently not pampered, but ignored, her body. The flesh had achieved a bloodless and unnoticed victory. When she spoke, it was in a small, tinkling voice, not shy, but with absent-minded cadences. Every one paid the most profound attention.

"I have called you here, my dear

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Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

"I have called you here, my dear friends, to say that I have come to a definite decision as to the disposal of my fortune."—Page 11.

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friends, to say that I have come to a definite decision as to the disposal of my fortune." She paused between phrases, unembarrassed, as if, merely, she had found something that she loved to stare at in the distance, beyond their heterogeneous heads. "I have destroyed my will, under which many—perhaps most—of you were beneficiaries. Some of you have long known that I have no desire to co-operate with incorporated institutions or public trust funds. I am not in sympathy with the forms which religion takes among us"—there was something breath-taking in her tacit yoking of Walter Leaven's agnosticism and old Miss Bean's revivalistic tendencies; and one or two of her "friends" looked up at her, though they sat very still—"though I would not in any way criticise or interfere. What has become very clear to me is this——"

As if quite unconscious of the tense minds and bodies surrounding her, she stopped. No one quite dared to follow her glance, to see what she was looking at, there beyond them; but it could in any case have been nothing more remote, physically, than the lace curtains falling heavily the length of the drawing-room windows. Outlying fields of flesh shook slightly as she turned or moved, but there seemed to be no central disturbance. With rare absence of dramatic sense, she appeared not to know that the moment was cruelly psychologic for twoscore human beings. At last she came back to her speech with a sigh that agitated her vast bosom.

"What has become very clear to me," she resumed, "is that any gift I can make to my friends will be of infinitely more use to them now than at the problematic future period of my death. If any one of you needs—or—or—desires—money that I have and do not either need or desire, I cannot see why I should withhold it any longer. The great and senseless burden of managing a property like mine—though it is not so large at the present day as some have doubtless thought—would scarcely be a burden at all, if shared among so many. I have no natural heirs, and you who are gathered here represent what I should call the natural people for me to unload my responsibilities upon. I have used my best ability in choosing and in the distribution of my worldly goods. It is needless to say that I have reserved enough to pursue my own life in self-respect. I hope you will agree with me that self-respect does not need much. But I should not like to burden my friends with the vision of me as a beggar." She smiled softly. "I purpose now, to-day, to divide what has been called my wealth among you here present. I hope no one will give me the pain"—her voice had a pleading note—"of disagreeing with my judgment. It would be a real pain to me. So long as the money is mine, I have, perhaps, a right to judge. After it has ceased to be mine, my connection with it, for praise or blame, will of course utterly have ceased."

Words of abstract import could not be less didactically spoken than were Miss Wheaton's; gentleness could not go farther compatibly with dignity. Yet even old Miss Bean, who was wont periodically to ask the prayers of singing, groaning, murmuring congregations, felt resentfully that she was being preached at. The women controlled their impatience according to their several codes of manners; the men, except Walter Leaven, squirmed on their seats.

"I am going to ask you, each one, to give me a few moments in my library. My lawyer is there, and together we will inform you of the sum to be transferred immediately to your possession. Any one who wishes to consult my lawyer—Mr. Reid—more fully, can make an appointment with him to-day for a later time. His firm is prepared to execute the transfers, and to do all necessary business with the greatest possible despatch and the least inconvenience to you. Of course if you wish to consult your own lawyers, you are at perfect liberty to do so. But as Mr. Reid knows my affairs in detail, I recommend him to you.

"I have made an alphabetical list, and shall ask you to meet me in the library in that order. As I desire now only to give you information, it will not, I think, take long. I purposely selected a holiday for these informal preliminaries. The formalities shall be put through in the next days, at your convenience. Before I call for the first one on the list, may I say one thing: that I should be deeply

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disappointed if any one of you failed to understand my motives in doing this, or refused to receive my gift?" Her gaze seemed to hover round Walter Leaven's head for an instant, but so vaguely that only Walter Leaven himself could have known. She gave no other sign of singling him out. "I have called you together only for the sake of saving time. Each one of you, I hope, knows by this time my special feeling of friendliness for him or her—knows that I do not in any way confound him with others. Many of you, of course, do not—never will—know each other. But time is very precious in our time-ridden world. I am leaving the country before long. I do not wish to delay. Miss Bean, your name is first on the list. Will you please come up to the library with me and meet Mr. Reid?"

Miss Wheaton made her way slowly, a little uncertainly, through a group dazed by much swift speculation. Bessie John's husband and the man who shared his Sheraton bench got up to let her through the door. Miss Bean followed, drawing her faded skirts meticulously above her boot-tops, as though she were in a muddy street. Walter Leaven's face twitched a little, as he glanced sideways at Jim Huntingdon, now frowning as he sprawled. Leaven was still suppressing the desire to bolt. Bessie John was crimson, but she never let her gaze wander from the ivory chessmen. She did not even look at her husband. Nearly all of them were trying desperately to recall how many of their virtuous desires they had, in times past, permitted Miss Wheaton to become aware of. Both the mannerly and the mannerless were worried: the former lest they should have played the game of decent reticence too well, the latter lest they should have played it disgustingly not at all. Little Julie Fort, whose fitch muff had rolled under Jim Huntingdon's chair, decided, after reflection, that it would look better for her to pick it up and cherish its cheapness. The young giant was too far gone in some revery of his own to help her. His lips were shaping, inaudibly, strange names, while his closed eyes were dizzily contemplating a chaos of expensive kit.

So it went, while the room slowly emptied itself. As each descended from the library, the shadowy butler led him to the front door and saw that its black-walnut panels swung noiselessly back behind him. But at last the blue November twilight had absorbed them all—all except Walter Leaven, whom the butler, with a murmured word, had led to the dining-room. Walter Leaven heard from the man that Miss Wheaton begged he would stay and presently dine with her; and while he waited in the ugly panelled room, he heard the shuffle of chairs in the drawing-room as the servants rearranged them after the singular festivity. He could have gone back into the thinning crowd, but he did not wish to. Even after old Mrs. Williston, the last, had gone up-stairs, he still clung to the official privacy of the dining-room. Only when he had heard Mr. Reid himself go out of the house did he lift his head and take possession of himself. Then he came out into the hall and met his hostess.

Miss Wheaton looked to him very tired. The hanging-lamp over the table made a single Rembrandtesque pool of light in the biggish scene. That illumination showed up the food and dishes like a Dutch still-life. Just beyond the bright centre of the pool Miss Wheaton's face hung heavily between glow and darkness. It looked as if a cynical sculptor had clapped on handfuls of plaster and left them, in their impotence, to harden, while he went about a more beautiful business. Wan and gentle and cruelly fat, she faced her guest across the table, as sometimes—not often—she had done before. He was oppressed by the weariness she did not confess; and almost immediately after dinner he left her. Some of the men, going away that afternoon, had clicked buoyant heels on the sidewalk: they had walked like men whose limbs have been washed in miraculous waters. But Walter Leaven's step was a little heavier than usual as he sought his two high-perched rooms.

II

Jim Huntingdon, gazing out of Walter Leaven's western windows, got a sketchy view of some hundreds of unhappy roofs. Loft buildings of the cheaper sort were

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plenty; so, too, were window-sills that seemed to sag under the untidy weight of mattresses and bedclothes. It hurt him, all that unpicturesque squalor; hurt him chiefly by the sense of vicarious confinement. His was a roving temper. With little or no æsthetic sense, he disliked having, in spite of himself, to pronounce on either beauty or ugliness. The open precisely suited him. A picture-gallery was scarcely more to his taste than a slum. He liked personal activity: something that he could do, and do on his own. He hated having either to praise or blame the works of man. Fortunately for him, the planet was still able to provide him with a few unravished stretches.

Yet the young giant had a conscience, and his conscience had brought him to Walter Leaven's door. Walter Leaven, obviously, cared as much for the careful hand of man as young Jim for the careless hand of God: not an object in his sitting-room but was wrinkled with history; and the vast gestures of Nature could have had nothing to do with the meticulous etching of his face. All the same, Walter Leaven was the only one of the company which, a week before, had gathered in Miss Wheaton's house, to whom Jim Huntingdon felt he could go. The two men had barely met before that day; but Jim Huntingdon, looking for some one he could talk to, had selected Leaven.

"What is it?" asked the older man at last.

Huntingdon turned from his staring. He couldn't for the life of him see *what* it was. Only, something had to be discussed, with somebody, before he could get off.

"I don't know any of those people," he began. "I've never seen Miss Wheaton often. I don't even know what I was doing there with the rest of you, except that she knew my mother once. I used to see her a lot when I was a kid. But, Lord, that's long ago. Only—well, it amounts to this. I can't cut my stick without making sure. I've at least spoken to you before, and, by George, I don't believe I've even spoken to most of the others. Is it all right for me to go ahead?"

"Go ahead?"

"Yes. What is all this extraordinary idea of her staking us, anyhow? As man to man, have I got a right to this windfall? Or is she crazy, and is something going to happen? The lawyer says not, but I don't know anything about lawyers."

"I think she explained herself sufficiently to us all that afternoon." There was a discernible bitterness in Leaven's tone.

"I don't call that explaining. I never took anything from a woman before. I don't know if it's right. I've got to ask some one of the bunch, and the rest were no good. You've got to tell me."

"I can tell you nothing whatever."

"Well, I can't see *her*. I've tried. She's always out or engaged. Besides, it's awfully uncomfortable. I've taken the money, of course, but I can't start off without knowing. I'd be in a hell of a hole if I got ten thousand miles away and then had to refund. Besides—why should she give me anything?"

"You will have to answer that yourself."

"Do you believe"—the young man twisted uncomfortably on his sofa—"that any of those other people are in my queer position? Not knowing any more than a dumb animal *why?* If I thought that, I'd finish up my business and start."

"I am quite in the dark—quite in the dark." Leaven fiddled with a bit of enamel. "But I honestly think you may take it from me, as an old friend of Cordelia Wheaton's, that you're safe. You may go and be happy in your own peculiar way, without worrying. That is, if—" He stopped.

Miss Wheaton's beneficiaries were of many stripes and colors: they were to work their luck into a score of different patterns; some of them were to know each other well, others never to meet again. Only one decision would they all, as by a single gesture, make: not one of them would ever tell or ask another: "How much?" Imprisoned together in her charity, each would, to the end, have that little private cell to flee to.

"Oh, I can be happy," Huntingdon hastened to say, "if it's all right."

"I don't like to take any responsibility in the matter," the older man answered; "but I see no reason why you should hes-

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itate. You are lucky, I think, to know what you want to do with your windfall."

Jim Huntingdon grinned happily. "Don't you?"

"No, I don't." There was, again, bitterness in Leaven's tone. But somehow all the bitterness seemed vicarious, as if he were complaining for a friend.

"Oh, it's easy enough to spend money."

"I dare say. But it has come rather late to me. I'm used to my life."

"You can always buy this sort of thing." By way of indication, the young giant's fist nearly knocked over a piece of majolica.

"Yes, I can always do that." Leaven seemed to be waiting for his guest to go.

"Well, so long." Huntingdon crossed to the door. There he turned. "I suppose I'd feel better about it if I knew what she was going to do. Won't she be everlastingly sorry some day?"

"You attribute to me a familiarity with Miss Wheaton's mind that I do not possess."

Jim Huntingdon never reacted to stiffness. He merely got away from it as quickly as possible. So he turned the knob of the door. "Impertinence is not my habit," he assured Leaven gravely. "Only I wish to heaven somebody knew something. But as there doesn't seem to be anything I can do, I'll take my passage to-day. I'd have been a lot happier, though, if some one could have assured me that that poor old lady was happy."

Walter Leaven smiled at his departing guest. "You may take it from me that she thinks she's happy. I give you my word on that. Good luck to you. I suppose you have an address?"

"Oh, yes. It'll probably be some bank in Shanghai. Would you like it?"

"Yes."

"I'll send it to you. Good-bye." And his host heard him descend the stairs with a comfortable Brobdingnagian stride.

Left to himself, Leaven sank back into a worn and rickety chair. The bitterness that young Huntingdon had excited in his breast now took control there, and his fine, hard, weary features showed his mood. For many reasons he had hated answering the young adventurer's questions, but he paid Huntingdon the compliment of believing him a rare case. He did not, in his mind's eye, see any of the others looking askance at their luck. Their palms would be greedy while their lips were scornful. He was rather glad that he had asked for Huntingdon's address. Shanghai, to his Europe-moulded mind, sounded fantastic. Still, undoubtedly, there was a bank there; and he could even fancy Huntingdon, fresh from all the places that made maps absurd, asking an impassive Chinaman for letters. He respected Huntingdon for his scruples because they were akin to his own. He had lulled the other's scruples, while he let his own have full play—because he felt, with such passion as was left to him, that he alone had a right to them. It was late in the day for Walter Leaven to be jealous, and his jealousy was of an odd and faded kind. It consisted only in wishing to be alone in worrying about Cordelia Wheaton. He did not pretend, even in this twilight of age that might well make their two landscapes so similar, to understand her. But he liked to think that he alone of them all could see danger ahead of the woman he had loved. Other people, knowing what he did, might think her a fool; but none of them—save him—would regret her folly.

Love was past; but he remembered it, as he remembered the Italy of his ardent wanderings. Rome was spoiled now, people told him; Cordelia Wheaton had certainly become a figure of little charm. Yet he wouldn't, for very pride, go back on his past. In self-respect he must maintain that the only emotions he had ever had had been justified. Italy had been a marvel; Cordelia had been slim and sweet and noble. Both had been reft from him, and now he had no resource but to believe that, in his day, he had loved all too wisely. Life had been a beast to him, but he would lie to life brazenly on his very death-bed, pretending that what he had had was something crude possession could hardly have bettered. He could see life go out of the door, a disappointed shrew. That would precisely suit him and the narrow range of his shrunk emotions.

Walter Leaven had a sense of humor. He kept it by him like some very ugly, very convenient object. If you can

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imagine a connoisseur finding a patent rocker comfortable, and having the rare audacity to admit it, you can guess Walter Leaven's attitude to his sense of humor. He sat in his rocker and looked at his masterpieces. At first it had been only another way of showing deliberate disrespect to life; but eventually he had come to like his rocker. . . . It was because he could see how absurd was Cordelia Wheaton's present theory of existence that he worried about her.

He had, all these last years, suspected that Cordelia was making a mystical fool of herself, but she had said little to him, on the rare occasions when he had seen her. Only at that last dinner she had shared with him had she let him have it straight—as straight as one could let you have any dim nonsense of the sort. He didn't know where she had got it: she didn't tell him. But of course there were always futile sophistications ready to the hand of the rich. There was religion in her impoverishing herself, but it was a religion with no æsthetic value. One of those queer things out of the East: bound up with charlatans and flatulent illiteracy. A state of mind that rejected the concrete; that would, if it consented to look at it, have deplored the Renaissance! Cordelia was by way of denying her body, and the humanist in him would have preferred cosmetics and masseuses. Life, wishing to make him squirm in his patent rocker, had shown him the woman he had loved turned—what was the ridiculous thing?—Buddhist. They did that sort of thing, he knew, in Boston; but they did it temporarily—they didn't burn their boats. It didn't go beyond vegetarianism and housing impostors in turbans. He could have stood it as a fad; but Cordelia had already disposed of her fortune; she was going to India, or Tibet, or Ceylon, or some such place, to finish her days contemplating the Infinite. At least, he supposed it was the Infinite: he had refused to listen to the jargon. Cordelia was sweet, was dignified, was reticent about it; but that was what it amounted to. She would grow fatter and fatter until she couldn't move, until she was just a mystic stare out of a heap of flesh. And all the time, if she could only have seen it that way, there was Rome: a great hospital, equipped to receive any kind of case, even hers. That was all he knew, and he knew more than any one else. He was too sore to think of it as a brave gesture on her part; and he knew well that giving your life for a cause does not prove the worth of the cause. Cordelia would perish for something whose sole sense was to make an article in an encyclopædia. And he, enriched, must watch her perish: the woman who had been slim, sweet, and noble, and whom he had never asked to marry him for reasons she was perfectly aware of. Walter Leaven "believed" nothing; but he could have borne a bigotry that had been responsible for Fra Angelico. When he came to think of it, the absence of bigotry was the most disgusting thing about Cordelia's revelation.

His knowledge of her religion was sketchy, but his sense of it had become vivid. He saw it as something too vast and vaporous to be quite decent. It was a great mist reeking; in it moved gods of prehistoric countenance, mopping and mowing with mile-wide grins. His own agnosticism had at least the cleanness of the void. Her revelation had nothing to say to humanity; it denied all passion, even the purest, all codes, even the noblest. There were in it none of those choices that justify the soul. Life, any life—snake or man—it held indecent, a thing to be got rid of. Their saints gazed at their own navels and were dumb. Ugh!

No wonder he had been unhappy when he left her house on that momentous evening. All Cordelia's life had been a tacit refusal of his unspoken offer of himself, but he had never felt really jilted until now. And it was too late to glorify another woman; too late, even, to fling himself ironically into ignoble adventures. His blood was thin, his ardors ran low; he wanted nothing, not even enough disgust to shock him back into his illusions. Only that morning he had signed a new lease for his two inconvenient rooms. He had walked past his tailor's three times before deciding to go in and order a suit he sorely needed. For two days he had been deliberating over having a telephone installed. He thought he might run to that, but he hesitated, in

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spite of himself, to make so lavish a gesture. Perhaps Huntingdon's visit had tinged the air with venturesomeness. At all events, half an hour after Huntingdon had left him, Leaven got up, put on his overcoat, and started out for the office of the telephone company. At the same time he resolved inwardly to buy another book of meal-tickets at his dreary boarding-house. No one can say what Walter Leaven feared, or why; but he crept further into his familiar frugality as if menaced by deadly guns.

III

Bessie John sat on a step-ladder, mocking her florid husband.

"You are as glad as I am, you know you are. Haven't we always wanted to be civilized? And aren't we doing it discreetly? Aren't we hanging our own pictures? If I had been the offspring of frivolity and extravagance that you think me, wouldn't I have paid the people from Crantz's to do it all? Am I not throwing sops all the time to Cerberus? Have I urged you to give up your work? Did I set up a butler when I was sore tempted? Have I even yet been to a *good* dressmaker? Did I not say to you in an Old Testament voice: 'Philip, Philip, they must be real antiques, against the day when we may have to sell them'? Did I not curb my taste for Louis Quinze and Chinese Chippendale, and sally into lone and dangerous farmhouses, buying the four-post bed from under the hired man and the decrepit mahogany from under the boiled dinner? Have I not been as clever as a mendicant and as shrinking as a criminal? Colonial I have forced myself to be—though it's not worthy of me; but Braun photographs upon my walls I will *not* have. There is a point beyond which rolling in the mud is not Christian humility but sheer swinishness. And, above all, Philip of my heart, have I ever for one moment, since luck came, gone back on my manners? 'The Lord our God is a jealous God'; and I have every day tried to prove to Him that luck is good for my soul. I haven't wrestled in prayer—it isn't my way—but I have meant to show that adversity isn't the best and only teacher. Adversity, you know, always spoke Greek, as far as I was concerned. I was getting near the point of collapse. I didn't so much mind eating off fumed oak and sitting in Mission chairs—though they were very uncomfortable—as I did pretending to a lot of people that I liked fumed oak and Mission chairs, and chafing-dishes, and the brassware of Russian Jews. Yet I could never say, even to the Orpingtons, that I hated it all. I somehow couldn't. It's one thing you don't do. Yes, I was in revolt. I wouldn't even be cheerful, and go in for wicker. That would have been to accept our fate, finally; worse still, to pronounce ourselves optimists.

"No, Philip dear, I have behaved very well. I have been very grave about it—almost as grave as you. I haven't danced up and down, and I have made more concessions to your conscience and your gloom than you will ever know about. If I can't help thanking God that I shall never again have to sleep in a white enamelled bed, do you blame me? And you can't say I have gone in for anything *chic*. I don't particularly like Colonial furniture: I have a soul above it. But I realize that it's respectable, that one needn't be ashamed of it, that it's not ostentatious; and you can't say that our drawing-room mightn't have been a New England sea-captain's front parlor. It's built round Miss Wheaton's chessmen. That was why I asked for them instead of something more valuable. Given the chessmen, I could reconstruct. Did you know that old Miss Bean lugged off the what-not? Do you think I ought to have wrested it from her, and built round that?"

Philip John, fair, handsome, his grave boy's face verging on heaviness, looked up at his wife.

"I know you hated it all," he said simply. "I don't blame you. I've no vocation for knock-down furniture, myself. I'm glad, too—of course I am. I suppose it's superstitious of me, but I somehow thought we'd better go slow. The price of the engravings nearly knocked me over. We can afford them, but ought we to? Isn't it sinking too much of our principal in personal property?"

"But after this we can live on our

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blessed income, my precious. Oh, you'll see. I shall count every penny of your salary, just the same. Can do. Believe me."

Philip John sat down in a comfortable wing-chair and gazed upward at his wife.

"Is it all going just for food and clothes and things?"

Bessie John leaned her chin in her hand and spoke in a deep, low, chanting voice. "He wants to give to the poor; he wants to take a pew in church; he wants to insure his life; he wants to chip bits off his salary and run by stealth to the savings-bank with them; he wants to work overtime at the office, and to put antimacassars on all the chairs; he wants never, never, never to take a taxi, but always to ride in the subway!" She sang the last phrase softly, ending on a minor third.

"My dear girl, you know perfectly well what I mean. And it wouldn't hurt us to give something to the poor."

Bessie John came down from the step-ladder and stood by the chimneypiece, with folded arms.

"Pilly-Winky, it would hurt me. I've done all I care to do for the poor. I've *been* poor. You can't do more for them than to live as they do. Even settlement-workers get a day off now and then. It's many a year since I've had a day off. No, Pilly-Winky, not the poor. It all goes into administration expenses, anyhow. I'm always willing to give candy to a baby, but I draw the line at subscriptions to anything. Any personal charity I feel like expending is going to be expended, for a long time to come, on you. Understand? You're the most deserving person I know."

She crossed to him and put her hands on his shoulders, gripping him hard. Her voice matched her gesture. "Nor yet a pew in church, my dear. I praise God in my own way. I'm not going to set up as a churchgoer just because I can have clothes that the usher would be polite to. When I think of it, the thing I admired most about Miss Wheaton was her absence of cant. She wasn't dying to support religion. She preferred to support individuals that she pitied, liked, or respected. She disposed of her money quietly, decently. If she had wanted it used for indiscriminate charity, she would have given it that way, wouldn't she? Or if she had wanted to hold up the hands of the church? She preferred to give you and me a chance to be almost as nice as we really are. And I honor her for it."

"So do I, my dear." His gravity matched her soft vehemence. "But she at least didn't think it right to use all her wealth in pampering herself. She parted with it. She gave it—you may say—to us."

"And that is where it is going to stay." Bessie John gave him a last little shake, then sat down facing him. She crossed her slim hands behind her head and swung her left foot.

"Pilly-Winky, I honestly wouldn't criticise if you really had a passionate desire to support some particular good work. Tuberculosis hospitals, vacations for working girls, lost dogs, or a Keeley cure for hoboes. What I object to is your uncomfortable sense that because you have something, you must part with it; because you have a little more, you must straightway have a little less. That's mere atavism. Your ancestors got in the way of making themselves uncomfortable for the glory of God. Then, in the sixties, they made *my* ancestors uncomfortable for the glory of God. They were horrid people, your ancestors, from the start. Comes of reading Hebrew instead of Greek, I shouldn't wonder. But I am not going to squat on Plymouth Rock because I married you, darling. If Colonial furniture is going to remind you of your ancestors at every turn, I'll sell it to-morrow and be *chic*. Really *chic*. I could do it beautifully, and you'd mind it awfully. So be good."

"I'll be good. But——"

She threw up her hands, then passed them with a firm, rhythmic gesture over her sleek, dark hair.

"'But'—nothing. I do think we might leave the ducks and drakes to other people. Miss Wheaton's money is going to go in very queer ways. Let *us* be conventional and decent and charming. Let us soberly show ourselves quiet, civilized, old-fashioned people. In the end, I fancy we shall show up better than any of the others."

"Can you be old-fashioned?" he laughed.

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"Can I not? Look at this room."

"Oh, that!"

"It's important. I made it with my eyes open. It's of the last *bourgeoisie;* and I am going to be *bourgeoise* with the best. I am going to do my duty in that state of life, etc. I am going to be exactly what I should have been if I had grown up in the house just as it stands. I am going to be a good citizeness. And I am going to practise the fine archaic virtue of not attempting either to shock the world or to reform it. I've given my wild imaginings a hypodermic. I am going to be a nice little vertebra in the backbone of the nation; a happy country with no history; a fine old Sheffield teapot; a traditional American according to the Indiana school of novelists."

"And I?"

"You were all those things in the beginning. I have made a moral choice. Therefore I am more to be admired than you."

"Oh, granted. But will you get the admiration?"

"Irony sits ill on you, Philip. No, I shall not get it. I shall only sit at home and deserve it in vain. But in the long run I shall be seen not to have lost my head—like some of the others."

"What others?"

"Some of the dear old madwoman's beneficiaries. Most of them, of course, we don't know; but the few we do seem to have lost their heads already. Do you know what Julie Fort did? Spent hundreds of dollars on clothes and sailed for Europe—there to pursue her career."

"She paints, doesn't she?"

"There used always to be paint on her fingers, so I suppose she does. The last time I saw her all the paint was on her face. Yes, she paints. . . . But I don't think art is going to be her career."

"What do you mean?" Philip John looked shocked.

"I mean that Julie Fort has read and talked nothing but poison for five years. I think, Philip of my soul, that she is destined to queer adventures. In fact, I think she has gone to look for them. Now you can't say my idea isn't better than that."

"Oh, come, Bess."

"My dear, I don't *know*. But I have heard Julie talk. And I have seen some of her crowd. She's the adventuress type, that's all. Some very queer people, I fancy, will share her fortune with her."

"Couldn't you have talked to her?"

"Do you imagine I care what Julie does? I am interested only in proving to you that I'm not the least decent of that miserable company which hung on Miss Wheaton's words. No, not excluding old Mrs. Williston, whom I used to call 'Aunt Blanche,' and never will again."

"Why not?"

"Because she has enough real nieces to domineer over, now."

"Aren't you hard on her? I thought she was rather a poor dear."

"She is not a poor dear; she is a rich dear. For years she has lived with a married niece and the married niece's large family. Now the married niece is living with her. It's the same house, the same large family; but Mrs. Williston controls them all. 'Aunt Blanche' used to have a hall bedroom on the third floor; 'Mrs. Williston' has the second-story front, and the nephew-in-law goes out of an evening—to the Y. M. C. A., I suppose. I don't think she would let him set up a club."

"Aren't you uncharitable?"

"I am not. I went there yesterday to pay her my last call. She was magnificent in bugles and real lace, and as I entered the throne-room I heard her ask a quite good-looking great-nephew if he couldn't give up cigarettes for Christ. I heard him say he would—but he also said 'damn' in the hall. 'Damn' is no word for a boy of sixteen to use, and I slipped him a dollar as I went in."

"Cigarettes won't do him any good at that age."

"Of course not. But could I have him jeopardizing the prospects of the entire family by exploding then and there? And a dollar's worth won't hurt his health permanently. If she thinks he *has* given up cigarettes for Christ, she may let him alone for a little while—give him time to get his second wind. I had no time to talk to him."

"Did he take the money?"

"He fairly lapped it out of my hand. I've known him a long time. He waited for me on the street-corner and told me

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that they have to play games with the old horror and cheat themselves so as to let her win. No, I don't regret the dollar. If I managed to give any one in that household any happiness that that old hypocrite can't blight, it was all to the good. Next best to that was making her miserable. That wasn't easy—she's so puffed up with prideful godliness—but I did my modest best. I think we shall cut each other hereafter."

"Was that in your newly adopted tradition?"

"Oh, my dear, I have to give *my* ancestors some show. Otherwise, I'd break down. This woman is a mighty influence for evil. She radiates unclean piety. After I had made it quite clear that I wouldn't subscribe to any of her funds for putting strait-jackets on the wrong people, she turned to vilifying Miss Wheaton. Said she had taken to some outlandish religion—was no better than a heathen. I suggested to Mrs. Williston that she use some of Miss Wheaton's money for a special missionary to reconvert Miss Wheaton. But I honestly think she prefers to consider her irreclaimable. I even asked if she wouldn't find the sempstress—Miss Bean, you know—an invaluable coadjutor in her good works, now that the old thing is a leisured woman."

"You seem to have done the thing up brown. What did she do?"

"My dear"—Bessie John's voice shook—"Mrs. Williston is a snob, I fear. And I regret to say that old Miss Bean has joined the Holy Rollers—if you know what they are. It didn't go at all. So I did. And now the step-ladder must be removed, and we must dress for dinner."

The two got up simultaneously; Mrs. John's account had brought laughter into the air, yet Philip John's laughter was nervous and quickly spent. His wife, seeing it, came over to him and rested her hand on his shoulder.

"You don't trust me to turn into the right kind of person?"

He put his arm round her, but did not meet her eyes. "You've always been precisely the right kind of person, Bess. I suppose it's all right."

"You may be sure it's all right." She laid her cheek against his arm and looked steadily away from him at a dark old highboy. "Nothing can be wrong while I admire you as I do. And for the first time in my life I am permitting myself to hope—to *hope*, do you understand, Philip?—that we may have sons in your likeness. That is another difference that Miss Wheaton is going to make."

Philip John stood tongue-tied an instant in the twilight. Then he crushed his wife to him, looming above her, enfolding her, her slim form vanishing utterly in his embrace. Still tongue-tied, he let her go, caught up the step-ladder like a negligible thing, and carried it out of the room.

Bessie John walked to the big window and looked out into the gloom. "I might have known I needn't worry," she whispered to herself. "I had the ace of trumps all the time. I might panel the nursery with teak, so long as it was a nursery. There's not a man in the world, I believe, who won't fall for that. And it's not a defeat for me, either"—her words came so low that she could scarcely hear them herself—"for I chose Colonial, and it goes, heaven knows, with that!"

Like any other verbalist, Bessie John felt better when she had summed a thing up, even under her breath and in solitude. She passed quickly out of the room by another door, and up-stairs.

(To be continued.)

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PREFACE

By Edward C. Venable

Author of "Pierre Vinton," "Lasca," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

I DON'T know who wrote this book, whether it was Justin Poythress, or Dorothy Lewis, or whether I wrote it myself. I certainly wrote a great deal of it and she wrote a great deal of it, and yet, if Poythress were alive I should certainly not dare to publish it. Altogether, the question who wrote it is much more interesting, I think, than the book itself. And that is the excuse for such a very long preface.

When I first saw Dorothy Lewis she was seated by a window high up in a great building that looked down into Madison Square. She sat there every working-day in the year. At one hand was a pile of manuscripts, in front of her was a typewriter, and on the other hand a smaller pile of typescript. Somebody, presumably, had poured out the contents of his mind into the manuscripts. Thence it was taken up through the mind of Dorothy, and flowed forth at her fingers, visible on white paper once more. Thought of all kinds went through this process in the course of the years: entangled legal documents, letters of business, letters of pleasure, stories, novels, plays, diaries, accountings, a vast mass of unassorted facts, figures, and fancies. I watched her in amazement for nearly an hour one day while I waited for her employers. All of this flowed daily through her head, somehow—like water through a pipe, I figured. With what effect, I wondered? Even water flowing through a pipe leaves a sediment of some kind behind it. Was there as much as a trace left in this girl's brain of all this traffic through it? Thought is a most dangerous fluid, and bites through the most obdurate mental surfaces occasionally in an unexpected manner. Had it ever bitten through here in any such way? Or was she a completely desensitized conduit for all such stuff? As I looked at her, at her ridiculous shoes and coiffure, at the rings and the laces and fur and bangles, I decided that she probably was.

She was not, of course. If she had been, as I have said, I would not have written the following tale. But that morning I thought she was, and, in my defense I must add, she looked the part to perfection. If I had wished to purchase such a remarkable instrument as a desensitized conduit of human thought, I would have bought Dorothy Lewis as confidently as any object I ever looked at. It is rather amusing to remember that I was writing a book about women at the time. Still, they were dead, French, and highly immoral, and I am reasonably sure that Dorothy is none of these three.

I would never have discovered the error, however, if Poythress had not died and Griffith had not mentioned the fact to me. Griffith sometimes publishes my productions. He always published Poythress's. He balanced, I suppose, my immoral Frenchwomen with Poythress's immaculate American heroines. He was in a terrible pother about Poythress's death, and very naturally too, I thought, when it came out that he had paid Poythress some extravagant advance royalty, and now, when he was dead, there was no sign of the manuscript. That was the long and the short of it. Only it was much longer as Griffith told it, occupying, in fact, all the time between Morristown and Jersey City.

"It serves you right," I told him, "for paying so much good money for so much bad writing."

"He was worth it," said Griffith. "He was a lion in his trade."

Being alive, and more or less of a dog, I am afraid, I suggested that Poythress never wrote it.

"But I know he did," declared Griffith. "He not only wrote it but he fin-

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ished it, and he had not only finished it but it had been typed, and the Leiters swear, and show receipts to prove, that they mailed the parcel of manuscript to Manhassett on the 11th."

I had no more suggestions to offer. And I had no sympathy either. I thoroughly disapproved of Poythress's royalties, which I had always seemed to read of in a newspaper when I was hardest up. But Griffith was in that mood when a man must have somebody to swear to, and he induced me to go with him to the Leiters' offices. I went, of course. Any mystery is sufficiently alluring to waste time on. And there was something mysterious about the matter as Griffith explained it. *About* it, not in it. There were many possible explanations of the loss of a parcel-post package between New York and Manhassett, especially if the addressee had happened to die in the meanwhile and delivery had been made into a distraught and grief-stricken household. But still it was mysterious enough to waste a morning on. So I went to the Leiters and waited in the outside office, while Griffith inside ranted and raved to the Leiter sisters.

There were some ten or twelve girls writing on typewriters in that outer office, all very busy, all looking startlingly unlike one another. I never saw an equal number of women present so many glaring contrasts. While I was reflecting on this interesting subject, Griffith within suddenly ceased to rave and came forth accompanied by the two Misses Leiter, who, according to the general perversity of that office, presented no contrast at all, but were alike enough to each other to be twins.

The three gathered about Dorothy Lewis—whose name, of course, I did not know at this time—and began to question her about the vanished manuscript. So I gradually learned that she had had charge of it. By that time I was as much bored by the manuscript as by anything else that Poythress had ever written. Besides, Griffith was rude to the girl, and she looked like a nice girl, or rather as if she had been before she dressed.

"Oh, let it go, Griffith," I suggested. "It will probably turn up."

Griffith turned on me, and Dorothy Lewis got a chance at her pocket-handkerchief. "And if it doesn't," I added soothingly, "get one of these ladies to write you another."

Griffith glared, Dorothy sobbed, and the Miss Leiter nearest Griffith looked shocked and the one next to me looked amused.

"Don't," spluttered Griffith. "Don't you be an ass too." Thus getting a slap at everybody.

"It was such a beautiful book," sobbed Dorothy. "I just loved it."

It is a wide discussion just when books are born, and various famous volumes have their natal moments preserved in history, but if ever a book had a clear claim to such a distinction this book has. It was born at that moment in the outer office of the Misses Leiter, when Dorothy Lewis said, "I l-o-o-ved it." Perhaps, indeed, the preface should stop at this point and the book begin, inasmuch as this was the book's birth moment.

Did she, I thought? And for one dizzy moment I wondered if that was why she was crying. Could her tears have been caused, not by Griffith's manners, which are often bad enough to make angels weep, but by the loss of the book? Could a book which I was confident was as bad as Griffith's manners make any girl cry so? Confound it, no one ever wept over my duchesses.

That reflection was destined to be my *atra cura* for many days thereafter. I have read, and tried to read, many of the books of Justin Poythress for professional purposes, and I can truly assert there is not in my memory any lingering morsel of their contents, and has not been since the day after I had finished the last one. But this last volume, which I had not read, haunted my thoughts and dreams inexpugnably. Queerer posthumous fame I am sure no man ever had than Justin Poythress in regard to me. At first this exasperated me. His book interfered with my book. It came between me and the French duchesses. I lost touch with them. I could no longer see them against the splendor of Versailles—gorgeous gamblers with the nations, stately ladies who made a joke of starving twenty-five million fellow men and a ceremony of feeding goldfish. I could only see them as

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Thackeray saw the Grand Monarque; and through these ill-clad visions vividly I always saw Dorothy Lewis weeping into her typewriter because some one had lost the book that she "loved."

What could that book have been like? I didn't know, and very probably never should know. Griffith did not know. Poythress knew; but then Poythress was dead. Only a psychic phenomenon could get at Poythress. Dorothy knew. I chose Dorothy.

I had some trouble getting her, however. I called up the Misses Leiter and asked for the services of a stenographer at a moderate salary for an indefinite period of time. They were delighted, and assured me I could be supplied. But when I specified Dorothy Lewis doubts of my moral reputation manifestly rose. They mentioned a Miss Clarke, apparently a stenographic phenomenon. I had thrown all phenomena over, however, and stoutly demanded Miss Lewis. Eventually I got her.

Poor child! I don't know what light the Misses Leiter had thrown upon my character, but it must have been lurid. She came out by the early morning train, and I found her, when I came down to breakfast, sitting in the hall, hat and gloves on, and an umbrella grasped in both hands. She refused breakfast as if it had been a midnight supper on the Montmartre, and I could not get a word from her all morning. I set her to work on my French duchesses and left her severely alone, hoping in time to clear up my tarnished reputation. There was nothing in the French duchesses particularly to reassure her, but when she took the evening train back to town I felt a trifle less ashamed of myself in her presence. So I did not despair. It was three days, however, before I mentioned such a detached subject as Poythress's book.

I did not get at the matter directly, of course. I flanked the situation and asked her what she thought of my book. She thought it was very "inter*est*ing." I thanked her and talked about it. I fancied she was used to authors, and this would be reassuring. What was the most interesting book she had ever read? She said Macaulay's "History of England." I saw I should have to wade through the public-school course in English literature on that line, so I narrowed the question to novels. Fortunately, she mentioned one of Poythress's.

"What a pity one should be lost!" I exclaimed. (For that matter, I was no franker than Miss Lewis.)

"It really, really warn't my fault. I took it——"

I scorned the suggestion and abused the postal service.

She smiled at that, and we progressed wonderfully. It was awful such a book should be lost, she thought.

"Of course," she added, "it warn't a bit like your book, not so—so historical, you know, but——"

I interrupted. "Of course not. And, do you know, I should like very much to know just what was the difference?"

"Why, yours," she began, "is a great big book. A historical book."

That seemed to be the limit of her vocabulary in this direction. "Historical," I perceived, was in a vague sense synonymous with immortal. I saw that Miss Lewis was a victim of the vulgar error that history preserves only what is worthy of preservation.

But it was not the defects of Dorothy's intelligence that interested me; it was the capabilities.

It has been the business of my life to learn how people write books, and I believe I have acquired a certain skill at it, a bread-and-butter knowledge of the business, at any rate. And if my efforts have not always been inspired by enthusiasms, they have certainly never been spiritless. There is a certain fascination in the trade. But in all these years it never occurred to me that there was another side to it, the reverse of the medal—the science of how people read books. Dorothy Lewis was at once my first instructor and my first specimen in that science. As a teacher she was from the first a hopeless failure, but as a specimen I sincerely believe she was incomparable.

My chief difficulty was in the matter of communicating with her. We were separated all day and every day, she at her machine, I at my desk near the window, by the whole length of the library and by the detailed instructions of the Misses Leiter. To converse at that distance

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about anything except business would have been obviously an impropriety, as the Leiters had said. Dorothy's voice told me so the first time I made such an attempt. I asked her what the book was about. She replied:

"A girl and a fellow."

The rebuke stung. I made no second attempt.

Perhaps I should never have made a second if Dorothy had not been such a very bad speller. At least, she could not spell the titles of the French nobles as written down by me. So she frequently crossed the room to point out the mysteries of my handwriting. And it was at such times I found opportunities for questions. It was not an entirely satisfactory scheme, but it was the best I could devise under the circumstances. By it I discovered that the "fellow" was strong, virtuous, and poor.

"How poor was he?" I asked, while printing out "de Francueil" for her guidance.

"He was a newspaper reporter."

That was, indeed, destitution.

"But she," added Miss Lewis more

I found her, when I came down to breakfast, sitting in the hall.—Page 24.

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cheerfully, "was a bank president's daughter."

Oh, Alpha! Oh, Omega!

"Was she pretty?" I found time to put in before she went to the typewriter.

"She was just lovely; she had yellow hair and white-fox furs."

I have never seen either, so far as I know, but I felt sure that here also was a charming contrast.

Later, thanks to the alphabetical difficulties of Penthièvrie, I found that the reporter and the bank president's daughter met first at a ball, but that they fell in love one morning in Madison Square.

"It's pretty there sometimes in the spring," said Dorothy. "Did you ever happen to notice it?"

I had noticed it. There are times in the spring when even Madison Square is pretty. And just then, furthermore, I remembered that Dorothy Lewis's workaday window looked down into Madison Square, in the spring as well as in the winter.

It occurred to me that perhaps Dorothy had read the story at that window in dull moments between manuscripts, and, reading, had looked down and dreamed; and I began to dream of Dorothy's dreams.

But Dorothy came over and interrupted me again, this time with the Polignacs, and my thoughts returned to Poythress's book once more.

"Was he good-looking?" I took advantage of this interruption to inquire.

"No illustrations," said Dorothy shortly.

In further conversations in the following days, nevertheless, I got a fairly clear idea of what he looked like. Furthermore, he was a hero, the only hero I have ever liked. I have never recognized a hero in flesh, and I have never liked those I read of in books, but I liked this one of Dorothy's. And the more she talked of him the more I liked him. One of the reasons for my admiration was his inarticulateness. Whenever he talked, apparently, he made an ass of himself. And that, I maintain, is one of the necessities of heroship. Glibness is the destruction of all true greatness. This man was inarticulate. He performed marvels, but he talked like an ass. So did Achilles, so did Othello. I like them all the better for it. For instance, I asked Dorothy what they talked of in Madison Square that morning. She said "his work"; I recognized then the stuff the fellow was made of. If he had been of baser metal he would have talked of the white furs. It was the same in every instance; when we got to conversation our hero conversed idiotically. One night, at her father's palatial country residence, he, according to Dorothy, fairly gibbered. But I liked him the better for it. He was master of everything except the art of conversation, apparently.

And the more I liked him the better pleased I was that Poythress's book was lost, for I was quite sure that he had been not at all this sort in the book—that as I knew him he was all Dorothy's and none Poythress's.

At first, this presented itself to me as a mystery. I had not thought of Dorothy as a person with an especially keen instinct for the heroic. Perhaps I should have continued to think so if it had not been for her shoes. The solution of the mystery was suggested to me by Miss Dorothy Lewis's shoes.

They were impossible shoes, I should have said if I had not seen them. And, as a matter of fact, they were before my eyes ten days before I really did see them. To begin with, they were mostly white paper; and they gave her a great deal of pain, I could see plainly. One day, because they did hurt so, and because she was a nice child even though she couldn't spell, I felt a sudden desire to give her a new pair of better shoes—sensible ones that did not pinch and kept the water out. It was impossible; the very thought of the Misses Leiter banished all possibility immediately. But they were such pathetic shoes in their glistening newness! If they had been rusty and full of holes they would have suggested poverty of pocket and stopped at that; but there was a sort of dwarfed, stunted idealism about these shoes that suggested a much more far-reaching poverty, and that was infinitely more pathetic. For I recognized, even with my untrained eye, their distant kinship with shoes that were really white, and kept out the water, and did not pinch. Platonic ideals these, high up, inaccessi-

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"Miss Lewis, if you were to leave me I should have to hang myself to the chandelier in order to get to heaven to talk to Poythress."—Page 28.

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ble quite, on some sacred shelf in a Fifth Avenue boot-shop.

Such were the shoes of Dorothy. Such her heroes; and yet I did not see the analogy except by accident.

It was a damp, rainy morning. Dorothy came over to the desk stumped by one of the noblest families in France. The shoes were at their worst that morning owing to the weather. I could hear them squeak soggily as she came up behind me.

"I never did see such a one as this," she said: "T-a-l-l-e-y-r-a-n-d."

"One of the oldest lasts in France," I said. "That one was a bishop."

"He must have been a mighty funny bishop," said Miss Lewis.

"He was," I agreed. The remark showed, I think, appreciation of the great man's character.

It was spring on my front lawn that morning, as it had been in Madison Square in Poythress's book. Some sort of a bird—I imagine it was a robin—was hopping about in the grass, in an awkward sort of way, as if he had been indoors all winter and had forgotten how to hop. It was the season of reincarnation, of new births, new clothes, new ideas and shoes, new inspirations! The duchesses! Pooh! they were old, dead things; the snows of three centuries had fallen on their graves. Spelling over their extinct distinctions bored me, just as it bored Dorothy. They were all of them glib, impotent, tiresome. The newspaper reporter, poor, virtuous, and strong, compared favorably that morning with even so exalted a personage as the Prince Bishop of Autun. He talked like an ass, to be sure, whereas his grace was, at least, "a funny bishop." But Talleyrand was certainly nobody's hero, whereas the reporter——

The squish of Dorothy's shoes sounded soggily behind me.

"By George!" I cried, "I've got it." "We'll make them out of real leather."

Dorothy stood in the shoes and stared. The stare disconcerted me.

"I mean," I stammered, "the binding of my book."

"Oh," said Dorothy. "Yes, real leather is lots prettier. But ain't it awfully expensive?"

"What," I asked, "is the use or the sense of a cheap hero?"

In her frightened glance I saw the recrudescence of all the suspicion so carefully planted by the prudent Misses Leiter. Dorothy did not think I was inspired. She thought I was having a fit. She looked doubtfully toward the door.

"Miss Lewis," I implored, "if you were to leave me I should have to hang myself to the chandelier in order to get to heaven to talk to Poythress. And all I ask is—have you ever written a book?"

Her hand was on the door-knob. She hesitated. I looked at the chandelier. "Once," she admitted.

"I knew it!" I cried.

"But it didn't go very far," she added. I had foreseen even this.

"I couldn't," she explained, "make the conversations go right."

"Of course, I noticed it."

She shivered a little, but held her ground. "Otherwise," she added, "it was a pretty good book."

"I haven't a doubt of it. Like that story of Poythress's. That was a pretty good story, too?"

"Sure," said Dorothy.

"Do you remember it?"

"All of it except the conversations." "There was one place—" she began.

"Stop!" I cried. "You must begin at the beginning."

"What are you going to do?" said Miss Lewis.

"Oh," I said, "I am just going to put in the conversations."

And, on my soul's sincerity, that is all I have done. Otherwise, the book is all Dorothy's, just as she took it from Poythress.

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RUSSIA IN REVOLUTION

BY RAYMOND RECOULY (CAPTAIN X)

Author of "General Joffre and His Battles"

PETROGRAD, April, 1917.

MY windows look out on the wide stretch of the Newsky Prospekt, and through them I hear the confused noises of a great crowd and the blare of military music. A detachment of the revolutionary army is passing, in regular ranks, to the sound of the "Marseillaise," for the French national anthem now rings from morning till night all over the length and breadth of immense Russia, the revolutionaries having adopted it until they find one of their own.

Almost all the soldiers have red badges, and the few officers wear them also. If any one has not a red cockade of some sort, it is because he has not been able to have one made in time, but he also is "red" in feeling. Most of the civilians wear red conspicuously on their coats: the big coachmen on their tiny sleighs, the tram conductors, the students, the volunteer policemen who replace the former police force—all wear the symbol of the revolution. In a few days Russia has changed with astounding rapidity, and is now revolutionary and democratic from frontier to frontier.

The population of Petrograd, backed by the soldiers and by the Douma, which is made up of representatives of the people, has overthrown autocracy with an energy and completeness which is almost disconcerting. The old régime, which had lasted for several centuries and which seemed a vigorous oak, thrusting its great roots deep into the very heart of Russia, fell with a crash at the first stroke of the revolutionary axe. As a matter of fact, the tree was only solid in outward appearance; in reality it was rotten to the core.

The struggle which has ended in the overthrow of absolute power began at least twelve years ago, and to understand its development and culmination we must look back for a moment to its beginnings.

I happened to be in Petrograd in May, 1906, and I remember very vividly the impressive ceremonies which marked the assemblage of the first Douma. The Czar, in full uniform, surrounded by a brilliant suite, stood in the great ballroom of the Winter Palace to receive the recently elected deputies. It was the first time for hundreds of years that the representatives of the Russian people had been face to face with their sovereign. The hour was solemn. It seemed to presage the beginning of a new era for Russia. What might not be looked for from this collaboration between the Czar and these chosen spokesmen of his subjects?

It soon became apparent, however, that the Czar and the Douma were not collaborators who trusted each other but adversaries; it would scarcely be too much to say enemies.

The conflict began at once. Nicholas II had not consented of his own free will to the convocation of the Douma; great pressure had been brought to bear before he would grant even this small measure of constitutional liberty. His attitude was very different from that of his grandfather Alexander II, who freely, frankly, and of his own initiative decided to abolish serfdom in Russia.

Nicholas II was constitutionally incapable of making up his own mind, and only yielded to fear of the possible consequences if he refused. Count Witte, who was then president of the Council, had warned him the year before of the danger of a revolution. And indeed the situation was grave; there were general strikes in many places, while discontent and disturbances were wide-spread. It was entirely on account of these menacing conditions that Nicholas II signed his proclamation of the 17–30th of October, 1905, which led to the meeting of the first Douma. I have myself heard Count Witte tell, with the vigor and precision which always characterized his language, how difficult it was to persuade the Czar.

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The narrative will be one of the most absorbingly interesting chapters of the memoirs left by the count, which, now that the revolution makes their publication possible, will probably be brought out before long.

It may be added that the Czar never forgave the count for having forced him to this hated decision; from that time Witte was given no part in active politics.

The first Douma sat for barely two months and was then dissolved. All efforts at resistance were vain: the Czar, backed solidly by the reactionary party and supported by the army, which was at that time loyal as a whole, came out victorious, sternly repressing any attempt at a popular uprising; and during the following years autocracy had but one idea —to regain little by little the few liberties which had been conceded to the nation.

When the Great War broke out in 1914 it showed, as in a magnifying mirror, all the defects and injustices of autocratic rule. In order to defeat the enemy it was not only necessary to have brave soldiers, for Russia can count her courageous fighting men by millions—it was, above all, indispensable to have systematic organization of all the strength of the country, in order to concentrate it for decisive effort. Of this organization the government of the Czar was, taken as a body, incapable. The country, working through its most responsible representatives in the Douma and in the zemstvos, or provincial assemblies, did what it could to remedy the official incapacity, but all efforts met with persistent opposition on the part of the higher administration.

In the spring of 1915 the army of the Grand Duke Nicholas, which had overrun the whole of Galicia, crossed the Carpathians, and invaded the plains of Hungary, was forced to retire before the vigorous offensive of Mackensen because the short-sighted authorities at home had allowed it to run out of shells and even of rifles.

The minister for war was then General Soukhomlinof. He was totally unprepared, but his notorious incapacity was not perhaps his worst defect. For a long time he was closely associated with Colonel Miassoeidof, a traitor who was later convicted of espionage on behalf of Germany and sentenced to be hanged by order of the Grand Duke Nicholas.

After the reverses which obliged the great retreat through Poland and Galicia the Czar, afraid of further disaster, recalled to the ministry of war General Polivanof, a competent man, who had the further advantage of possessing the confidence of the people. He set to work at once to give the army what it so sorely needed, and it was thanks to his efforts that General Brussilof was able to make his brilliant and successful advance in the spring of 1916.

But General Polivanof had one grave defect—he was no courtier and for that reason not in favor with Nicholas II, who soon removed him from his ministry. Between the Czar and his people the breach widened. The nation urgently demanded, by the voice of the Douma, by means of the press, and by manifestations of public opinion everywhere, that, if the country could not have a parliamentary and constitutional government, it should at least have men in power who were honest and competent and whom their fellow countrymen could trust. These men were indicated with astonishing unanimity. They were: M. Sazonof, for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; General Polivanof, for War; Count Ignatief, M. Goutchkof, etc., etc. The Czar, who resented these expressions of popular opinion, held back, reluctant to acknowledge any will except his own, while in point of fact he was entirely under an influence which grew day by day stronger and more dangerous—that of the Czarina. Now that Nicholas II is a closely guarded prisoner in his own palace, and threatened with an imprisonment which may be still more strict, whoever comments on him is naturally reluctant to judge him harshly. Great misfortune, like death, claims great indulgence; nevertheless, in order to give an intelligent idea of the drama of which Russia is now the stage I must try to sketch briefly the psychology of its principal actor.

Of feeble will and limited intelligence, he has a superstitious belief in his own divine infallibility as Czar, believing himself to be called by God to rule over his great empire. He has shown an almost

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invincible repugnance to giving up even the least shred of absolute power, and yet, by a strange contradiction, he has become more and more submissive to the will of the Czarina, who, toward the end, has been able to make him see entirely through her eyes. This mixture of stubbornness and weakness seems to be the essential characteristic of Nicholas II. I have often asked the men who were in a position to know him most intimately, such as members of his court, ministers, generals, or diplomatists, what he was really like, and their answer was always the same—that he only listened to the Czarina and the Czarina only listened to Rasputin. Here are a few facts of which I can guarantee the authenticity. One of his ministers, the foremost diplomatist in Russia and a man of the most signal integrity of character, tried with all his might to induce the Czar to proclaim the autonomy of Poland. This statesman felt that there was no time to lose, for if Russia did not make this concession at once the Central Powers would do so ahead of her, thus winning over many of the Poles and gaining considerable material and moral strength. By dint of perseverance he finally succeeded in convincing the Czar, and during a council of ministers which was held at the Stavka, or Great General Headquarters, the plan was adopted after a long discussion. The Czar gave his formal assent to it and said to the minister: "Go back to Petrograd, draw up the plan in all its details, send it to me here, and I will sign it." Back went the minister to Petrograd overjoyed, and there he confided his delight to a friend, another diplomat, from whom I had the story. The minister was naturally proud of having gained his end, because he believed that granting Polish autonomy would have an effect upon the world much to the advantage of Russia, so he shut himself up in his study with two secretaries and worked day and night to get the plan finished.

Two days afterward he was stupefied at receiving the following despatch from the Czar:

"My dear X——

"On account of the state of your health, and in accordance with your own wishes, so often expressed to me, I have consented to relieve you from the cares of your ministry, which must now be overwhelming. I have decided that you may still be useful to your country as a member of the Council of the empire.

Nicholas."

The statesman had never been better in his life (unless, indeed, he was seized with illness after receiving the imperial telegram) and at no time had he ever asked to be relieved of his ministry.

What had happened? Just this—as soon as it came to the ears of the Czarina that the decree for the autonomy of Poland was to be signed she started for the Stavka, where she made the Czar a terrible scene, reproaching him with dismembering his empire, sapping the foundations of his sovereign power, etc., etc. Nicholas II finally yielded, as he always did, and then followed the line of least resistance by removing his minister in order not to be obliged to face him again.

Another instance. The Czar had an aide-de-camp, Prince Z., who was also his most intimate friend, having been his comrade from boyhood; they saw each other constantly; it is scarcely too much to say that they were always together. In 1915 Nicholas II, as usual following the advice of the Czarina, who feared the growing popularity of the Grand Duke Nicholas, decided to take from him the chief command of the armies and send him to the Caucasus. The prince thought it his duty to call the attention of his sovereign to the unfavorable comments which such a proceeding would provoke, and pointed out to him, respectfully but firmly, that he might find it a difficult task to manage the affairs of the empire and at the same time lead its armies. The Czar listened in silence. That same evening, however, the prince received an order to go to the Caucasus immediately, and was further informed that the Czar did not consider it necessary to see him again before he left. Traits of this sort show of what stuff a man is made.

Let us now turn to the Czarina, and in her case it is impossible to have either consideration or indulgence. It is not too much to say that she has been the evil

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genius of her husband's dynasty, and if the descendant of Peter the Great and the great Catherine has lost his throne it is largely owing to his wife.

Shortly after her marriage the Czarina, who although of German birth had through her mother some English blood, received a letter from her grandmother, Queen Victoria, who reproached her for doing nothing to make herself popular among her new subjects. In her answer the Czarina assured her grandmother that Russia was not at all like England, and that Russian sovereigns need take no pains, because their people considered them as divinities. This story came to me from a lady well known in Petrograd society and versed in all that went on at court. It is certainly true that from the beginning the Czarina did nothing to gain affection in her new country. She lived within her own narrow surroundings, withdrawn from any real intercourse with Russian society.

The occurrences of 1905 and 1906, which were forewarnings of the present revolution, had a bad effect upon her. She had always been exceedingly impressionable, and now her nerves gave way altogether; she plunged into a sort of morbid mysticism, and not long afterward she fell under the evil influence of Rasputin. It is not possible to exaggerate the importance of this squalid Rasputin affair in the disintegration of Russian autocracy, because it destroyed, little by little and throughout all classes, the prestige of the dynasty.

Russia is so vast that political happenings, such as bad administration or the thievishness of high functionaries, can only be known within a very limited circle. The great mass of the people, the millions of moujiks, ignore all these things, which do not interest them in the least. But the story of Rasputin was a different matter, and it spread everywhere, to the most out-of-the-way corners of the country.

A Siberian peasant monk, ignorant but shrewd, dissolute and unscrupulous, gained by his supposed magnetic powers an ever-increasing influence over the Czarina, and through her over the Czar. That is the bare scenario to which the most fantastic and impossible variations were soon made, until all Russia seemed to be hanging on the successive numbers of a particularly low and unpleasant serial story.

In 1915 one of his ministers was working with the Czar, who was very nervous and uneasy because his son, the Czarevitch, had hurt himself while playing a few days previously and the wound refused to heal. Suddenly the door opened and the Czarina burst in, beaming with joy, a telegram in her hand. "Rasputin," she cried, "telegraphs us to have faith. He has prayed Heaven and our son will be cured." It so happened that the next day the little Czarevitch was better, and the minister, who told this story to one of his friends, added: "How can we stand up against an influence of this sort, or fight against such a charlatan? Any attempt to get him out of the way is sure to fail, because he is all-powerful with the Czarina, and through her with the Czar."

Toward the end of 1916 Prince Yousoupof, one of the greatest nobles and one of the richest men in Russia, the son-in-law of the Grand Duke Alexander and a relative of the imperial family, felt that Rasputin was dragging down the dynasty and decided to assassinate him. He first took an influential member of the Left wing of the Douma into his confidence; but upon reflection he concluded that this might bring discredit on the liberals of the Left, so he appealed to a well-known deputy, Pourishkevitch, who belonged to the Right, and one winter night Prince Yousoupof and Pourishkevitch shot down Rasputin with revolvers, while the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch looked on.

During the following weeks the other grand dukes, indignant because the Czar had dared to send Dimitri Pavlovitch into exile in Persia, sought to bring about a palace revolution, but there was not a man among them who had enough energy and audacity to carry the undertaking through. The only one who could have done it was the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevitch, the former commander-in-chief of the armies, and he was too loyal to make any attempt against the sovereign. So matters rested for a while; the grand dukes continued to agitate but did nothing more except to write a general let-

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ter from them all to the Czar, the only effect of which was that one of them, the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovitch, was banished to his estates. The position of affairs at the end of 1916 and beginning of 1917 may be thus summed up. The Czar could no longer depend upon his own relatives nor upon the great Russian families, who had begun to stand aloof from him. In parliamentary circles, among the members of the Douma and in the provincial assemblies, exasperation grew stronger day by day, as day by day the actions of the Czar became more arbitrary. The gulf between him and his people widened. Men of competence and consideration, such as Sazonof and Count Ignatief, were removed from power for mysterious and unexplained reasons and their places given to obscure and incapable hangers-on of the court, like Sturmer, who was suspected of strong German sympathies, and Protopopof, who was detested by the Douma. Toward the end ministers were changed with bewildering frequency and cabinets fell one after the other like a falling house of cards. As a natural consequence all organization was demoralized, economic difficulties increased, and the whole nation became disgusted and impatient.

The Douma reassembled on the 27th of February (new style), its meeting having been delayed for a month in order, as the imperial edict stated, "to give the new ministers time to become familiar with the work of their departments." When the Douma finally opened, the party leaders who were most in touch with the people insisted that there should be no show of discontent by the workingmen, as that would give Protopopof, who was minister of the interior, an excuse for brutal repression. This wise counsel was followed; everything was apparently quiet, and the Czar, who had until then been at Tsarkoe Selo, left for the Great General Headquarters.

On Friday, March 9, there were partial strikes in some of the manufactories of Petrograd, caused by the scarcity of coal in many quarters and the difficulty of getting bread from the bakeries, but underlying these material grievances there was the general disaffection and deep distrust of the government. Many demonstrations were held in the streets, but without disorder. On Saturday, March 10, the strike became general; groups of idle workmen crossed the frozen Neva from the quarters where they lived and came into the heart of the city. Late in the afternoon the first shots were heard.

A few soldiers and many of the police had been stationed in the principal streets, and some of them fired into the crowd at random, killing about a hundred, including many women and children. As the Cossacks who had been ordered to disperse the throng in the Newsky Prospekt had shown marked disinclination to make use of their arms, a report spread like wildfire through the city that it was only the police who had fired on the people, and that the soldiers who seemed to have done so were not really soldiers at all but police agents disguised in military uniform. When this story reached the troops they were indignant at what they considered trickery at their expense, and the strikers grew bolder as they got the impression that the garrison of Petrograd as a whole instead of opposing them was likely to come over to their side.

On the next day, Sunday the 11th of March, that impression grew stronger. The firing was more general, and from every part of the city came the sharp crackle of mitrailleuses. Protopopof, minister of the interior and official maintainer of public order, had had a brilliant strategic idea. He had heard that the mitrailleuse played a very important part in modern warfare and that it could mow down whole columns of the enemy in a few minutes. So, with the deepest secrecy, he had a number dragged up and hidden in high places, on roofs and in bell-towers, from which he intended them to do murderous execution among the crowds below. His idea was as stupid as it was barbarous; fired from a roof, at a slant, a mitrailleuse would have but little effect, and even if they had been deadly the police agents, made into gunners at the last moment, did not know how to serve them.

Late on the same Sunday evening the first actual break in military discipline came. Several companies of the Pavlovski regiment refused to leave their bar-

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racks when ordered into the streets to subdue the demonstrations.

The turning-point came on Monday, March 12. Large bodies of strikers and workingmen, encouraged by the conviction that they had nothing to fear from the garrison, attacked the arsenal in the Liteiny Prospekt. One after another the different regiments fraternized with the insurgents, who next took possession of the court-house, to which they set fire, and then broke into the prisons, setting free all prisoners, no matter of what grade. They were soon masters of the most important quarters of the capital, and when it occasionally happened that a detachment of soldiers was ordered to advance against the rioters its officers were massacred by their own men. But such instances were very rare. By this time the revolt had grown into a revolution; the soldiers, who had made common cause with the people, laid hands on motor cars and trucks, running them about in all quarters of the city, and shots were heard from every direction. The police and their spies and agents had long been universally detested; an organized hunt for them was begun, and they were pounced upon in houses, on roof-tops, or wherever they had hidden themselves.

The cabinet of which Protopopof was a member had induced the Czar to order the dissolution of the Douma, and by a strange coincidence the news was brought to its president, M. Rodzianko, on that very day. He immediately decided to ignore this last attempt at terrorism on the part of an autocracy already in its death-struggle, and organized a provisional committee, which at once assumed the government and was speedily recognized as such by law.

One after another the different regiments marched to the Tauris Palace, where the Douma was sitting, and announced their allegiance to the provisional government. In the night between Sunday and Monday M. Rodzianko had sent an energetic telegram to the Czar, recalling all the prophetic warnings which had been so frequent during the past months, and stating firmly that the whole country was indignant at the officials imposed on it by the higher authorities and that it was absolutely indispensable to give the people new leaders and more liberty without further delay. On Monday afternoon he sent another and still more urgent despatch: "The situation," said the president of the Douma, "becomes each hour more critical. The Douma hopes that the Czar will understand this and will immediately do his duty."

The Czar, in his invariable fashion, tried to put off the evil hour. He hesitated; he made up his mind and changed it again, at a time when every moment was precious, and it was not until Tuesday that he finally resolved to leave the Stavka and go back to his capital. Two imperial trains then started for Petrograd. The first, as usual, carried all the suite; the Czar was in the second with Baron Friedrichs, his grand master of ceremonies. When they were within fifty kilometres of Petrograd it was found that the revolutionaries had torn up the track, and they were therefore obliged to go back again. The Czar, like a hunted animal, sought refuge at Pskov, where General Russky, in command of the armies of the North, had his general headquarters, reaching there on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. As soon as General Russky heard of the arrival of the imperial trains he communicated by telegraph with M. Rodzianko, who instructed him to tell the Czar that the provisional government insisted on his immediate abdication. This the general did, and the next day, Thursday, two official delegates from the Douma, M. Goutchkof and M. Choulgine, appeared to confirm this decision.

The Czar, who had already signed a first abdication appointing his son Alexis as his successor, changed his mind once more and abdicated in the evening in favor of his brother Michael. Goutchkof and Choulgine went back to Petrograd that same night.

During the morning of Friday the provisional government held a general council at which it was decided that the deposed sovereign might not be allowed to designate his successor. The right to do so now belonged to the whole nation, and a constitutional assembly, chosen by universal suffrage, should have power to decide upon the future form of government. In less than a week the revolution had be-

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come history, and the Russian autocracy, after an existence of several centuries, had disappeared, to give place to a republic.

I have given an exact and consecutive account of what happened during those momentous days; the points on which it is necessary to insist, because in my opinion they are capital, are these:

1. The garrison of Petrograd, composed for the most part of young men from all parts of their enormous country, made common cause almost at once with the insurgent workmen. The rapidity and completeness of this adhesion were most significant, and were instantly recognized everywhere as assuring the revolution. The few supporters of the old autocracy were alone in a wide desert; if they could muster no defenders it was because it was universally felt that their cause could no longer be upheld.

One of the most striking proofs of this was furnished by the personal escort of the sovereign, called in Russia the convoy, which was composed of picked soldiers who wore the picturesque uniform of the Caucasian Cossacks. This escort was among the first troops who went to the Douma to tender allegiance to the new government, and the garrison at Tsarskoe Selo was as prompt as that of Petrograd to fraternize with the revolutionaries.

If those in authority and the group who surrounded the Czar had had the least forethought or intelligence, if they had not been blinded by that "spirit of imprudence and error" of which Racine speaks, they might have known what was going to happen. I heard from several different sources that some weeks before the revolution many of the officers serving in regiments of the guard had announced in public that in the event of a popular rising their men could not be counted upon to put it down. The government had, indeed, thought of substituting for these regiments others from the provinces, but the plan was not carried out because it was found that the new troops were likely to be no more trustworthy than those whom they would replace.

2. The revolutionary movement, although it was primarily carried out by workmen and soldiers, crystallized itself at once around the Douma. Workmen and soldiers alike felt the need of leadership, and that the revolution should have a guiding spirit. This direction and inspiration could come only from the Douma, as that body was made up of representatives from all classes of the nation, and its president, M. Rodzianko, spoke and acted as the authorized head of a responsible government from the first critical hour.

By this means the revolution assumed at once a national character; there was no question of its being merely an uprising at Petrograd which had no interest outside the capital. Far more important issues were involved; the whole mighty nation, at the end of its patience, shook off the outworn Romanof dynasty and resolved to take its place among the great democracies.

In Moscow, the old capital and the very heart of Holy Russia, in Kief, in all the large provincial cities, the same interpretation was put upon what had happened at Petrograd. On every side there were outbursts of popular rejoicing; it was everywhere felt that the country had thrown off its shackles and become mistress of its own future. As I went through the streets I saw only smiling faces and eyes shining with hope; it was impossible not to be profoundly touched by the first hours and the first scenes of this new national consciousness.

3. Another important and significant fact was that the civilians and garrisons were not alone in this enthusiasm. The great armies at the front—the millions of men who, from Riga to the Black Sea, in the Caucasus, or in Persia, faced the Germans, the Austrians, the Hungarians, the Bulgars, and the Turks, the armies in the endless line of trenches—were of one mind with their brothers in the streets at home. Not one regiment, not one officer made any protest in favor of the Czar. The great military leaders, Alexeief, Russky, and Brussilof saw at once that autocratic rule was swept away forever, and that the only hope for a stable government in future lay with the people, through the Douma. Russky, although reserved and austere, was, with Brussilof, the most popular general in the army, and it was Russky, the embodi-

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ment of military discipline and duty, who met the imperial train at Pskov and advised the Czar to abdicate without delay.

This immediate adhesion of the armies in the field gave to the revolution a tremendous moral support—one may almost say that it was a consecration. If the action of the workmen and the troops at Petrograd had not represented the general feelings and wishes, the army would have disavowed it, as the army in France disavowed and crushed the Commune in 1871. Nothing of the sort took place in Russia; the entire nation—all the army, officers and men alike, all civilians of every class except those who had battened on the old autocracy—saw it swept away with equal satisfaction.

4. A last point to which I wish to call attention, and which may be inferred from what I have said already, is that from the first hour of the revolution the republican idea made extraordinary progress in the minds of all classes. I live among Russians, and could therefore watch its growth day by day. Men of letters and men of business, merchants, financiers, lawyers, professors—I saw them, one after another, come to the same way of thinking. For the first weeks it seemed impossible to many of a conservative turn of mind that there should be a Russian republic. They said, "Our country is not ripe for one. Think of all the hard experiences which you French went through before the republic was really at home in France, and yet your people are highly developed, while ours are not," and so on. These same men have now come round, little by little, to the republican idea. One reason is that any other form of government would present many difficulties, if, indeed, it is not impossible. The Romanof dynasty is discredited, to say the least; it is not conceivable that it should be reinstated, and there are no other available aspirants to the throne, even supposing that the nation wished to return to a monarchy. Any one who feels inclined to pronounce judgment upon the Russian revolution should bear this in mind; the old régime was so detestable that any new one, even if far from perfect, cannot be worse. From the military point of view, which is of course what is most interesting to Russia's allies, the former system, or want of it, had so disorganized the whole country that it was becoming more and more difficult to carry on the war. It is hard to see how either the Russians or we of the allies can suffer by the change, because what has been thrown away was absolutely worthless. That should always be in our minds when we are inclined to criticise Russia, in order that we may keep our proper mental perspective and see things as they really are.

A French humorist has said that mountains are always beautiful when one looks at them from below, and the same holds good of revolutions; they are more beautiful from a distance than when one is in the midst of the welter, for then it is hard to get any comprehensive idea of what is really happening and what the final outcome will be. A revolution, like an earthquake, must be accompanied by shock and confusion; everything is thrown out of gear, and we are such creatures of habit that it is hard to get used suddenly to changed conditions, and we naturally think that things will go from bad to worse.

That was the state of mind of many of my friends in Petrograd, where the atmosphere, among thinking people, was on the whole rather gloomy.

It is evident already that the new dispensation has not altogether an easy path to follow, and no sketch of the situation would be accurate unless it took account of the principal difficulties.

The first and most serious is that at Petrograd the new ministry has not been able to act with entire freedom and authority. As the prime movers in the revolution were soldiers and workmen, a "Committee of Deputies from the Workmen and Soldiers" was formed at once, having for its avowed object to watch the actions of the government and exercise constant influence on the political situation. This committee has even taken upon itself to send orders to the armies at the front. In the first of these orders it advised the men to be suspicious of their officers and only to obey those whom they had themselves chosen. This was, of course, subversive of all discipline, and

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the committee fortunately became aware of this and sent a second order annulling the first. This dual authority is most unfortunate, and if it continues the consequences may even be disastrous. Of this the new ministry is well aware. One of its members is a socialist, and there is a question at the present time of taking in a second, but while there is every intention of giving due representation to the socialistic party, the government intends to remain master of the situation, and this is reassuring to the whole country as well as to the more stable elements at Petrograd.

Among the workmen there were many who were either democratic or revolutionary socialists, and these honestly believed that as soon as the revolution had taken place all the theories of advanced socialism could be applied at once. In the factories the hands demanded an enormous increase in wages, the dismissal of foremen and directors, and the sharing of profits—measures which, especially in time of war, could not be carried out without entirely upsetting economic conditions already far from brilliant. It was necessary to reason with these men and to make them see that the national interests required them to go back to work at once. More than half the munitions used by the army are made in Petrograd and its environs; several weeks had already been lost, owing to the interruptions of the revolution; if the slackness were to continue, the output of shells and guns would be very sensibly diminished. The provinces, especially Moscow, have been earnest in their exhortations to the workmen of the capital, reminding them that the war was still going on, and that it was short-sighted on their parts to apparently forget it; that Germany, and Germany alone, was responsible for the war, and that Russia was more interested than any other country in having it end in the success of the Allies, the German authorities having clearly intimated that they were ready to make considerable concessions in the west, provided they were allowed to indemnify themselves at Russia's expense. A victory or even a half-victory for Germany would be fatal to the new order of things in Russia, as it would surely provoke a violent and wide-spread movement of reaction. All these propositions are self-evident, and it is to be hoped that the workmen of Petrograd have enough good sense and enough patriotism to understand them.

After the socialistic workmen comes the question of the soldiers who helped them, and here again there are some dark clouds. When troops make common cause with insurgents military discipline becomes fatally relaxed, and in some of the Petrograd regiments a certain number of officers (fortunately not many) were turned out by their men on the pretext that they had been over-slow to side with the revolutionaries. However, the situation in this respect grows better day by day. The new commander of the garrison, General Kornilof, a very intelligent man, much loved by his men and blessed with great tact, is doing his best to get the soldiers back in hand again and has already obtained excellent results.

In the navy, especially at Kronstadt and Helsingfors, the state of things is not quite so good. In these ports some officers, either because they had been too severe toward their men or because they were suspected of sympathizing with the former government, were massacred by their sailors. This was the worst incident of the revolution.

Up to the present time there has been no relaxation of discipline among the troops at the front, which is, after all, the most essential point: the army is as steady as before.

From an economic point of view the old administration has left to the new a heavy inheritance. In a country as gigantic as Russia, almost devoid of roads, and with a miserably insufficient railway system, the question of transportation becomes of prime importance. The problem of keeping the capital supplied with food for its inhabitants, and with fuel and raw material for its factories is a terrible one, for Petrograd is planted in one corner of the empire, in a region which produces almost nothing. It stands to reason that, as soon as war began, the most competent men should have been made responsible for the direction of the railways and the organization of supplies. Nothing of the sort was done, however, and in consequence the present authori-

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ties are faced with grave difficulties. But here also one must not look too much on the dark side. The new managers of Russia are doing their utmost to improve conditions. They are indisputably the most intelligent, the most hardworking, and the most upright men whom it has been possible to find in the whole country, and we must help them by our confidence. For confidence is what the new régime needs most of all—confidence within her own borders and also without; the confidence of England, of France, of the United States. These three great democratic countries owe it to themselves to help by every means, material and moral, the new-born democracy of Russia.

While I write these lines a very impressive ceremony is filling the streets of Petrograd. It is the day of the solemn funeral services for the victims of the revolution. Graves have been dug in the wide Champ de Mars, and all the working men and women, all the troops in garrison, all the people of the city, nearly a million of them, have poured out to take part in this great manifestation. Given such an enormous multitude, it would be only natural to expect some jostling, some confusion, even disorders. On the contrary, nothing could possibly be more admirably arranged and carried out than the spectacle which I have just seen, and strict discipline was shown even in the smallest details.

In the Newsky Prospekt the interminable procession was formed in two columns, marching parallel with each other and made up of groups of about a hundred men, women, and children, old and young, walking arm in arm. The files were of equal length, and no troops could have shown better alignment. At the head of each group, like a captain leading his company, walked a leader who wore a wide red scarf crosswise, to make him more easily distinguishable. When he lifted his hand the members of his group went forward; when he lowered it they stopped. It was exactly like the order and discipline of troops on the march, and trained soldiers could not have marched better—indeed, the soldiers did not, for one of the strange things about this prodigious procession was that in it civilians and soldiers were mingled. After some groups of workmen came battalions of troops, then working men and women again. This fusion of soldiers and civilians made an impression which I can never forget. And as they marched they sang revolutionary hymns; as a matter of course the "Marseillaise," and also other songs which must have been composed only recently, for the marchers had not had time to learn the words by heart, and some read them from sheets which they carried in their hands. The soldiers also sang, and their thousands of deep voices made a chorus of marvellous power and sonority.

None of these songs were fierce or revengeful. On the contrary, they were sad, profoundly sad—the accents of mourning and not of hate.

No police, no marshals were needed to control this manifestation. Those who took part in it policed themselves, and surely never was discipline better maintained.

As I looked at this spectacle I thought of all the pessimists, all the philosophers steeped in gloom, all the prophets who only predict calamity for Russia. Why should not a people who are able to organize and carry out such a wonderful display be capable of organizing themselves?

Let us, then, give them our confidence —and also a little time.

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RECRUITING

By Nelson Lloyd

SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY GEORGE WRIGHT

AMERICA is at war. It is a war of necessity. It is a war for the right, a war against frightfulness, a war for democracy and human freedom. We are going to see it through.

"Americans are the bravest people in the world," a student of military affairs was heard to say one early April day. "Why? Because we have declared war on the greatest military nation known to history when we have nothing to fight with."

He had forgotten the navy. He was thinking of the army side of the problem, and there he was right. But we shall mend it. For two years we have blundered as England and France blundered for forty, not realizing the fulness of the German menace, not understanding the philosophy that Nietzsche and Treitschke taught, the will to power, the right of the strongest, made concrete by Bernhardi, made horrible by Belgium and the *Lusitania*. That philosophy is understood in our country now, in Omaha as well as Boston, and the country is rising to meet it.

When I think of this war my mind goes back always to a day in March, 1898. It was raw, a drizzling rain was falling, and a little group of men stood by the ways in Nixon's shipyard in Elizabethport, gazing wonderingly and sceptically at the craft that was ready there for its launching. In appearance it was like a great fat cigar, if you can imagine a cigar about a hundred feet long and of proportionate bulk. Standing near it, solicitously watching the last preparations, was a quiet, unobtrusive little man. If he was conspicuous at all it was because of his flaring red bandana handkerchief, for, as I said, the day was raw, and even the greatest are subject to colds. John Holland, with his red bandana, standing in the drizzling rain before the fulfilment of his years of study and experiment, is a clear picture in my mind. For two centuries the problem of submarine navigation had been worked over sporadically, and its solution had come. It had been made possible by the improvement in the means of storing electric energy. And now, when the blocks were knocked away and the little boat had slipped quickly into the water, lying there with only its black back and barrel-like conning-tower showing, we cheered and shook the inventor's hand and wished him luck. But to many it was as though they were saying good-by to John Holland, so firm was the belief that when he dived under the water with his novel craft he would stay there. A few weeks later he did dive, rise, dive again, manœuvre on the water and under the water before the eyes of wondering naval men. Our navy men did not take heartily to this new type of fighting craft. A few were warm in its advocacy, but, strange to say, for the most part it was looked on with scepticism and particularly frowned on by the bureaus. It had to fight its way to recognition as a part of our first line of defense. The Germans were not so sluggish. The saying goes: The Americans invent; the French improve; the Germans commercialize. What the American invented the Germans took, improved, and commercialized until it is the chief weapon of the will to power and threatens the world's freedom.

There appeared one morning in the fall of 1907, on an inside page of a New York newspaper, a half-column account of the arrival of two young men from Dayton, Ohio, seeking aid for the furtherance of experiments in flying. The writer happens to recall it because he was asked by the editor of a New York magazine to go to Dayton and investigate. After consultation with several men who had met these young dreamers he declined—the expedition did not seem promising. The truth was that the Wright brothers were

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rather secretive, naturally. Their claim that they could fly with a heavier than air machine was met with doubt, although they had made their first flights several years before. And so their reception in New York was rather chilling; but a year later they were making short flights in France before the eyes of wondering thousands, and the world knew that an age-old puzzle had been solved.

America led the way under the sea and into the air, and yet to-day, when we stand a combatant in the greatest of wars, in a war for the world's freedom, we seem hardly more than apprentices in the very fields we discovered. Holland unwittingly forged the weapon that our enemy has seized and is using against us ruthlessly, and now our first hope is that America's inventive genius will find a way to combat it. More cheerful it is to think that America gave eyes to the armies that are fighting for civilization. And yet when real war broke upon us we had not an airplane that could carry a gun; we had not an airplane fast enough for reconnaissance at the fighting front. Our fighting ships, with our submarines, have been subject to much criticism, whether fairly or unfairly it is hard to say, but we do know that American enterprise and ingenuity will rapidly mend such faults. The war found us with a regular army below even its allotted peace strength; with our navy short many thousands of men; with, as a part of our first line of defense, an inadequate national-guard system, imposed on us by a company of short-sighted statesmen who seemed to regard more the votes of the "old home folks" than the country's peril. It turns out that many of these same statesmen were not only short-sighted but hard of hearing, for with their ears to the ground they did not divine what the "old home folks" thought and wanted. The "old home folks" have turned out to be not peace-at-any-price pacifists, but sturdy Americans with all the old American ideals of right and justice. Some day they may ask why it was that war broke and caught us unprepared in a military sense, and this after two years of warning—two years that should have been spent in ardent preparation. This fault did not lie with the army and navy. Since that day when the German armies burst into Belgium the leading officers in both services, who have studied the complex problems of those now our allies, have warned us to prepare adequately. They met with scant encouragement. They were blocked by a certain element in our national legislature who opposed every effort for really effective preparedness. Unquestionably some of these men were pro-German in their sentiment from either sentimental or political reasons; some were short-sighted but honest, and held to the fallacy that the volunteer must be and always had been the backbone of an American military system. We heard such nonsense as the statement that once war was declared a million sturdy fighting Americans would spring to arms between sunset and sunrise. We have seen the strange picture of the speaker of the House bewailing the fact that Congress was planning to take from the "flower of our youth" the right to volunteer in their country's service. We had inflicted on us last year that remarkable army bill which designed to enlarge the National Guard to over 400,000 men, to make it an efficient part of our first line of defense, and instead practically killed it.

On April 6 Congress, supported by the overwhelming sentiment of the country, at the demand of the administration declared war. The challenge thrown down by Germany was accepted. The most ardent pacifists had been sickened by German frightfulness; the most complacent citizens had come to realize that the seas did not divide us from the brotherhood of nations, that our own fate was wrapped up in that of kindred people who were fighting for our liberties as well as their own. The eagle was aroused. I have seen him depicted in cartoons like an ostrich, with his head in the sand. But that day his head was lifted and he saw with clear eyes.

The "old home folks" woke up. They woke up from sea to sea. Looming large at first was the economic problem, for our allies wanted our food, our munitions, our financial aid, but these were matters to be dealt with by experts in banking, in manufacturing and shipping. As vital was our power of offense and defense.

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We were at war with powers that for nearly three years had held Europe at bay, and to meet them we had ready for service a regular army of 100,000 regulars, some 140,000 inadequately trained National Guardsmen, and a navy short of its full quota by 37,000 men. It was known that we should need for the army alone over 2,000,000 men if we were to render efficient aid to our allies and defend our own coasts should the Germans break over the sea. The million men did not appear between sunset and sunrise. Here was a chance to volunteer, but they came instead by hundreds. It is only fair to say that undoubtedly the million were ready, but their minds were confused by the nation-wide discussion as to whether we should depend on universal service or volunteering to raise our armies. The President did not call for volunteers. Had he done so he would have found them in great numbers. But he was busy in a wiser course. Certain of our legislators were still worrying about the "flower of our youth" who might be denied the right to volunteer, and he had to impress on them that if the German menace was to be ended the country's whole economic and military strength must be put forth, that we must learn from France and England and apportion the nation's manhood to the war duties for which it is best fitted. Legislation is strangely slow, even in the days of a national crisis. One wonders how men can talk so much over trivial matters in times like these. Congress talked. At last it acted. It acted wisely, for we shall not have to depend on the old slovenly volunteer system to fill our army. But while it talked the "old home folks" were busy doing what they could to bring to their full strength the naval and military forces then provided by law.

Rough work but effective—23d Street, New York, noon-hour.

The near approach of war had seen a marked increase in the inflow of enlistments. But the numbers were not

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Julia Marlowe at a midday meeting.

Has this country-wide campaign to stimulate recruiting succeeded? The answer to the question has been confused by the impending draft. There are many who are ready and are willing to answer the call for service but who have adopted the policy of wait and see; they will not volunteer if there is a chance of others being slackers. On the other hand, many may volunteer because they want to avoid a draft. Yet the figures are heartening; in some cases they are surprising. The States which have been quickest to send their quotas have been those where a few months ago the pacifist spirit was believed to be strongest. Within a month the navy and the marine corps were filled to their authorized war strength. The navy obtained its needed 37,000 men in April; the marine corps its 4,000; but as a bill was pending to enough. Then we came to war, and yet war seemed far away. Everywhere over the country flags were flying, but no enemy seemed to be at hand. For the army, to bring it to war strength, approximately 183,000 men were needed; for the National Guard another 100,000; for the navy 37,000; for the marine corps 4,000. To persuade 300,000 men to leave their vocations and enter the national service is no easy task. Moreover, they must be picked young men, men of good character, without physical blemish. And then, of those who volunteer hardly half can be taken, so high are the standards set for the soldier or the sailor. In the army, about one-quarter of the men who apply are passed as fit; in the navy, one-half; in the marine corps, one-third. Of these a small percentage are lost by their failure to report for actual service.

A female patriot on Fifth Avenue.

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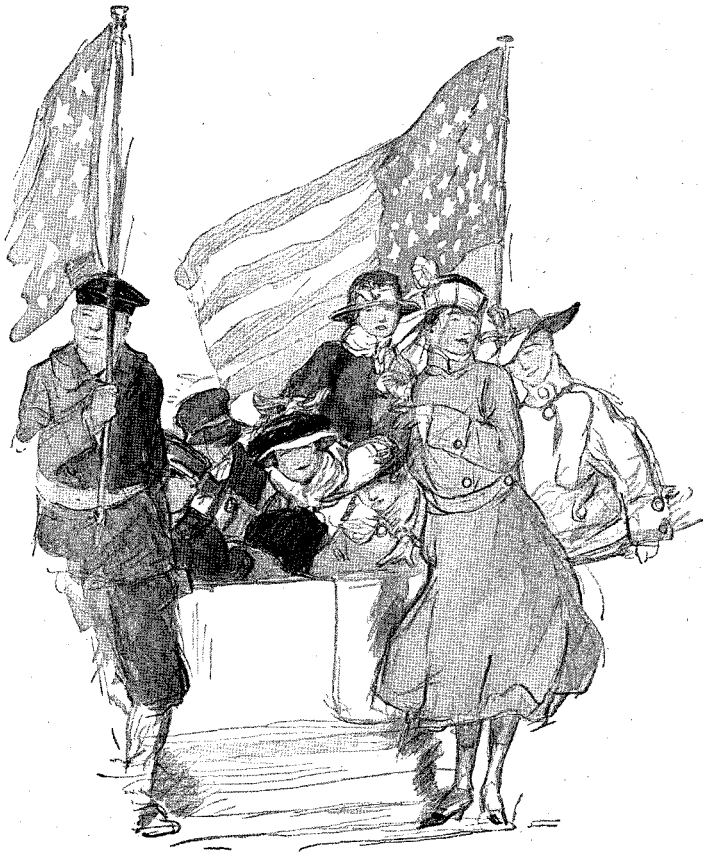
increase the navy strength to 150,000 and the marine corps to about 30,000, the recruiting continued. The army has been the slowest to fill, but then the army's demands are the greatest. Its authorized war strength is 287,000 men, and when war came 183,898 were needed. In one month 42,875 were enlisted, and at this writing the enlistments are about 2,000 each day. At such a rate it will take nearly three months to fill the ranks. The answer is obvious. Universal service is a necessity. The War Department estimates that without compulsory service a year would be necessary to raise 500,000, and this with a continued campaign of advertising and speech-making such as has been going on everywhere these past weeks.

If a million men did not spring to arms between sunset and sunrise, it would seem that a million women went out next day to find them, and they have been at it unrelentingly ever since. Over the entire country an organized effort was begun to bring home to the men of fighting age a realization of the country's danger and a sense of their personal obligation. The fact that such a campaign was needed, even though the country's mind was confused by the pending army legislation, is in itself evidence of the vitalness of universal service. We have disregarded Washington's warning to prepare for war in time of peace, and now we are paying for it.

In every city park the recruiting-tents have sprung up; through every city street roll the motors bearing huge posters telling you the country needs you; through the day everywhere are seen little crowds listening to the calls to patriotism. In such a campaign there seem to be two great factors of appeal. One is the little brown tent, with before it the up-standing, clear-eyed, clear-skinned soldier or sailor in his natty uniform. They are real men, these of our army and navy, and they have a fine contempt or pity for the pasty-faced young civilians who question them; they treat them as missionaries would who would lead them from the Gehenna of the shop to the Promised Land, where all men have bold chests and on their sleeves the stripes of honorable service.



Willing workers for the navy.

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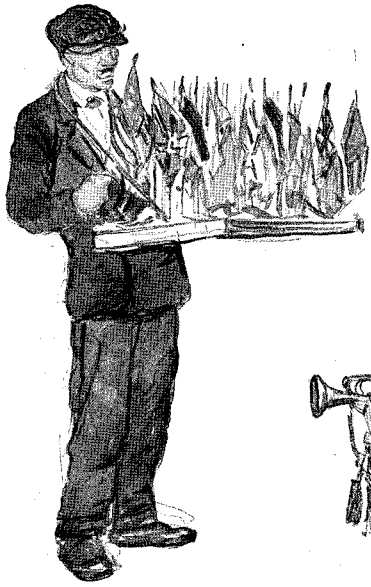

"Buy your colors."

"To the colors."

The second factor is woman. Such a campaign is no place for a man unless he is in uniform or long past the fighting age. When you are wandering along a street and stop in a little crowd gathered by a recruiting-motor, if you are conscious that your chest measures up to requirements, that your weight and height are in right proportion, that you are sound in wind and limb, that you really would make a proper soldier or sailor, then you do not like to be told by an anæmic young man in spectacles that your country needs you. You resent it. But when a woman, a motherly looking woman of fifty, suddenly reaches out a shepherd's crook and takes possession of you—that is different. So it happens that on the women has fallen a great part of the work. The men will listen to the women—to the women calling for protection. So we have seen them in thousands riding the remotest streets in placarded motors; seen them at the street corners explaining the country's urgent needs; heard them from the platforms of great halls, women of all classes, arousing the dormant spirit of patriotism.

The noon-hour is when the recruiting army labors hardest. Then the workers of the shops and factories are on the streets, and they are quick to gather at any impromptu meeting. In City Hall Park I saw as many as two hundred before the brown tent being harangued by a small woman. She lashed them unmercifully. She had a fine flow of irony. She told them that they looked like men who wanted to be safe and offered to enlist them on ships that would stay in the harbor, if only they would enlist and free real men for war. They heard her good-naturedly, and when she had finished a handful did go into the tent to enroll—but to enroll to fight.

On Chambers Street, New York, there is a great hall where meetings are held daily at noon. Around the walls recruiting-stations have been established, and at the door a bugler calls to the passing throngs. The meetings there are large, reaching daily well into the thousand. The

A pleasant detail.

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Finger-printing.

Promising types.

A welcome heater on the Bowery.

Waiting their turn—23d Street headquarters.

The physical examination.

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Recruiting—42d Street and Fifth Avenue.

speakers have been of the best, men and women known in every walk of life, and yet the actual enlistment traceable to this effort has been very small—ten a week for the army, I was told, and perhaps as many more each for the navy, the marine corps, and the guard.

Standing by the window of a recruiting-office, I saw outside a motor at the curb with one of these noonday crowds about

Delancey Street recruiting station.

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it. From it two women were speaking at once, one from each side. A tall, straight sergeant of marines was with me, and I asked him if they would get any recruits from such a gathering.

"Well, look at those men," he said contemptuously. "To tell the truth, there are not many there we could really use, but I suppose we'll get one or two. Those women have duplicate papers and there will be a dozen men sign them. They will be told where to report and some of the papers may be turned into us to look after. Out of a hundred names that came into our office last week this way in three days we got just five real enlistments. We looked up the names and found many of them fictitious or the addresses false. Some of the men we did find, but they had changed their minds. Still, all this fuss has been helpful. The men know they are needed. They know that if they don't come they may be drafted—that helps. But of course there is only one thing for the country—universal service. Now look at that crowd—nearly all the young ones pasty and flabby. Before I joined out in Erie, when I got out of the shop it was to swim or play ball. But those fellows go to movies, to dance-halls, theatres. Did you ever smell the air in a movie? Now, if we could get them when they are young we'd make men of them, we'd get their blood moving. They have never had a real chance."

Explaining the working of the automatic.

Many of these same men are really fired by a desire to do their part for their country. In the recruiting-stations one often sees young men who are palpably unfit pleading to be taken. Had they at the right age had a year of the discipline of the army or navy few of them now would be turned away because of flat feet, or flat chests, or bad teeth. They never had a chance, as the sergeant said. And now they must be rejected, for the examination is strict. The arbitrary standards of the days before the war have been little lowered that the government may obtain the men it needs, but the officers on whom falls the final decision have been using more latitude in their selections. They are taking more into account the character and possibilities of the applicants and weighing them against minor defects. They say that since the war began they have been getting men of better character. They have seen fewer of the down-and-out class, men who want easy berths, with board and lodging. They are getting men in-

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spired by a higher ambition, men who really want to serve their country.

"The other day," said a major, "of a batch of twenty sent here by our substations I took twenty. They were young men who showed promise, boys from the high schools, intelligent clerks, and mechanics. I was sure that nearly every one had in him the making of a good soldier. They were all patriotic fellows who wanted to serve, and you must not apply a tape too closely to that kind."

And so in the marine corps they tell you that the young men who seek enlistment there are not looking for safe berths. Their most effective recruiting-poster is that which calls for volunteers for the corps that is "First to Fight." Their applicants are likely to ask why the marines are first to fight, and when they are satisfied by the eloquence of a martial "non-com," they join. These men show the true spirit of America in the hour when America must give its lives and its treasures in a war against the Teuton Moloch.

So, too, with the recruiting campaign. It was unfortunate that the chaotic condition of our military affairs made it necessary, but it has given fine evidence all over the country of the spirit in which the people are meeting the crisis. It has brought to the colors voluntarily thousands of young men who are willing to give their all. But many thousands more will be needed. The lessons of the past year will not be soon forgotten. We may temporize with a selective draft to meet the present emergency, but has not the present emergency made it clear to the most doubting of us that for the future we must depend on the principle of universal training and service if our country is to hold its own in the world of nations? We shall not always have Great Britain's fleet to hold our enemies from us.

Too young.

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"BREATHES THERE THE MAN——"

By George C. Hull

Drawings by J. Scott Williams

Herbert Charles Saint George, fifth Earl of Blenton, unshaven of face, unclean of clothes, sat on the beach of Tafofu. A tuft of sunburnt yellow hair protruding through a break in his coarse palm-leaf hat matched the unkempt patches on his cheeks. One of his legs, visible through a rent in his linen trousers, disclosed a like hirsute covering. Between the soles of his bare feet, marked with the scars of half-healed bruises, stood an empty gin bottle. Into this receptacle the fifth earl of Blenton was abstractedly trickling sand, while his bloodshot eyes seemed to follow the movements of Lehua, his South Sea wife, who, nude save for a short grass skirt, and armed with a three-pronged spear, was waddling along the coral reef exposed by the low tide.

The woman was hunting squid, blissfully unconscious of the fact that neither her costume nor her occupation was that of a countess of Blenton. The anxiety expressed by her flat brown features was that no crevice in the coral should afford a safe hiding-place for the prey she sought, and also that there would be sufficient squid caught to enable her to replenish the gin supply of her liege lord, for whom she toiled far more in fear than love—the fifth earl of Blenton, known to her and the Tafofuans as Keoki the beach-comber.

Lacking the drink, she feared he would beat her and perhaps go visiting at the grass hut under the three palms farther down the beach, where lived Keala, the pretty half-white whose ancient profession necessitated the keeping of a supply of drink on hand.

But Herbert Charles Saint George, otherwise Keoki the beach-comber, was not thinking of gin at the moment. He was meditating on the unpalatable knowledge, but recently acquired, that he *was* the fifth earl of Blenton and that the woman paddling in the surf was his countess. A wry smile on his thin, blistered lips indicated that the knowledge was not pleasant. Far from it, for it resurrected memories of the past—memories which he had deemed buried in the sands of the Tafofuan beach. He had killed them one by one with the contents of many brown bottles and believed that he had even laid their ghosts.

For months it had seemed as if he had

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always lived on Tafofu, in the one-room grass hut, facing the harbor's white beach on which the lazy surges of the South Pacific crept up and receded in an endless monotone. Green mountains, wet with the rain-clouds which ever floated about their peaks, were visible from behind his hut. Waterfalls, in narrow silver ribbons, coursed down their sides, forming finally a river which flowed sluggishly to the sea, emptying into the half-moon of the quiet, land-locked harbor at a point almost opposite its portal. There had been nights when the mountains, with the stars above the clouds, painfully reminded Keoki the beach-comber of a familiar coat of arms bearing the legend "*Ad astra per aspera*"; so now he rarely looked at them.

Lehua pattered out of the surf, shaking herself like a wet spaniel. The grass net slung over her back was heavy with squid, their tentacles waving blindly through the interstices. She laid the writhing catch at his feet. "Go catch 'em gin?" she questioned sullenly.

"Ar-ar," he shuddered. "Go!"

The outcast watched her with dull eyes until she disappeared in the strip of vegetation which lay between the beach and the village. He sighed, and his gaze wandered across the harbor to its sheltering arm of land, which ended in a beetling cliff capped by a ramshackle lighthouse. Once the beach-comber had been keeper of the light, maintained jointly by two powers to safeguard the entrance to the finest harbor in the South Seas. He had been appointed because there was no one else on the island who knew anything of machinery. He had done little but draw his meagre pay, depending on a native helper, but the money so gained had made him independent of the squid catch so far as his liquor supply was concerned.

But for six months the light had been dark because the supply of oil and petrol had ended with the outbreak of the great war. Ah, the war! It was that which had brought him that other discomfort. With nervous fingers he drew from within his shirt a copy of an illustrated London weekly, months old, brought to Tafofu a few days before by a little trading steamer. A tattered leaf fell away, disclosing a black-bordered page with the title: "For King and Country." Below were a score of photographs of men in uniform who had fallen in France, and among these was one of a broad-browed man with fearless eyes and features written over with the lines of high purpose. Hubert, fourth Earl of Blenton, had been killed at the head of his regiment, read the letter-press under the picture.

Further, it stated that the death of the fourth earl recalled the strange disappearance, eight years before, of his younger brother, who, if living, was heir to the title—Herbert Charles Saint George, an officer in the royal navy and the brother in question, was supposed to have fallen overboard at night during a cruise in the South Seas and while temporarily deranged, according to the report to the admiralty. Failing his appearance, the title and estates would pass to the youngest brother Rupert, now holding the rank of commander in the royal navy.

The outcast shivered slightly as he replaced the paper. His nerves were in a bad state and Lehua was long in coming. "Strange disappearance!" His twitching lips mouthed the words. He wondered how many were still living of the men who had sat on that court of honor in the cruiser's ward-room and passed sentence upon him.

The trial had been weirdly brief. He had no defense to offer, and there was nothing of mercy in the grim faces of his brother officers. He had lied, and he had stolen, and they judged him secretly for the honor of the service and his ancient name, that his black shame should not be published abroad through a court martial.

A whispered conference and a loaded pistol had been placed on the table before him, and he had been left alone. He had failed to use it. That night he had been placed ashore at Tafofu from a boat manned by four officers. The senior had struck him in the face as he landed. "You are dead!" he had whispered sternly. "Dead to honor, therefore dead to your king, dead to your country, dead to your family and friends, dead to every honest man. Stay here and rot!" Then they departed, leaving him grovelling in the sand of lonely Tafofu.

With that bitter memory upon him, the

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Drawn by J. Scott Williams.

"Blood is blood, my poor Keoki."—Page 52.

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wreck shook his bony fists at the burning sky. With blasting blasphemy he cursed the men who sat in judgment, his country, his flag, and his king. Lastly, sobbing, he cursed himself.

As the last imprecation was shaken from his passion-wracked body a timid hand rested on his shoulder. He did not move. "Poor Keoki," murmured a voice, "he is not well." Slowly he raised his eyes to the face of Keala, the half-white. "Thou wilt wait long for thy morning drink to-day," she continued, slipping down to the sand beside him, "for that fat porpoise, thy wahine, has taken the money she had for the squid from Loo Chan, the *Pake* merchant, and has fled to the windward side with the young chief—the *Alii*—who had her love before thee. Wilt thou pursue?"

The outcast groaned.

"Why shouldst thou?" pursued the woman, cuddling closer. "Am I not fairer than she? And I love thee because of me half is English, for such was my father, and my blood cries out for thee, who art also English."

"No!" exclaimed the man hoarsely, shaking off the half-white as he struggled to his feet. "I am not English. Damn the English! I am nothing!"

"Ay," replied the woman softly, placing a supporting arm about him. "Curse the English with thy damns and be nothing as thou wilt, but it will not change thy blood, which is English, and so all-sufficient. It runs but feebly now, for thou art feeble, but the time may come when it will speak despite thy purpose.

"Now, come with me and thou shalt eat, for yesterday there was a *luau* at my hut of the palms, and there is yet left pig and chicken of which I shall make thee a broth. Drink, too, thou shalt have, but in moderation, and then sleep in a quiet room, for thou art dead for lack of slumber. Come!"

Unresistingly, blindly, the broken beach-comber accompanied the half-white woman of the town.

II

WAKING from a broken slumber tortured with dreams, the beach waif stared at the whitewashed rafters of the hut of the three palms, his mind busy with its problem. Divorced of his dusky countess by her flight, through the primitive law of Tafofu, he was not free of himself, and now he knew that he could never be free. Nothing he could do would prevent the past from blotting out the future. "Dead, I must remain dead," he exclaimed, bitterly. "God's curse on England and on Englishmen!" Keala glided into the room. "Still thou givest of thy curses to England," she laughed, "but blood is blood, my poor Keoki, and"—her face grew sober—"I have news. While sleep held thee this afternoon, behold a small war-boat, making much smoke and flying the flag of the Germans, entered our harbor, stopping first to place eight large vessels of iron beneath the water within the gate."

"Mines!" exclaimed the sick man, rising to his elbow.

"I know not what they be called, for I am simple in the ways of war, but this I do know, that I suspected mischief to those of English blood, and so—but, O la, what a fool I made of him."

"What's that? What have you done, Keala?" cried the outcast impatiently. "Who is your fool?"

"Why, Schmidt, the fat trader. Long has he borne great *aloha* for me, even proffering marriage, but I would not, for he is cruel to the Kanakas and so would he be to me. But now, when the war-boat comes, I am veree nice to him, for he has been talking to the chiefs of the war-boat, and so the fool told me of their plans. Was I not wise, O Keoki?"

"Yes, yes, my dear Keala, but go on. What of the plans?"

"Have patience, my poor Keoki. Know, then, that three days ago this war-boat of the Germans met in battle one of the English and sunk it, and many of our blood were killed and drowned. Ah, when he told me that, scarce could I keep from striking him in his pig face; but, instead, I kissed him, for I would hear all. So he continued, with vile laughter, and tells me that yesterday the people on this boat heard a message from the wires which hang on the masts, and it was from a great English war-boat, which is not far distant, seeking the boat which was sunk.

"Then these Germans, who are *kahu-*

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"Not to-night, my Keoki," she murmured. "There is work for thee to do."—Page 54.

nas for cunning, replying through a book which held the secrets of the English message, pretend to be this lost boat and make answer that in distress they had entered this harbor and, seeking safety from the enemy by hiding within the mouth of the river, had run aground. Also, they called loudly for help. Then the big boat replied that she would come hither swiftly.

"Now, the German war-boat has hidden in the river's mouth behind the trees, and when the big ship comes into the harbor, seeking the smaller, it will strike one of those iron vessels, and Schmidt says it will then be torn in pieces, although why this should be only Pele knows. Then the German war-boat will come out, firing her guns, and again many of our blood will die."

"Damn them! Let them die!" snarled the outcast. "And, Keala, if you love me, say not 'our blood' any more. Often have I told you that I hate the English and renounce their blood, but"—as tears appeared in the girl's eyes—"if it will please you, I do not love the Germans, the treacherous hounds," and he groaned as he turned his face to the wall.

"That, too, is well," murmured Keala. Kissing him softly on the forehead, she left the room.

III

SCHMIDT, the trader, was apologetic as he entered the house of Keala of the three palms at dusk. Not so his companion, a German naval officer, stiffly hostile, with his starched white uniform and bristling blonde hair. "The lighthouse tender? We learn he is here," ventured the trader, cowering under the angry eyes of the woman.

"And we find him," flashed the other unceremoniously as he shook the man on

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the bed. "Is not this the scum we seek?"

"Yah," sneered Schmidt, "this is the lighthouse tender—the renegade Englishman who hates his country. Get up, you! Keala, bring him some clothes."

"He cannot go," cried the girl, pushing the trader aside. "Indeed, Keoki is sick. This will kill him, what you plan."

"Silence, and obey!" thundered the officer. "If it kills him it will not matter. Why should he care to live? If he has been wronged by his country this is his opportunity to win revenge."

"If it offers that I will go," broke in the outcast suddenly. "What do you wish me to do?"

"It is well," growled the lieutenant. "Schmidt, explain."

The trader chuckled grimly as the beach-comber drew on his ragged clothes. "Just a little jest we are going to play on your late friends and hated countrymen," he said. "A battle-cruiser is on its way to Tafofu, seeking something which is hidden forever. We wish to surprise her with a warm welcome, and to do this without causing suspicion we must have the lighthouse in operation, for she comes to-night. You have been the keeper and understand its machinery. Therefore we seek you."

"I see," cried the outcast eagerly; "you wish me to operate the light as a decoy, but"—and his face fell—"we have no oil for the light or petrol for the engine, and there has been none for weeks. The rains have probably rusted the machinery, for it is poorly housed and has had no care of late. I fear it will not operate the light."

"We have oil and petrol," snapped the officer, "and the light must be shown. It is an order."

Keoki the beach-comber, otherwise the earl of Blenton, standing at attention in his rags, saluted stiffly. "Very well, sir. Shall I have an escort?"

"I alone will accompany you, my renegade," sneered the lieutenant. "I am to make certain that the light is shown. The oil and petrol supply has been sent ahead. Come!"

"Here, Keoki, is something that will give you strength," said Schmidt the trader, pressing forward with a bottle in his hand. As the derelict reached for the liquor a soft touch fell on his arm and he looked into the misty eyes of Keala. "Not to-night, my Keoki," she murmured. "There is work for thee to do, and"—her voice sank to a whisper—"remember thou art English born."

The man looked at the woman sombrely, but there was something in his face that she had never seen there before. "Good-by, Keala, you have been very good to me," he said simply. "I will not drink. As for the other—" He bent and kissed her, and without another word passed into the night at the heels of the German.

And as the sound of footsteps died away the girl threw herself on the bed. "I know," she sobbed. "I know."

IV

TWICE on the way up the narrow, slippery jungle trail to the lighthouse the renegade fell in sheer exhaustion. The second time the German kicked him to his feet. "Stop your shirking," he commanded. "March!" And at last the pair emerged on the rock platform on top of the cliff where stood the corrugated iron structure housing the light.

The natives who had carried up the fuel had left it at the door of the hut and departed, and the sun had disappeared in the sea. The officer strode to the edge of the precipice and whistled softly as far below him he heard the waves washing the black volcanic rocks and the faint whisper of the trade-wind in the palm-trees on the beach. He shrugged his shoulders, and then curtly: "Start that engine—we have no time to lose."

Lighting a torch, the outcast entered the hut, from which, for several minutes, there came sounds of hammering and tapping. Then he emerged, mopping the perspiration from his forehead with the sleeve of his tattered shirt. "It is as I feared, sir," he stammered. "The engine is badly rusted, making its operation impossible, but——"

"Damnation!" exploded the German. "The engine must run—you must contrive it or——"

"As I was going on to say, sir," continued the other meekly, "there is a

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"Stop your shirking," he commanded. "March!"—page 54.

gear, operated by a hand-lever, which opens and closes the shutter over the light, creating the flashes. I would have used it before had there been a supply of kerosene for the lamp."

The Prussian burst into a guttural laugh. "What an opportunity, my renegade! It is no soulless machine that shall woo the enemy to destruction, but you yourself, who have suffered. You shall toil at this lever and with your own hand reap vengeance. It is good. Now, fill the lamp and we shall see how the hand-gear does. The night is almost starless and the foe may sight the light at any moment. As for me, I shall watch that you do not sleep."

The outcast saluted and set about his work with such speed that a broad beam of light was soon flashing out over the restless waters. "This is most excellent," observed the Teuton after a brief inspection. "Hard labor, my renegade, but what does it matter with revenge in sight, eh?"

"Nothing matters, considering the end in view, sir," replied the other. "Is it permitted to inquire the name of the vessel so soon to be destroyed?"

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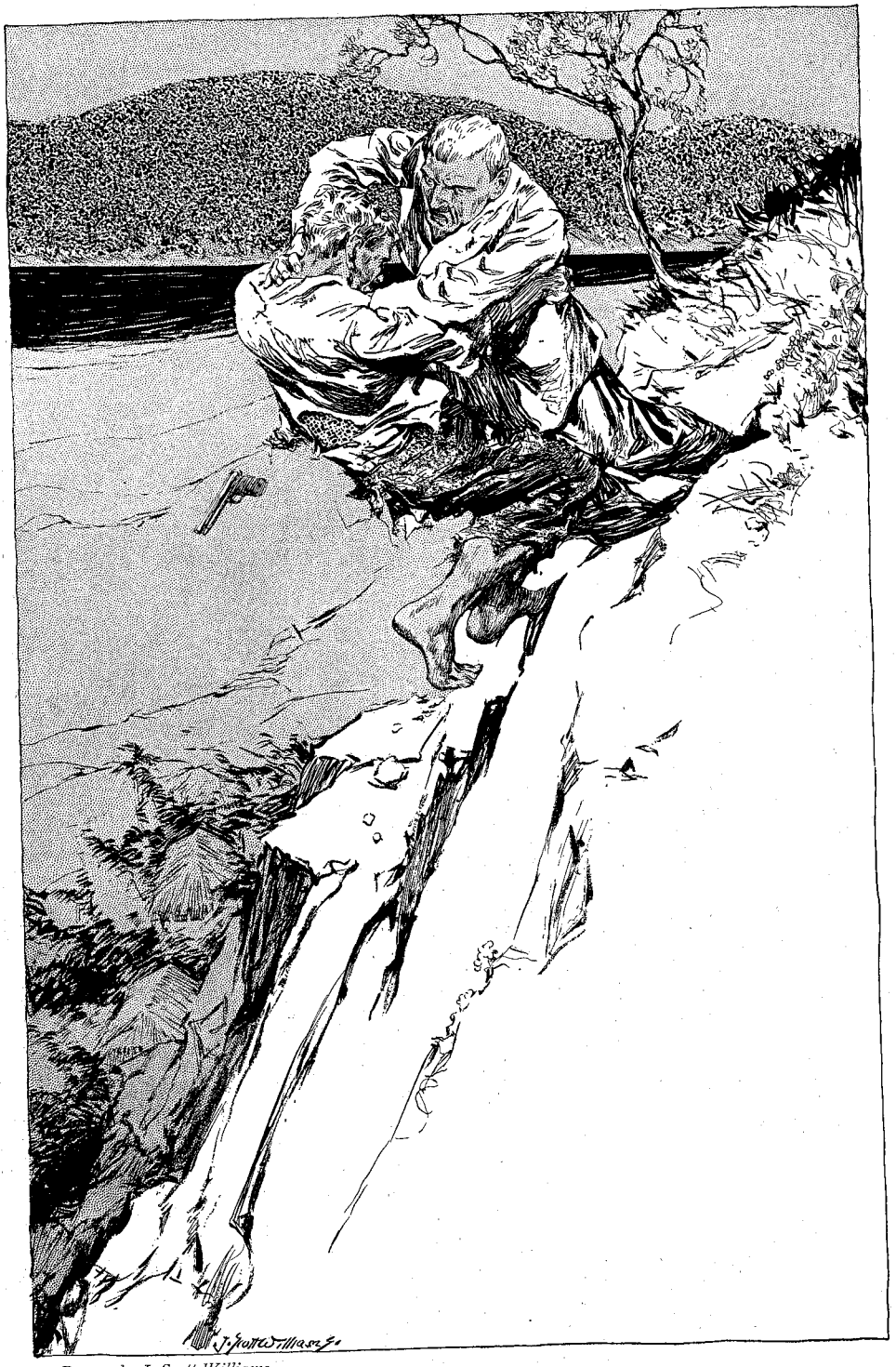

Drawn by J. Scott Williams.

A brief struggle on the brink—then, locked together, they fell.—Page 58.

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"Battle-cruiser *Pallas*, on her way to join the British high-seas fleet," returned the officer gruffly.

"Ah, I do not know her." Save for the rhythmic click of the lever sliding back and forth, there was silence for a long time, and then the man in uniform stirred in his seat. "Why do you keep moving your lips?" he demanded suddenly.

The face of the outcast flushed. "Counting, to keep awake, sir," he muttered without turning his head.

"If you even nod you shall be beaten, and perhaps worse," threatened the German.

But the renegade made no reply. Through the strip of glass before him he was watching, with straining eyes, something like a star which had been rising and falling, far out in the darkness, for an hour past.

And out on the Pacific, under that heaving star on which the eyes of the renegade were fixed, an officer on the bridge of the battle-cruiser *Pallas* had, on sighting the Tafofu light, regarded its apparent eccentric flashings, first, with muttered expressions of displeasure, then of amazement, turning swiftly into action. Sharp orders fluttered about the ship and men flitted through the gloom in orderly confusion. Presently a stabbing ray of light, with the cruiser as its pivot, swept twice across the sky from right to left and then rested for a second on the Tafofu lighthouse, where the renegade, with pale, set face, his lips no longer moving, seemed but a part of the machinery as he moved the lever back and forth. The lieutenant shrank back as if he felt the beam was seeking him alone, then broke into fury. "Dolt! Fool!" he screamed as he struck the man at the lever in the face. "You have been asleep! Why did you not tell me the cruiser was in sight?" But the renegade had fainted even as the search-light's ray disappeared and the perfume of a tropic dawn filled the air.

V

WHEN the outcast opened his eyes the Teuton was standing over him smiling grimly. "I told you that I should beat you if you slept," he said. "Perhaps I would have killed you if it hadn't happened just as the light was no longer required. However, the ship comes on to destruction, and all seems well save that I am troubled as to why her search-light swept the sky in the manner of a signal—but who could she signal?"

"Who?" echoed the renegade in a hollow voice.

"And the beam that entered this place," pursued the officer, "was as an eye prying into my heart; it roused me to anger."

"Perhaps it hurts your conscience to destroy a thousand men without giving them a sporting chance," suggested the beach-comber in a tone from which all trace of servility had strangely fled.

"Hah! but what do you mean?" exclaimed the German, noting the change. "Remember who is master here." Then mockingly: "Speak for yourself, my renegade. This is war, and I fight for my country while you betray yours."

"I have no country."

"Ay, the words are easy to say, but in the heart of hearts there are memories—is it not so, my renegade? And the end is near; and what a blow it will be to your England when a little German gunboat destroys an 18,000-ton cruiser!"

Rubbing his hands gleefully, the officer picked up his marine glasses. "Ach! I see her finely. She is slowing up but turning inward—not more than two miles out now, and abreast the harbor entrance—soon she will attempt to enter the harbor, and then, my renegade, we shall see the great surprise at which you have assisted—a sight which it is given but few men to witness. I trust we are ready below—but, hah! what is this? Her crew at battle stations! Her decks cleared! Outside, renegade! I fear something has gone wrong!" And he dashed out on the platform.

The light-tender followed. His carriage and the expression on his face was no longer that of Keoki the beach-comber, but of an earl of Blenton come into his own. On the edge of the precipice the lieutenant, with glasses glued to his eyes, was muttering wildly in his native tongue, but as the other joined him he broke into English. "Ah, her engines have stopped. What can it mean?" Dropping his

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glasses, he turned with pale face and despairing eyes to the light-tender. "Will she come in?" he asked almost beseechingly.

"She will, but not just yet," returned the other, a stern note of triumph, a hint at hidden meaning in his voice.

"But, unless they suspect, why not now?" exclaimed the German fearfully. "It is daylight, the fairway is clear, the harbor is renowned for its safety—why do they hesitate?"

"Because," said the renegade gravely—"because of the 'memories in the heart of hearts' to which you alluded awhile ago. There was the light, and my hand at the lever controlled the flashes which told in the code of the navy in which I once had the honor to hold a commission the tale of the trap. There is the rest of your answer." He motioned seaward.

From the forward turret of the *Pallas* burst a cloud of smoke split with a tongue of flame. A giant projectile rumbled over the harbor and dropped in the ambuscade of trees at the river's mouth behind which the enemy lay. Followed an explosion and the cries of stricken men.

"And you've betrayed us, swine of hell!" screamed the German, tugging at his pistol.

"But not mine own country," said the fifth earl of Blenton, otherwise Keoki the beach-comber, and smiled as he grappled with the foeman. A brief struggle on the brink—then, locked together, they fell to the black volcanic rocks and the whispering palms far below.

ON THE HEADWATERS OF PEACE RIVER

A NARRATIVE OF A THOUSAND-MILE CANOE TRIP TO A LITTLE-KNOWN RANGE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

BY PAUL LELAND HAWORTH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

II. HUNTING NORTH OF THE LONG CANYON

IX. WE TRY THE FOX RIVER RANGE

ONE of my main objects in making the long journey to the Finlay country was to get a chance at Northern caribou and mountain sheep. Our trip up the Quadacha, though it had resulted in the discovery of a great glacier, had been a distinct disappointment in the matter of finding either of these animals. Several times when in the Quadacha region we had obtained clear views of the range of mountains lying west of the Tochieca, or Fox, and we were impressed with a belief that this range would be a good hunting-country for the animals we sought.

The Fox River Range begins at the gap through which the Finlay enters the great intermontane valley from the west, and its most southern height is the bare, precipitous elevation called Prairie Mountain by McConnell's party. From this mountain the range runs northwestward, gradually increasing in altitude, and culminates in some extremely ragged peaks that bear snow the year round. Ever since we first obtained a view of this range Lavoie had been anxious that we should try it, declaring that the tops appeared to be covered with bunch grass and that the summit of the range was so smooth that, once we were there, we could travel up the range with comparatively little effort. From the Quadacha country the ridge did, indeed, look level and inviting.

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On our return to the canoe and cache, which we reached safely after sundry adventures, we made our way up the Finlay to beyond Fox River and established another cache at the foot of Prairie Mountain. Just below the Fox, which is an exceedingly swift and turbulent stream, we stopped for an hour at the hunting-camp of a party of Indians, the only human beings we saw in the country north of Fort Grahame. There were two grown men, one of them a son of Chief Pierre, two lads in their teens, and two klooches, or squaws. I took pictures of the male members of the party, but the squaws hid in the tents, and it was only by using the camera surreptitiously that I finally obtained the picture of one of them. She was a very aged creature but still spry of limb and tongue, and we judged that she rather ruled things about the camp. Later I learned from Fox at Grahame that when a young woman she had been left a widow with several children. However, she was a rustler, hunted moose and other game, and even trapped bears; in fact, "there was not a family in the tribe that was better provided for," said Fox. What a story her life and adventures would make!

The slope of Prairie Mountain averages fully forty-five degrees, and we were unlucky enough to blunder into a nest of cliffs where climbing was really dangerous, but we managed to avoid any mishap and after several hours of the hardest kind of work reached the top with our heavy packs. From the top we enjoyed another magnificent view, which included the glacier that McConnell sets down on the north fork of the Quadacha. The much bigger glacier which we had seen on the headwaters of the east fork is not visible from Prairie Mountain, but we later caught a glimpse of it from much farther up the range.

As we had expected, we found the summit and upper slopes of this range delightfully open and covered with a thick growth of bunch grass. For a considerable distance the ridge was fairly level and the going good. The range was, in fact, an ideal hunting-country, except in one important respect, namely, it was almost entirely destitute of game. In the course of the days that we travelled up the range we saw nothing except three miserable mountain goats, and a combination of ill luck and poor management prevented us from bagging even one of these. Furthermore, we by and by reached a point where the range became broken up into separate peaks, and progress could only be won by almost constant ascending and descending. From the Quadacha this part of the range had looked to be good travelling, for high lateral ridges had hidden from us the deep clefts that now troubled us.

Progress ultimately became so slow and painful, and game prospects so discouraging, that late one afternoon we decided to change our plan and endeavor to find some hunting-grounds of which the prospectors we had met above Finlay Forks had given us a glowing account. To reach these hunting-grounds by the route they had taken it was necessary to start from the Long Canyon of the Finlay. This canyon lay to the west of us, and downward toward it we now turned.

We camped that night in the gorge of a little creek, a gorge so rough and narrow that we had great difficulty in making a level spot large enough for our tent. Rain fell throughout the night and the next day, but our food supply was growing shorter every meal and we could not tarry on account of weather. After hours of terrific going, sometimes wading in the bed of the creek, sometimes creeping along the walls of the gorge, all of the time undergoing saturation from the rain and from dripping boughs of trees and bushes, at last, shivering and wet to the skin, we reached the brink of the Long Canyon.

At this point the Finlay, for about twenty miles, flows between high, steep cliffs and the water is very turbulent. We did not know exactly at what point we had reached it, but next morning I was lucky enough to discover an immense boulder—"big as a house"—in the middle of the river some distance above our camp, and recognized the place from the description given by the prospectors. We soon found their camping-place and cache, and it then became a simple matter to locate the route they had taken to the hunting-grounds.

As our food was reduced to not to exceed five days' supply, we were in a bit

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of a quandary as to what course to pursue. Our canoe and cache were twenty or thirty miles down the river, and to reach them and bring fresh supplies up to the canyon would require several days of hard labor, for which, in our present mood, we had little stomach. Ultimately we decided to leave one day's supply at the canyon, go ahead with what remained, and trust to our ability to "live off the country." As we had not killed so much as a grouse since leaving the canoe, this decision can hardly be characterized as a cautious one. We knew that it had taken the surveyors three days to reach the hunting-grounds from the canyon, nor could we expect to do much better. This would leave us rations for one hunting-day and, if we killed nothing, we would find ourselves fully five days' journey from our canoe and cache, with no food except the two or three cupfuls of flour and meal that we were leaving at the canyon. Clearly, if we did not succeed as Nimrods we should be compelled to test the merits of involuntary fasting.

I confess that the prospect caused me considerable worry, not so much over the possibility of going hungry as of being once more obliged to turn back empty-handed. Thus far the only trophy I could show for my long journey was the skin of my brown bear, and, as Joe had tacked this up on the side of the store-house at Grahame much lower than I had asked him to do, I was not sure but that the Siwash dogs would have torn it down and that I would not even have it to show to my inquisitive friends at home.

In every long trip of this sort there comes a time when one thinks to himself: "How foolish I have been to take such a wild-goose chase! If the good Lord will only get me out of this scrape I will never offend again." That I felt thus discouraged and depressed was due no doubt to my being weary, worn-out, and hungry. For several days, in order to save our scanty stock of food, I had been stinting myself—not a very satisfactory proceeding, for it seemed that the less I ate and the lighter our supplies became, the more Joe consumed. Great as are his merits as a canoeman, my French-Canadian helper is not the man for a trip where there exists a prospect of the grub supply failing!

X. AN OPPORTUNE MEETING WITH A BEAR

For two days we travelled toward the hunting-grounds. On the way we had many interesting experiences and beheld some wonderful scenery, but scenery was beginning to pall on us; what we wanted was meat, and the only meat we had managed to secure was one "fool-hen," a sort of grouse, which Joe was lucky enough to shoot out of a jack-pine.

Ten o'clock next day found us seated on a steep mountainside at the brink of a cliff that bounded a wide basin. We were not sure where we were, but we hoped that, when we reached the summit above, the hunting-grounds we had been seeking would lie revealed before us, though we had an uneasy feeling that perhaps they lay in a range we saw farther ahead—a range so distant that I knew in my heart that we would never reach it. The going up the mountain had been both steep and rough, and both of us were winded and weary. For days I had been travelling on will rather than physical strength, and even the will was about exhausted. I actually had begun to doubt whether my tortured leg muscles could be made to lift me to the yet distant summit.

Before and beneath us there unfolded another magnificent panorama. Far away and much below us lay the Finlay and the gorge of the Long Canyon, while to our right we could see the pond-studded valley of Porcupine Creek, a stream flowing down from the north. Beyond the Finlay valley towered the many forbidding, snow-capped peaks of the range that I had come to call the "Kitchener Mountains." Even the basin closer at hand was a spectacle well worth beholding. At the head and on the sides it was hemmed in by cliffs, and it ended far below in a sea of green timber. Its floor was carpeted in places with grass, interspersed with heaps of slide rock and clumps of bushes.

As we had been climbing along the edge of the basin for an hour or more, my interest in the spectacle had waned, and I was sitting in a sort of lethargy when Joe

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crept up close to me and whispered eagerly:

"There's a bear over yonder!"

He pointed with his finger and, looking in the direction he indicated, I saw instantly that he was not mistaken. At the foot of one of the cliffs near the head of the basin and well toward the opposite side, on a little slope covered with blueberry bushes, there was a black bear. He was busy eating berries and his glossy hair rippled beautifully in the wind. We slunk down on the cliff-top and lay watching him. We were both desperately anxious to kill that bear. We needed him!

"How far is he?" I whispered.

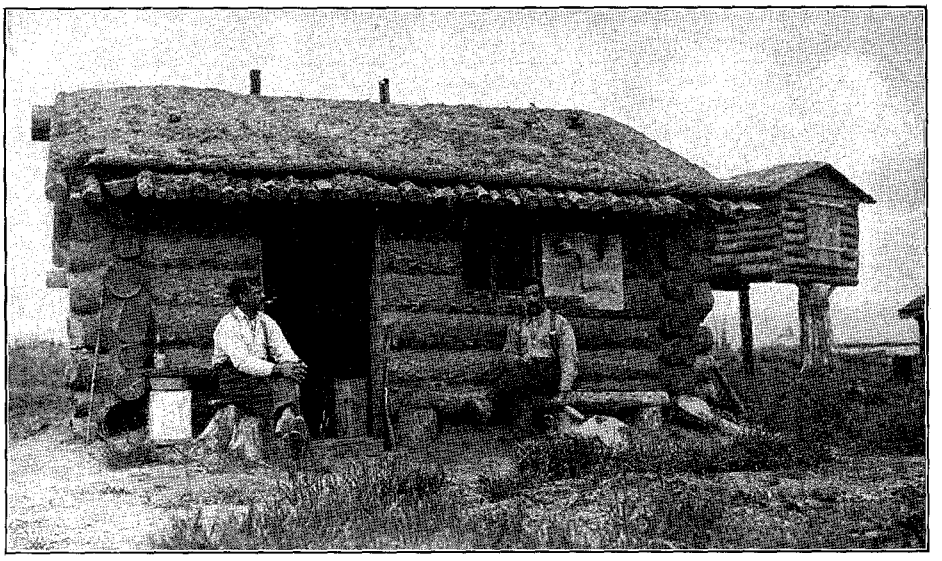
"Four or five hundred yards," said Joe.

It was too far to take a chance when so much was at stake, and we looked round to find a way of getting closer. Farther up the rim of the basin a sort of cliff peninsula projected out some distance. We clambered down the cliff on which we lay and scrambled over slide rock to that point of vantage. We had hoped to find ourselves in good shooting distance, but when we peered over the edge he still seemed a long way off, four hundred yards at least. I took a look at him through my Lyman sights and the front bead just covered his whole body.

Now, four hundred yards is not such a terrifically long distance in target-shooting when you know the distance of the target; but it is a very long shot on a mountainside when you have to estimate the range and when your eating or going hungry depends upon success or failure.

Eagerly we looked around for some route that would bring us closer. There seemed to be none. If we attempted to descend into the basin and sneak nearer, we would almost certainly be heard or seen. A detour to the top of the cliff below which the bear was feeding would require an hour or more and, besides, the wind was unfavorable. For a time, therefore, we did nothing and simply lay there on the cliff watching him and hoping he would come nearer.

Though it was late in the day for a bear to be feeding, he still seemed to be very hungry; through my glasses I could see him gobbling down blueberries, stems and all, like a champion pie-eater at a county fair. By and by he apparently thinned out the supply on that slope and moved twenty or thirty yards toward us to another; evidently this proved disappointing, for he remained there only a minute or two and fed back toward the first.



Gibson's place, just above Finlay Forks.

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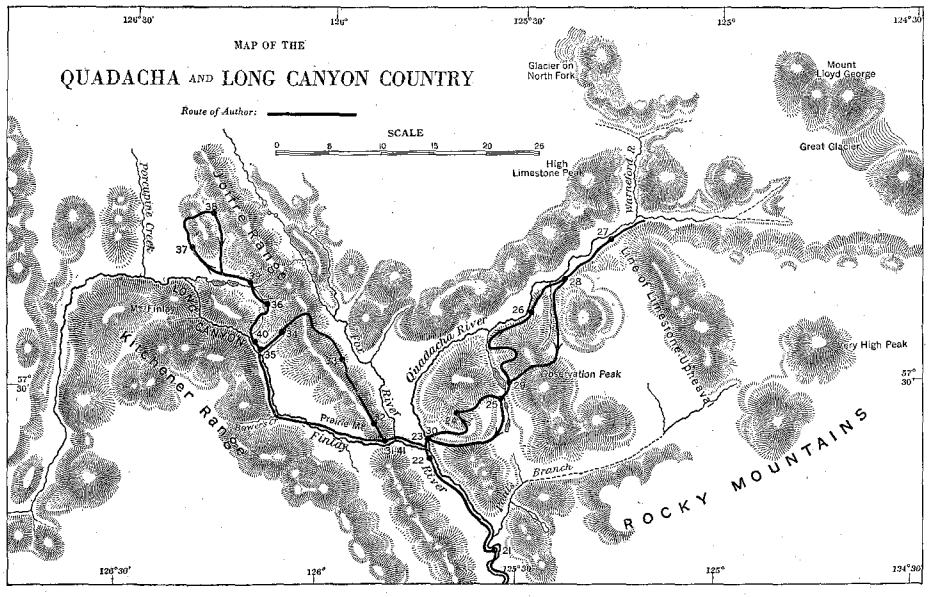
The suspense of waiting was very trying to me, and I discussed with Joe the practicability of making a short detour up the rim, climbing down into the basin, and trying to sneak closer behind the point of a projecting cliff. I was eager but calm enough and had my nerves well under control, but Joe evidently thought that I had not, for he kept saying:

"Don't get excited! Don't get excited!"



He needed the advice himself, for just after he had uttered the words for the third or fourth time——

"Bang!" rang out a shot. "Spat!" went a bullet against the rocks a hundred feet perhaps from the bear. "Bang!" in diminuendo came the echo from the cliffs opposite.

He had been keeping his rifle—he did not know it—at full cock, and, happening unconsciously to tighten his finger on the trigger, the weapon had responded as described. At that moment I could cheerfully have kicked him off the cliff and emptied five soft-nosed .401 bullets into his carcass, but I contented myself with an expletive or two and turned my attention to the bear.

I saw a most interesting scene. The animal had been totally unaware of our presence, nor had he yet made us out. He had heard merely the report of the rifle and the spat of the bullet, and the echoes had confused him. For a few moments he stood perfectly still, then ran right in our direction for perhaps thirty yards and hid in a little patch of brush about the size of a small room. His behavior throws light upon many alleged "charges" made by bears whose only thought is escape.

For several minutes he remained in the bushes out of sight; then sneaked out on the other side and set off as if he had selected a destination and meant to reach it. It was clear that the time had come to shoot and, in view of our urgent need of meat, we had already agreed that both should fire. My rear sight was set at three hundred and fifty yards. Lying prone on the cliff-top, with my elbows resting firmly on the rock, I was favorably stationed for a shot, and when he paused for a few seconds, broadside on, I took a short but careful aim and pulled the trigger. He lurched to the shot, then recovered himself and started down-hill at a considerable pace, but we saw clearly that I had broken his left hind leg. Joe fired twice in quick succession, and when the animal paused once more I let drive

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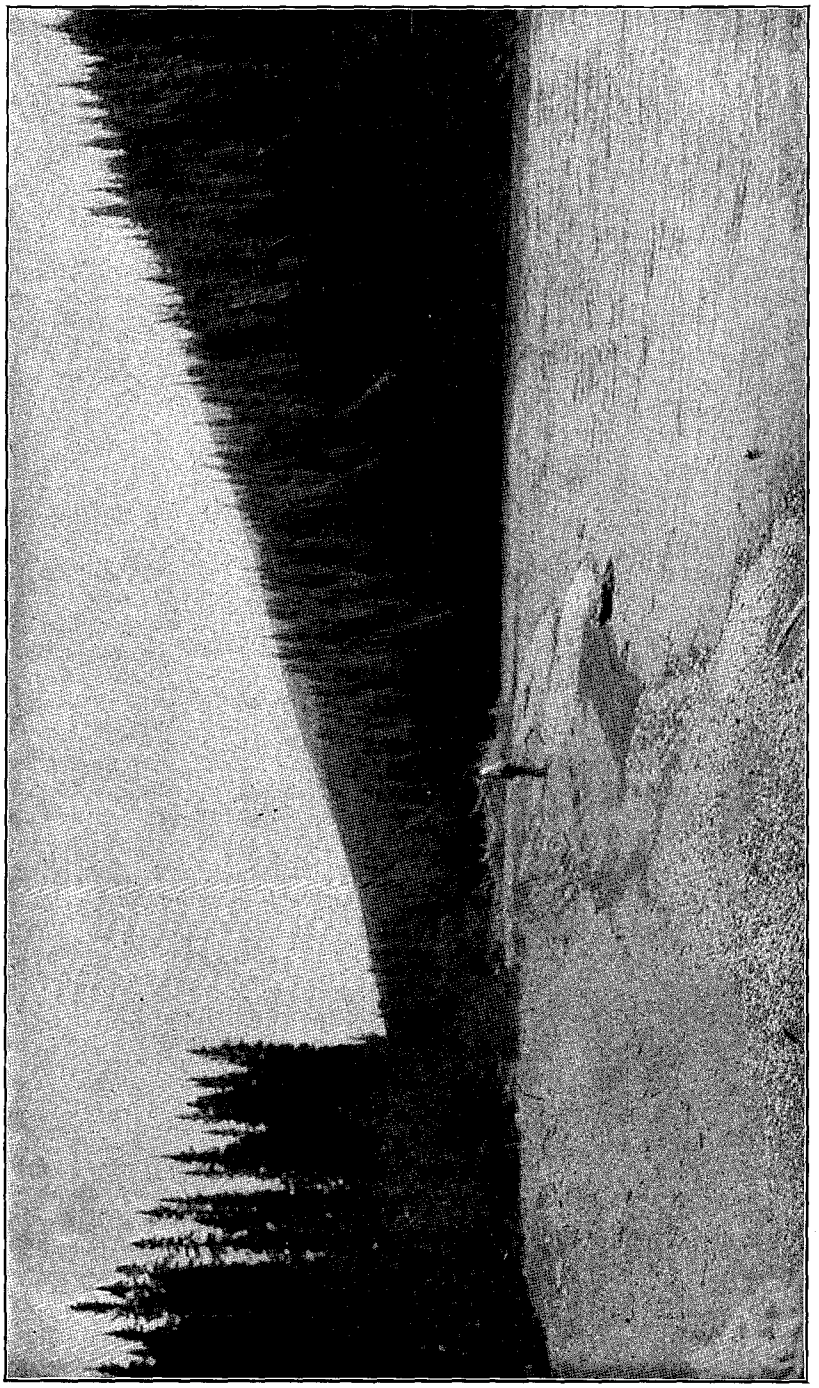

Quadacha just above the mouth.

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and again Joe pulled trigger. At my shot the beast seemed to collapse, yet again he pulled himself together and, half running, half sliding, down a steep slope, disappeared in a considerable thicket of scrubby birch and poplars.

We commanded a view of all the exits from this thicket, and I was confident that, wounded as he was, he could not climb the slope, my only fear being that he might make off down the basin. So I left Joe on the cliff to keep watch while I hastily took off my heavy boots and scrambled down the face of the cliff and got below the bear. Then slowly and cautiously I crept into the thicket, but my caution proved useless, for presently I saw a spot where the grass was bent down and where both earth and grass were copiously covered with frothy red blood, the sure sign of a lung shot; following this trail with my eyes I saw the bear lying dead as a wedge against the trunk of a sapling. A sort of bellow he had uttered as I was descending the cliff had evidently been his death-cry.

He was a fine, fat black bear, not too old, and his coat, for the fall, was unusually good; in short, he was what our trapper friend Scott, on Parsnip River, calls "a ripe bear." When we came to skin him we found that two bullets had struck him. One had hit his left thigh, tearing the muscles badly and shattering the bone. The other had penetrated his left front leg, had passed out under the armpit, had entered the body, and had passed out on the other side. When Joe examined these holes he said:

"Of course, you hit him first in the hind leg, but that bullet-hole in the shoulder looks like a .30-30 hole to me."

I felt sure, from the bear's behavior, that my second bullet had gone home, and I saw that the entrance hole was plenty big enough to admit a .401 pellet. We did not argue the matter, but I set out down the basin for some water—a long, hard job, for I had to descend at least a thousand feet. When I returned Joe had the bear cut up, and within the body cavity he had found the outside casing of the bullet. He handed it to me. It was from a .401. I shall not attempt to deny that I felt pleased that it was so.

The sun had sunk almost to setting that afternoon when we at last reached the summit of the mountain we had begun to climb that morning. We had travelled slowly, but it had been a satisfactory day. We had a bearskin with us and an abundance of meat. Luck had changed. The situation was saved.

A pleasant prospect lay before us. The mountain on which we stood sloped down a few hundred feet to a high alpine valley, partly overgrown with balsam-trees but with large grassy areas also. Beyond rose a lofty range of mountains, the summits of which were craggy and rugged to the last degree, but the slopes of which were delightfully smooth and covered with grass. Here and there both up and down the range were fine big basins, and in one of them gleamed a tiny lakelet.

On the slope of the mountain directly opposite I noted a patch of green herbage that contrasted strongly with the dead brown of most of the grass and that evidently marked the spot where a tiny rill took its rise. The patch was fully two miles away, and the light was beginning to fail, yet it seemed to me that I could discern some tiny objects, no bigger than small bugs, moving about on it. I trained my glasses on the patch and saw that I had made no mistake. Four or five whitish animals were grazing on the slope, one of them considerably darker than the rest. Whether they were mountain goats or mountain sheep I could not be sure; beyond question they were game.

It seemed that at last we had reached the happy hunting-grounds!

XI. STONE'S MOUNTAIN SHEEP

It was too late to go after the animals that day, so we hurried down into the valley and made camp in a secluded spot in a grove of balsam. A little brook meandered down the valley, sometimes above the mossy ground, sometimes beneath it, furnishing a supply of clear, cold water, while there were plenty of dead trees for firewood. As we expected to remain here for some days, we cut an extra-large supply of fragrant balsam boughs and made ourselves the most comfortable beds of the whole trip.

That night and again next morning we

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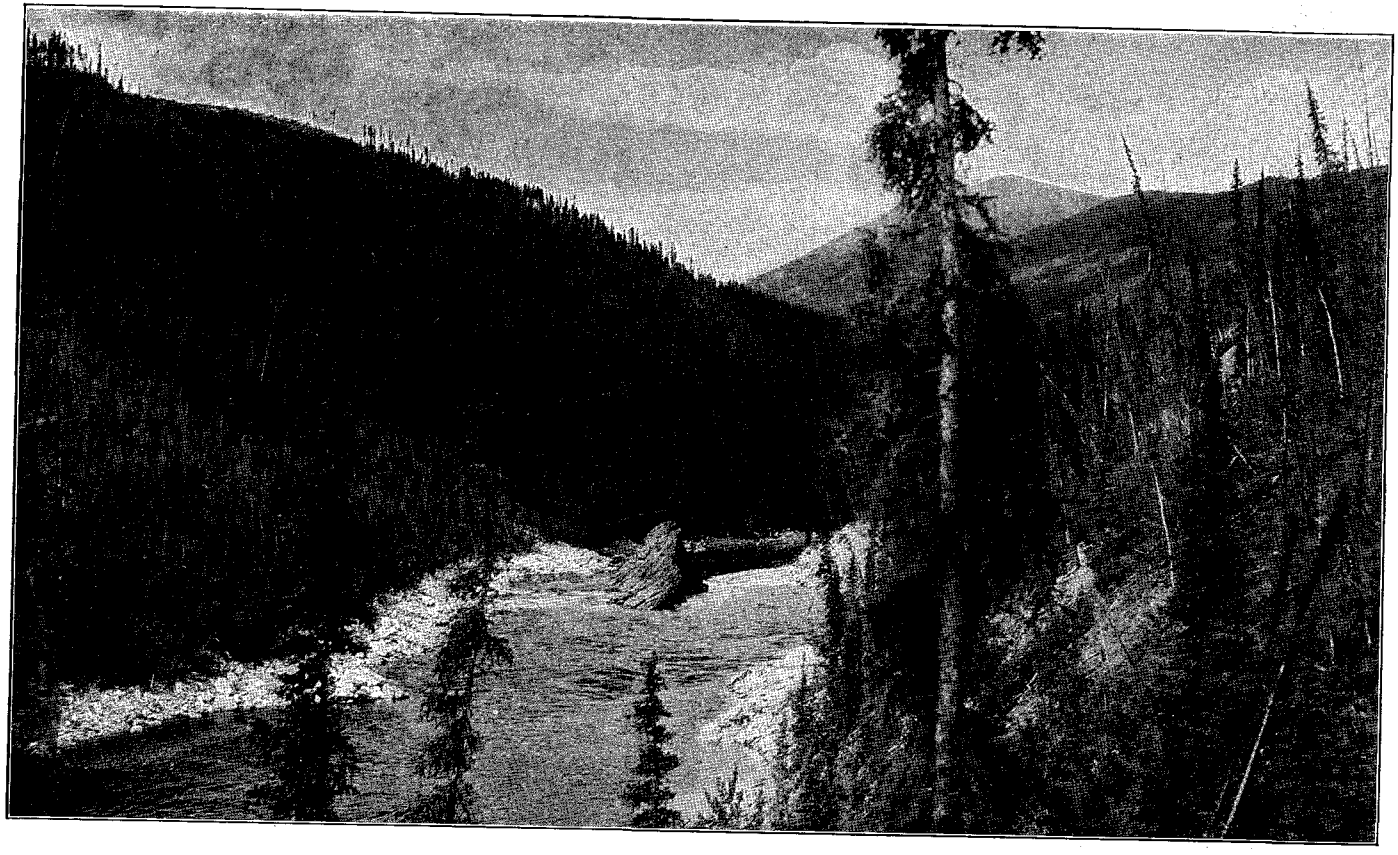

I was lucky enough to discover an immense boulder—"big as a house"—in the middle of the river.—Page 59.

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We stopped for an hour at the hunting-camp of a party of Indians.—Page 59.

filled up on fried bear-steak, and, after tacking up the bear-hide on two trees that grew conveniently close together near the tent, we set off with the rifles and cameras to investigate the slope on which the afternoon before we had seen the wild animals. Although I had little expectation that they would still be there, when we neared timber line and could command a view of the slope we examined the slope carefully through our glasses. At first we saw nothing, and Joe had given over looking, but by and by I noticed a slight movement not far from the green patch and presently I made out the back of some animal. From where we lay the slope looked almost as level as a lawn, but it was clear that there must be a small depression and that the animal I saw was standing in it. The back disappeared for a time, then reappeared, and presently parts of two other animals came into view. By and by I caught sight of a set of spiral-shaped horns and I knew that the animals were mountain sheep. Whether they had remained there all night or had slept on the cliffs and had returned in the early morning we could not know; all we did know was that there they were now and that it was our problem to get them.

But how? The wind, to be sure, was favorable, but the spot they had selected was on a grassy mountainside hundreds of yards from any appreciable cover. Joe declared flatly that it would be impossible to get within shooting distance.

For an hour or so we watched the animals and studied the slope from several different points. I expected any minute that the sheep would start up the mountain, and it was clear that if they once reached the cliffs our chance of getting them would be small. Merely to lie watching them seemed useless, for there was no likelihood that they would descend the mountain toward us.

A little to our left ran a shallow gully formed by the brook that took its rise at the green patch near the sheep. Studying the slope intently through my glasses, I thought I perceived a possibility of following up this gully as far as it went and then of making an approach behind a small swell that rose four or five feet above the general level of the slope to the right of and a little below the animals. I explained the plan to Joe, told him that I meant to make the trial, then crawled away toward the gully. His silence was eloquent of his disapproval and of his belief that I would fail. To tell the truth, I was myself far from confident of success. Should the animals take it into their heads to move a little distance in any direction they could not fail to see me.

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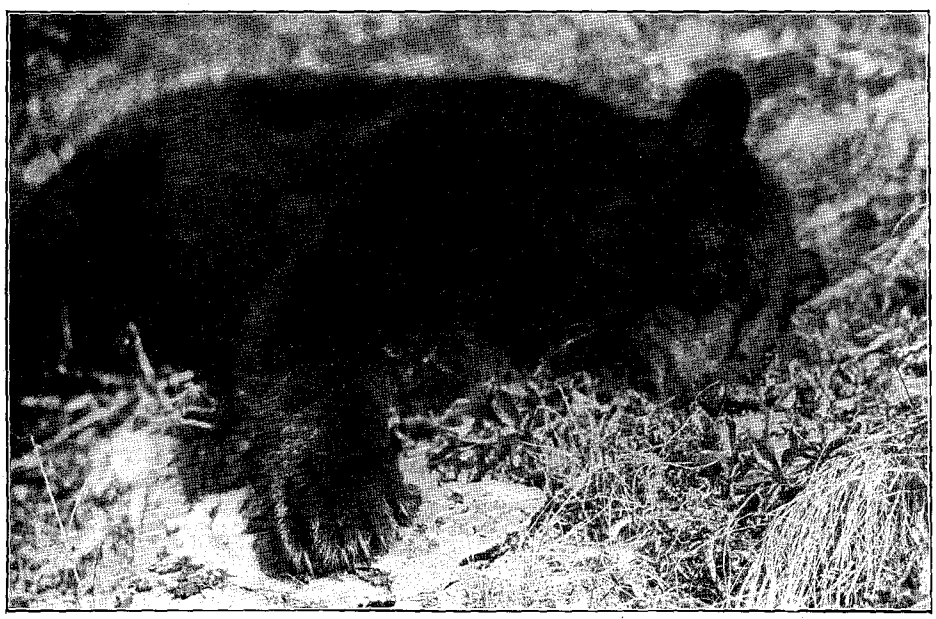
I resolved to neglect no precautions, for it was not improbable that this would be my only chance at sheep. I took plenty of time, even to making the walk up the gully; arrived where it ended, I rested a bit to steady my nerves and reconnoitre. I also took off my heavy boots. This left nothing on my feet except a pair of woollen socks. I had no moccasins, for the largest pair available at Grahame had proved too small!

By taking advantage of a clump of low, creeping juniper I was able to crawl unnoticed from the gully and get behind the swell, and thence worm my way up the slope. I felt horribly exposed and would not have been surprised at any moment to see the animals go dashing away. Joe said afterward that once the biggest ram did, in fact, walk a few steps in my direction and stand, with head thrown proudly back, scrutinizing the landscape. Joe thought that I had certainly been seen, but it was not so, for the ram walked back again and lay down.

Three-quarters of an hour, perhaps, after I started on the stalk I reached the lower edge of the little rise behind which I had made my approach and knew that I must not be more than a hundred yards from the animals. I felt that only a stroke of horribly bad luck could now prevent me from obtaining at least a fair running shot. I rested again until my pulse was normal; then, slow almost as a snail, I crept up the little swell till I had almost reached its summit, and again I rested. I had decided that it would be better to rise up than to attempt to crawl in sight of the animals, for the summit was so round and the whole swell so nearly level that it was more than probable that the sheep would catch sight of me before I could catch sight of them. Quietly I rose part-way up, only to discover that I was as yet not quite near enough. Once more I edged myself closer, rested again, rose quickly to my feet.

Forty yards ahead, half hidden in a hollow and by some tall grass, stood what seemed to be a young ram. I quickly fired for his shoulder. The bullet seemed to paralyze the beast in his tracks, but he did not fall, for the bullet, as I afterward ascertained, had struck a bit too low to be immediately fatal. I took no chances, but almost as quickly as I could again pull the trigger of the automatic sent in another bullet that brought him down.



He was a fine, fat black bear . . . and his coat . . . was unusually good.—Page 64.

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Then I whirled toward the left, where, through the tail of my eye, I had caught sight of a commotion. Forty yards from the first animal and perhaps seventy from me three other sheep had sprung to their feet from a little hollow, and I saw that one was a good-sized ram. He started to run, but before he had gathered any headway I caught him high in the hip and brought him to a standstill. Another bullet finished him.

The other sheep, a ewe and a lamb ram, were so startled and terrified that they seemed completely dazed. They ran off some distance, circled, then took their stand on a little rise not fifty yards from me and stood there staring with big, wild eyes. I would have given a good deal for the camera at that moment, for the nearness and pose of the sheep would have enabled me to take one of the finest wild-animal pictures ever secured; but when Joe came puffing and blowing up the mountainside with the graflex they ran off. They hung around, however, for some time, and I succeeded in taking a distant picture of them. Finally, they circled far enough to get our wind, then made their way up the mountain and we saw them no more.

The animals whose careless watch had led to the death of two of their number were Stone's mountain sheep (*Ovis stonei*). These creatures seem to form a sort of connecting link between the ordinary bighorns of the United States and southern Canada and the white sheep yet farther north. The color varies with the sexes and even with individuals of the same sex. The ewe appeared to be practically white all over, except for a black tail. The back, sides, and the fronts of the legs of the bigger ram were dark brown in color, with a few scattered grayish hairs interspersed; the backs of the legs, the belly, and the rump were a dirty white; the diminutive tail was almost black; the neck and head were iron-gray, the head almost white. In this last respect the animal was hardly a typical Stone's sheep and showed a tendency toward the markings of what is sometimes called Fannin's sheep. Both the animals slain were large, the bigger weighing probably close to two hundred and fifty pounds, but its horns were not so massive as they would later have become. Close by where they fell we picked up a single larger horn that had probably belonged to a ram killed by the Indians.

We took the skin of the larger sheep entire (and, of course, the head), for I was under an impression that no complete specimens of sheep had been taken out of that country, and I have since learned from Mr. E. A. Preble that the Biological Survey has "no record of their being found in that vicinity."

We cut plenty of meat from both the sheep, and were busy most of the next two days caring for our trophies and drying meat. The sheep and bear skins had to be scraped, the fat carefully removed, the skins stretched out to dry. Fortunately, the weather was clear and the sun hot, so that the drying was quickly and well done. We cut a great deal of both sheep and bear meat into strips and hung it on a rack that we rigged up near the fire, where it would catch the sun and also receive artificial heat as well. Meat dried in this way will last indefinitely, and, though the flavor is not much to boast of, the meat is nourishing and goes well in "mulligans" and similar concoctions. For my people at home I also dried a few pounds of both sheep and bear according to Doctor Hornaday's recipe; that is, I first rubbed on the raw meat a mixture of black pepper, allspice, and salt, after which I dried the strips in the sun.

We were no longer in danger of having to go hungry. We had great heaps of both bear-meat and mountain mutton. When we tired of sheep-meat we turned to bear-meat; we had fried meat and boiled meat, and between meals I even stuck pieces of meat on sticks before the fire and "siwashed" them. Meat was, in fact, almost our sole diet, for we had only two or three cups of mixed cornmeal and flour, with plenty of salt and tea but no sugar. Each meal we ate a tiny piece of bannock and filled up on meat and tea. The amount of meat that a healthy man will consume under such circumstances is unbelievable. I am afraid to tell how much we really did eat, and will only say that after this experience I shall never again doubt the truth of stories of half a dozen hungry

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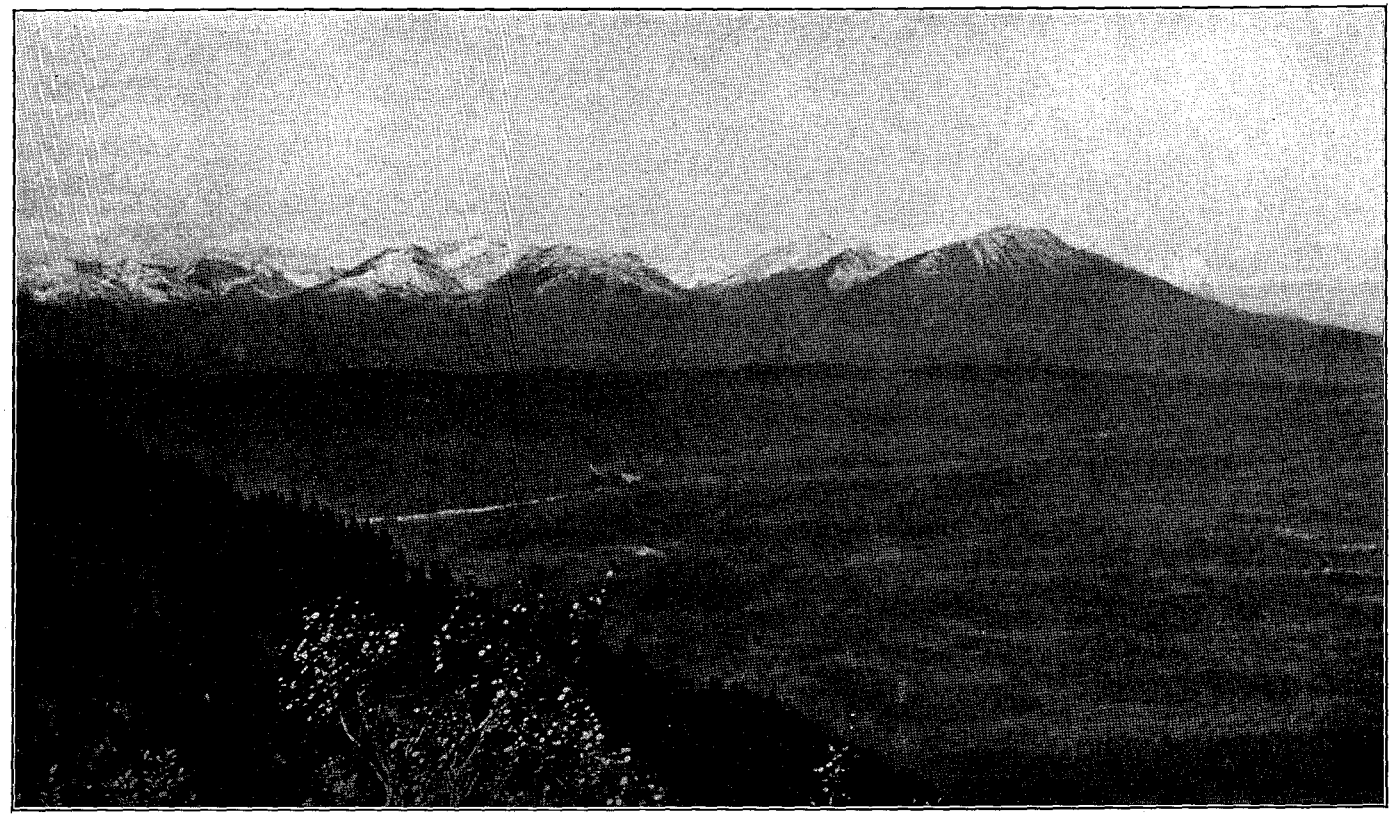

A pleasant prospect lay before us.—Page 64.

The Finlay valley and the Kitchener Mountains from where I shot the black bear.

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Siwash consuming a whole caribou in a single night.

We were not alone in this feasting. The Canada jays, otherwise known as "whiskey-jacks," and "camp robbers," found our meat-rack irresistibly attractive. There were dozens of them squawking round the camp, and not only did they gorge themselves full, but they carried off meat and cached it for future reference. Troublesome as these birds are, they almost gain one's admiration by their very boldness and impudence.

For me these were golden days. My only regret was that we could not have had some of this luck up the Quadacha. Then we would have reached the glacier!

XII. WE BUILD A RAFT AND RUN PART OF THE LONG CANYON

One fact at least I learned from our trip to Peace River headwaters, namely: by the time one has travelled five or six hundred miles by canoe, much of it up-stream, and has toiled for weeks over the mountains carrying a heavy pack-sack, he is so tired and worn out that when he has actually reached a good hunting country he has neither the strength nor the ambition to hunt very hard. After killing the sheep we examined the country round us somewhat casually but saw no other game. There were old caribou tracks about the lake and elsewhere, but the animals themselves had disappeared. Neither did the carcasses of the sheep attract a grizzly as we had hoped; in fact, there seemed to be very few bears of any sort in that country.

To tell the truth I was somewhat sick of slaughter; we already had all the trophies we could carry; and if we had secured a caribou head we should have been compelled to make a special trip to bring it out, a matter of ten days at least. Thus far the weather had been reasonably good, though a fire at night had become a necessity; but the time of year had come when a blizzard might strike down any day.

And we were a long way, a very long way, "from Tipperary"! We were thirty miles at least from our three cups of flour and meal at the Long Canyon; from there by river to our cache and canoe was over twenty more. Fifty miles in a civilized country does not seem far, but we expected to be a week or thereabouts in reaching the longed-for supplies in our main cache. After that would come the canoe-trip down the Finlay, down Peace River through the Rockies, around the great canyon, and from Hudson's Hope to railhead at Peace River Crossing.

So we said good-by to the "happy hunting-grounds," and turned our faces toward home.

A long day of hard work brought us to a great wide marshy meadow that we had passed on the way out, and here we rested for a day and dried our hides and meat more thoroughly. Twice at this place I saw a moose, so enormous in size and with such a "bell" that the first evening I was sure it was a bull, only to discover the next that it was really only an exceptionally big cow. On the latter occasion I lay on a little high island in the marsh and for more than an hour watched her feed along a little creek that was partly overgrown with willows.

Another hard day's journey brought us to the Long Canyon. Along the way we had been thinking, and our conclusion was that we did not want to cover on foot the twenty-three miles of rough country that still lay between us and our canoe and cache. Furthermore, we were both desperately eager to reach in as short a time as possible a certain pot of Wagstaff's jam that lay in that cache. Now, ordinarily I care nothing for jam, and I presume that my appetite on this occasion and Joe's admitted hankering for the same article were due to the fact that for nearly two weeks we had been without sugar or sweets of any sort except a few bars of milk chocolate.

Our final conclusion was that we would not walk. In my pack-sack reposed eight ten-penny nails. In the cache erected by the prospectors there were a few nails that could be salvaged. On the morning after our arrival at the canyon we set to work with our one hatchet, and by a little after three that afternoon we had completed a raft composed of five dry spruce logs held together with the above-mentioned nails, our pack-straps, some medicated gauze, and various other odds and ends.

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We knew absolutely nothing about the stretch of river that lay below us, except that it was very rough and that the prospectors had managed to get their boats up to the beach where we had constructed our raft. Whether or not they had carried their craft around any obstacles we did not know. We did know that our craft would go to pieces if it received a shock. But the rapids and whirlpools could go hang! We were going to have that jam, and to have it that very evening!

We launched our craft *Necessity*, placed our belongings, well tied up in the balloon-silk tent, upon it, and, after I had taken two pictures, pushed off into the current. In our hurry we left one of our bags of dried meat which we had lugged so far lying upon the beach—to the great joy, no doubt, of some lynx, coyote, or bear.

The ride that followed was decidedly the most exhilarating it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy. We were almost immediately in rough water, and, past the first bend, we were caught by a whirlpool that spun us wildly about in a way that reminded me of the ditty:

> "Swing me around again, Willie,
> Don't let my feet touch the ground!"

By dint of desperate poling we got into the current again and went careering madly along between the steep rock walls. In some places we were able to find pole bottom and keep our craft reasonably straight; where the poles would not reach we used some rude sweeps that we had made by nailing blocks of wood to short poles. Our great concern, of course, was not to hit a rock, of which there were many, for we knew that the raft was too frail to stand much pounding and would easily go to pieces. Our plight in case it had done so would not have been enviable, for even this high up the Finlay is a big river, there were few landing-places, and Joe, though an old riverman, could not swim.

Luckily the water was wonderfully clear, so that we could see dangers remarkably well; in fact, it was so clear that repeatedly we thought ourselves in

A Stone's sheep.

These creatures . . . form a . . . connecting link between the ordinary bighorns of the United States and southern Canada and the white sheep yet farther north.—Page 68.

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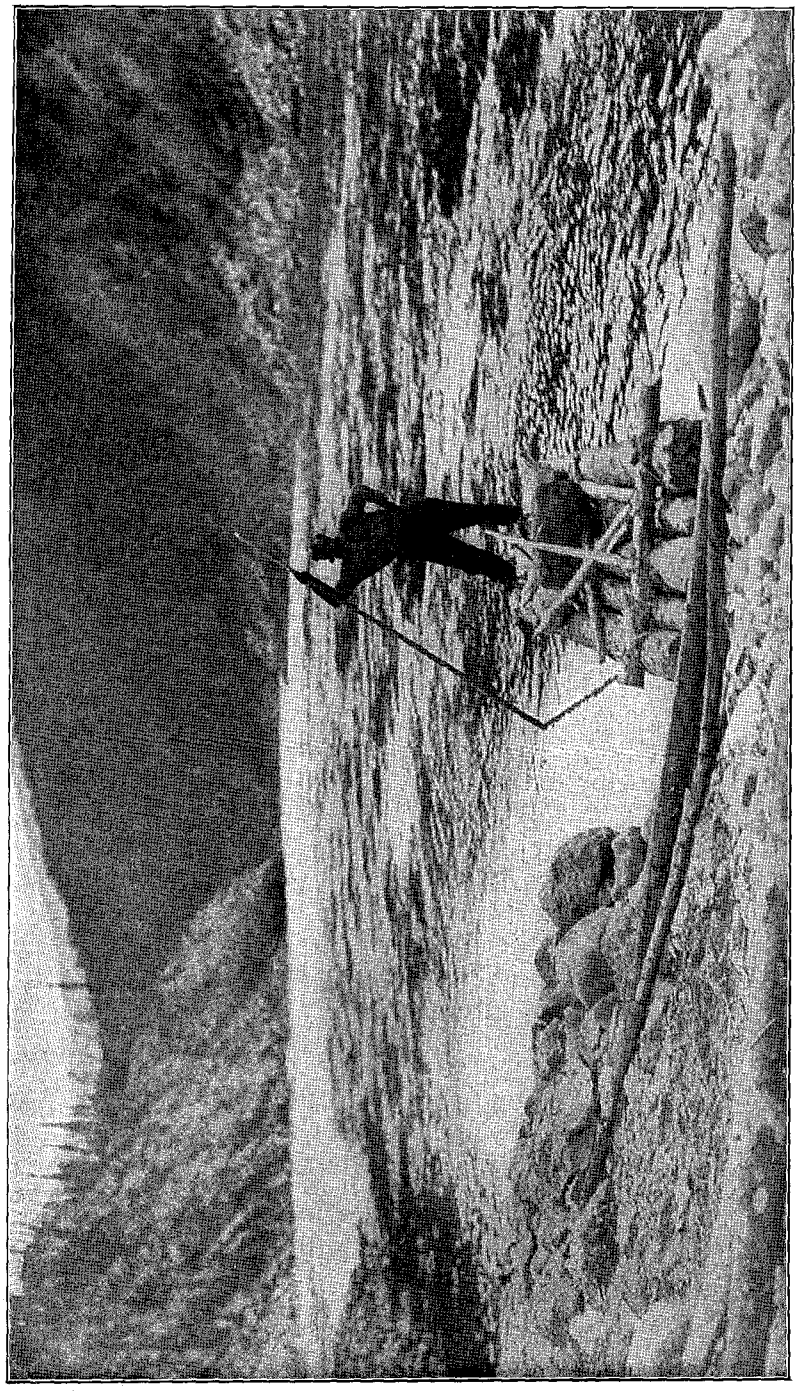

It was three o'clock before the good craft *Necessity* was launched.

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danger from rocks that really lay far below the surface. We could only travel as fast as the current, but that carried us along at racing speed, and as we swept over the clear depths we again felt, as on Crooked River, the sensation of flying. The play of light on the gorgeously colored boulders which formed the bottom added greatly to the pleasure and novelty of the ride.

Though the swells dashed repeatedly over our craft, we experienced little sense of danger. Was not each moment bringing us nearer the coveted pot of jam? The most ticklish moment came when we neared a long chute down which the river plunged at tremendous speed. We could see the rocks as distinctly as if there had been no water there, and doubted whether our craft would find clearance, but we headed her straight in and shot through without a scratch.

A few miles below the starting-point the walls of the canyon fell away, and on the left bank we saw the "Irish Cabin," a deserted shack built by a trapper a few years before. From this point onward the left bank is a continuous low flat as far as the Fox River Mountains. On the right hand the mountains continue much farther down, and around the head of Bower Creek, a swift stream that empties into the Finlay a couple of miles below Irish Cabin, there are some fine elevations that look as if they might be good for both sheep and caribou. If we had had our canoe and supplies at the mouth of this creek, I would have examined this country for a few days, but as it was we drifted by without stopping.

Below Bower Creek the river slowed down somewhat, but kept up a good pace everywhere, especially at the ripples. The mountains on the right hand now fell behind, while the Fox River range began to loom nearer. We could see this range, the scene of earlier trials, for a long distance, and its bunch-grass-covered slopes, its ragged black peaks, and the golden mantle of frost-touched aspens that clothed its foot-hills made up a splendid spectacle. This range has thus far received no name. I should very much like to see it called the Joffre Range—after a very noble Frenchman—and have so set it down upon the maps.

From this point of vantage it was clear that we had climbed the range at about the worst place possible, and that if we had ascended the river a few miles farther, we would have had a much easier climb and would have saved about a day of hard labor. But such is one of the penalties of penetrating a strange country without a guide. It was evident that the Indians took advantage of this shorter route to reach both the mountains and some good moose-ponds that lay between the mountains and the Finlay, for we saw several old cache scaffoldings.

When the sun set we were still miles from the steep slope of Prairie Mountain and the narrow gap through which the Finlay breaks its way to the great intermontane valley; we were both chilled to the bone, for the night was turning cold, but we were too near our goal to stop now; just as the last feeble rays of light faintly crimsoned the white tops of the Kitchener Range behind us we swept through a final stretch of swift water and grounded our raft on the gravel bar beneath our cache. We had floated twenty-three miles in a little more than three hours.

My first act was to leap ashore and run to the hiding-place of our canoe, and I felt relieved to find it safe. Pack-rats had been meddling with the cache, but the jam was still intact. It did not remain intact long!

Next morning we again took the homeward way.

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THE STRATEGISTS

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

I ARRIVED in Santacruz in the early evening, and as I stepped out of the carriage with the children the majordomo came rushing out from under the hotel portales and said: "Meesus Trench, is it? Your suite awaits, madam. The Lieutenant Trench from the American warship has ordered, madam."

There was a girl, not too young, sitting over at a small table, and at the name Trench, pronounced in the round voice of the majordomo, she—well, she was sitting by herself, smoking a cigarette, and I did not know why she should smile and look at me—in just that way, I mean. But I can muster some poise of manner myself when I choose—I looked at her. And she looked me over, and smiled again. And I did not like that smile. It was as if—as Ned would say—she had something on me.

She and I were to be enemies—already I saw that. She was making smoke rings, and she never hurried the making of a single one of them as she looked at me; nor did I hurry a particle the ushering of the two children and the maid through the portales. But I did ask, after I had greeted Nan and her mother inside: "Auntie—or you, Nan—who is the oleander blossom smoking the cigarette out under the portales?"

It spoke volumes to me that Nan and her mother, without looking, at once knew whom I meant. She was the Carmen Whiffle of whom nearly every other American woman waiting to be taken home on the next transport had been whispering—and not always whispering—for weeks in Santacruz.

Nan, of course, had a good word for her. Is there a living creature on earth she wouldn't? "I think she is wonderfully good-looking," said Nan.

"No woman with a jaw like that," said Nan's mother, "can be good-looking. And she sat at the piano there early this evening and raved over the 'Melody in F'; but when she tried to play it, it was with fingers of wood. What she really did play with spirit, Nettie—when she thought there were none of us American women around to hear her—was: 'I Want What I Want When I Want *It*.'"

Auntie went on to tell then how this creature was a divorcée who had married an oil millionaire, and within six months got her divorce and a half-million alimony out of him. And she was born—not Carmen, but Hannah! "Now, what's the psychology, Nettie," said auntie, "of a woman who changes her name from Hannah to Carmen? If I had a husband within a thousand miles of her, I'd lock him up."

You may understand from the foregoing that Mrs. Wedner—Nan's mother—is a woman of convictions; and so she is. The Lady with the Wallop is what Ned tells me the men folks call her. But I am not without convictions myself.

"I have a husband within a thousand miles of her," I said, "and if you mean that for me, auntie, I won't lock him up—not even if he were the to-be-locked-up kind. When I can't hold my man, auntie, against any specimen of her species, I won't call in the police to help me. And I think I'll give her another look-over before the evening is ended."

"Don't bother your head with her," said auntie. "And sit down and have something to eat." And we did have something to eat, but up-stairs in my suite.

The children and I were eating, and Nan and auntie were giving me all the gossip since I'd seen them last, when the maid came in to say that the trunk with the children's things in it hadn't been sent up with the others. There's no use leaving such things to a maid in those countries—I went down to see about it myself; and there it was as I expected,

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lying in the lobby where a lazy porter hadn't yet got around to it.

I told the fat majordomo a thing or two, and the trunk was soon on its upward way; and then—as I was down-stairs—I thought to take a glance about to see if anybody I knew had arrived in the meantime. You must remember that American refugees were arriving from the interior on every train, the revolutionary general Podesta being expected to enter the city almost any day—or hour.

I saw the back of a man's head, and I said to myself: "If that isn't as near Larry Trench's head as anything on earth can be!"—the shapely, overhanging back head and the uncrushable hair that went with it. There was a row of palmettos in tubs, and I walked around to make certain. It was Larry. And he was with a young woman. And the young woman was Carmen Whiffle, and her heavy-lashed agate eyes were gazing into the steady, deep-set, blue-green eyes of Larry. One look was all I needed to know what that lady's intentions were in the present case. "So!" I said to myself—"that's what you meant when you smiled at the name Trench? Perhaps you thought Larry was my husband!"

Now, I hadn't seen a single officer or man of our ships on my way from the station, nor while I had been down-stairs with Nan and auntie earlier. Which was significant in itself, for a fleet of our battleships were anchored in the harbor, my Ned's among them. I looked around now. No, there wasn't one officer of ours in the dining-room, nor in the plaza outside. So what was Larry, a young officer of our marine corps, doing all by himself ashore?

And Larry was my Ned's young brother and my own little Neddo's godfather, and long ago I had decided that Larry should marry my own chum and cousin Nan, the very best girl that ever lived. And—well, if ever a woman looked like the newspaper photographs of the other woman of a dozen celebrated cases, Carmen Whiffle was that woman.

I stood there at the end of that row of palmettos, hesitating; and while I hesitated the orchestra struck up, and I saw the lady lead Larry out for a dance.

I did not have to see Carmen Whiffle dance to know that she could dance. If they never learn to do anything else on earth, women of her kind do learn to dance. All women who have men on their minds learn to dance. She could dance. If I had never seen her lift a toe off the floor, the lines of her figure were there to prove that she could dance. But she lifted her toe. More than her toe. She danced—I have to give her credit for it—with grace; and after she warmed up to it, not only with grace but with abandon; with so much abandon that all the other women who were trying to dance with abandon ceased their feeble efforts and stood against the wall to watch her.

After that dance Carmen Whiffle never had another chance with me. I almost ran up to my room. Little Anna was already asleep; but Neddo, aged six, was wide-awake. Nan and her mother had gone to their room, which was across the hall on the same floor.

"Neddo, dear, do you know your uncle Larry is down-stairs?" I asked him.

"Oh-h, mummie!" he cried, and came leaping out of his cot bed. "I must see him, mummie!"

"I'm going to let you go down-stairs all by yourself, Neddo, and see him. And then be sure to bring him up here, to have a look at sister. And then be sure to take him to the balcony at the end of the hallway and tell him to draw the lattices and wait there. It's to be a surprise, Neddo, tell him; but not a single word more than that."

I waited two minutes or so, and then followed Neddo. I was in time to see Neddo throw himself at Larry, and wrap his arms around his neck and smother him with kisses. "Uncle Larry! O Uncle Larry! Come and see who's up-stairs! No telling, you know!"

From where I was, on the screened balcony overlooking the lounging-room, I needed no ship's spy-glass to read the suspicion in Carmen Whiffle's eyes when she looked at little Neddo. I do believe she could even suspect that innocent, affectionate child with playing a game. And the tears came into Larry's eyes.

"My godson, my brother's boy," explained Larry. "If you don't mind my running away for a few minutes, Miss Whiffle, I'll hurry back. I'll explain to

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Neddo's mother that you are waiting and hurry right back."

"Don't explain anything," said Miss Whiffle, just a bit tartly. "Never mind any explaining, but come back as soon as you can. I shall be waiting here."

Are you at all given to the habit of fancying in human beings the resemblance to different kinds of birds and beasts? Looking down on Carmen Whiffle just then, I could see where, if her well-cushioned features were chiselled away, she would look startlingly like a hawk.

I may be unjust, I know, but I was thinking of more than one thing just then. I was thinking of what I read in Carmen Whiffle's glance and smile at me when I passed under the portales of that hotel that evening. A devoted, slavish wife and mother was what she was thinking I was; and possibly I am. But women of her kind are altogether too quick to think that the devoted wife and mother hasn't any brains.

And more than all the brains in the world is the wisdom that comes of knowing men. Carmen Whiffle may have known several men in her day; but if she did it was to know them incompletely; and to know any number of men incompletely is never truly to know any one, while to know one man well is to know many. And when that one in my case was Larry's own brother, why, I wasn't worrying over a battle with Carmen Whiffle, superbly equipped though she doubtless thought herself.

Ned and his brother Larry were natively pretty much alike; but my Ned was trained early in a rigid profession and early assumed the responsibilities of marriage and a home; and—he told me so more than once—so saved himself more than one drift to leeward. It is no gain for us women to dodge facts in this life. To a man with a conscience, a wife and two children are better than many windward anchors, as Ned would say. Larry was Ned, minus the wife and two children, and plus a little more of youth and the not yet, perhaps, disciplined Trench temperament.

And for every child a woman bears mark her up a decade of years in human wisdom. And twice a decade in hardening resolution. It had already become marble in me—my resolution to save from the talons of this hawk this brother of my Ned's—a twenty-five-year-old man of war according to stupid bureau files, but in reality a little child playing in the garden of life with never a thought of any bird of prey hovering in the air above him.

I watched Larry go bounding up the wide staircase with Neddo, and then I waited long enough for them to get well out of sight ahead; and for Neddo to lead his uncle up the second flight, to show him baby in her bed asleep; and Larry—I could picture him—time to stoop over and kiss the dear, warm, plump little face.

"And now you must hide—I'll show you, Uncle Larry—till mummie comes," said Neddo, and led him back to the hall and onto the balcony, which looked down on the patio of the hotel. And there Neddo left him, after closing him in behind the lattice, as I had told him.

I then went to get Nan, who had been sentenced to read her mother to sleep with something out of Trollope. Nan's mother carried volumes of Trollope with her as other women carry hot-water bottles. Twenty minutes of dear old Trollope and she was good for her eight hours' sleep, she would say, as she did now; but this time without keeping Nan twenty minutes.

"Nettie, the way you go around commandeering people, you ought to be a general in the army," said auntie, but with perfect good nature. "Go along with her, Nan."

I led Nan to where Neddo was waiting in his crib. "Did you tell Cousin Nan yet, mummie?" asked Neddo in what he thought was a whisper.

"Tell me what, Neddo?" asked Nan.

"Neddo!" I said, and raised a finger. "Sh-h, Neddo!" and Neddo sh-h-d, and I led Nan into the hall. "I'm dying to have a talk with you," I whispered to Nan—"out here, where Neddo won't be kept awake and the maid won't hear us."

And so, just when Larry was thinking of breaking out of his hiding-place, he heard a door in the hall open, and through the slats of the lattice saw two women's shadowy forms tiptoeing down the hall toward his balcony.

Nan went straight to the lattice. "Let's let the air in, Nettie."

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Drawn by W. J. Enright.

"Where did you hear of Larry last, Nan?"—Page 78.

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"No, no, Nan," I cried, "don't throw open the lattice!"

"Why not?" she asked, her hands on the latch.

"Flying things! Bats and other tropical night birds."

"Ugh-h-h!" cried Nan, and let the lattice alone.

"Let's sit here," I said, setting our chairs almost against the lattice. Larry could not escape then if he wanted to, because it was a twenty-foot drop onto a lot of marble vases or the spiked edges of some cactus plants, and more than twenty feet to a marble walk and into the depths of some kind of a spouting fountain in the patio.

He had to stay, and, being an officer and a gentleman, of course, he was trying not to hear; but the lattice slats were loose-fitting and we were sitting not two feet from them.

"Where did you hear of Larry last, Nan?" I began.

"Oh," said Nan, "I've been getting mamma to take all kinds of trips, Nettie, and every trip with the one idea of seeing Larry somewhere. Wherever I thought any of our warships came, there I'd specially get mamma to go. I can draw a map of this coast-line with all its ports in their proper places with my eyes shut. And the places in the different ports I've peeked into, Nettie!—knowing how curious Larry always was to see everything going on and hoping to run across him in that way. I even got mamma to go to a bull-fight last Sunday."

"A bull-fight, Nan!" I said.

"Why not?" retorted Nan. "In our country we have prize-fights. And which is worse—for men to maul beasts or to maul each other?"

"I know, Nan, but women who have seen them——"

"I know, Nettie—and their writing articles of the horror of it, but always after they've satisfied their curiosity. The curse of our training to-day, Nettie, is hypocrisy."

Which was just like Nan—straight from the shoulder! But we just have to restrain those headstrong ones. "I wouldn't call it hypocrisy altogether, Nan," I said.

"What else is it? And what else was it when every old hen in our town went cackling from one house to another when the papers published that story about Larry losing so much money at cards one night? And some of these same women not able to afford a second maid and even doing their own fine laundering in secret—some of them playing afternoon bridge, Nettie, for a quarter of a cent a point. It just makes me sick. How do we know how many of them wouldn't gamble away ten thousand dollars in one night if they had it?"

And just then I heard "That's you, Nan!" in Larry's fervent voice, from behind the lattice.

Nan leaped up. I could feel her heart beating when she fell against me. "Did you hear that, Nettie?"

"I did hear something," I said—"a word from one of the cooks or maids down-stairs it must have been. They take the air in the patio of an evening when their work is done. Remember, voices carry far in the tropics—especially when it is damp."

"I never knew that, Nettie," said innocent Nan—"that voices carry farther in the tropics. And I'm sure it is clear and lovely out." And she stood up to look through the lattice.

Now, the best defense to an attack, Ned always told me, is another attack; so "But Larry did drink too much that time, Nan," I said.

"Why, Nettie Trench—from you!" cried Nan, and plumped back into her chair. "When did he drink too much? Just once—when he knew so little of wine that he had no idea how much would upset him. The trouble was that poor Larry never knew how to hide anything he ever did. No hypocrisy in him at any rate. And I'd a good deal rather have a man who did what Larry did, and own to it and be sorry right out, than a man that you never know when he is lying to you or not, or what he is likely to be doing when he is out of sight. And he gave me his promise in a letter that he would never touch another card or drink another glass of wine until I said he might. Mother wouldn't let me answer the letter. And he guessed how it was, and I don't blame him for writing her as he did. Mamma was too harsh. She paid too

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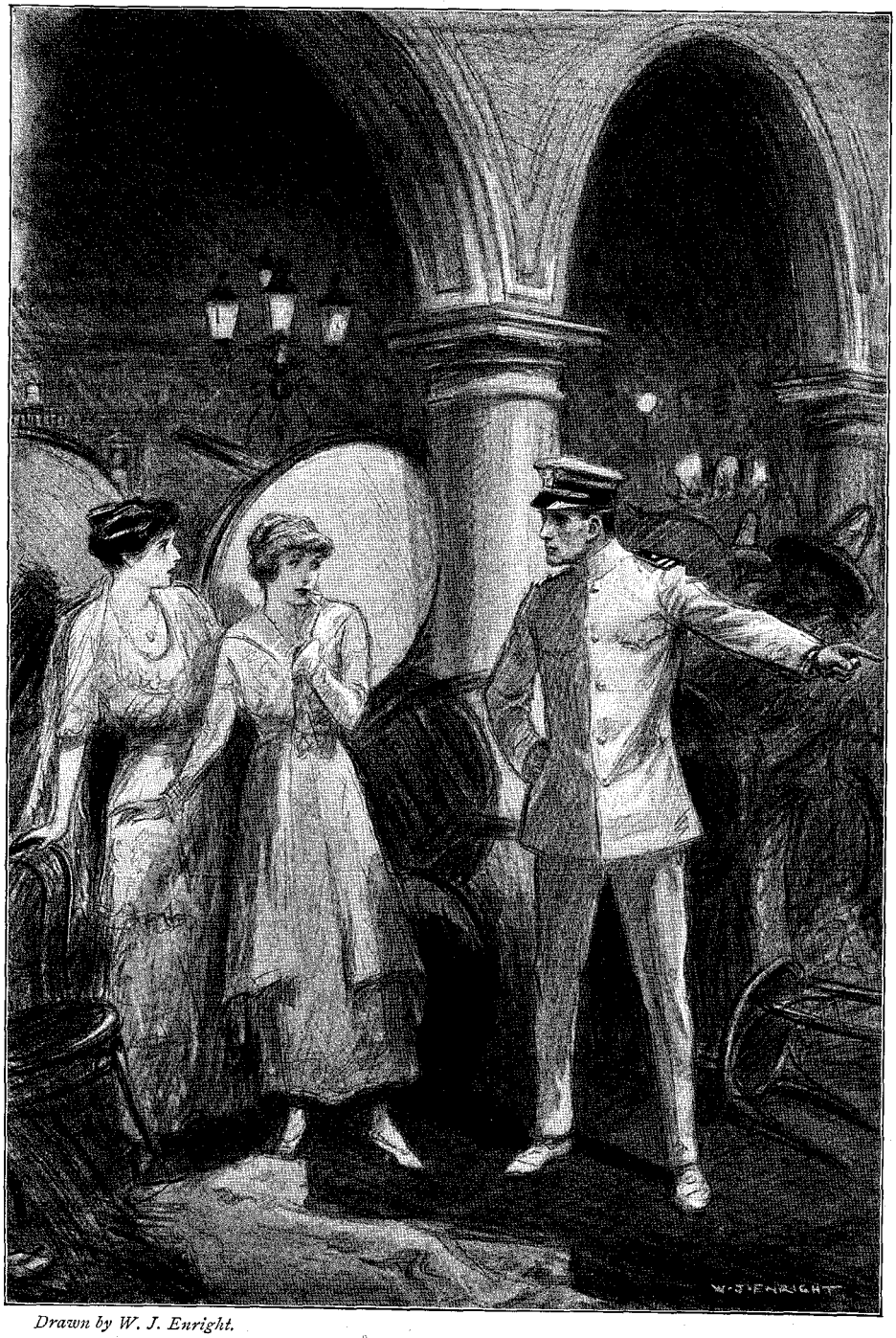

Drawn by W. J. Enright.

"All stand clear of the main entrance."—Page 82.

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much attention to town gossip, and I told her that. And she said: 'I think, Nan, a little travelling and discipline won't hurt you one bit'; and then Larry went and got his appointment to the marine corps, thinking there might be a war and some fighting for him down in this country."

Now, I always have held that women, even as men of any account, are never so attractive as when they throw aside all affectation and stand forth just as they are—that is, if they're wholesome and good to begin with; and no surer way to hold the right kind of a boy to the line than to let him know that the right girl has never lost faith in him. But Nan was holding forth altogether too bravely—with the boy in the case so handy. A few little reservations—a few—at this particular time, I thought, would do no harm. And so "Sh-h, Nan!" I warned.

"I won't, Nettie Trench. It's so, and you know it. I hate superior people, Nettie. Father always did, too. And you know how he liked Larry. Dear papa! One night, Nettie—I was never so surprised—mamma all at once began to cry—imagine mamma crying! She was crying for papa, who had to die, she said, before she could appreciate the gentleness and warm heart that was in him. And papa always said that no kind of people go farther to the bad than those who really think they're better than others. He used to say that such beasts, for their punishment, ought to be forced to herd by themselves."

I believed in what Nan said myself, but also, thinking of the wily woman waiting below, I decided that a little chastening of the spirit of rebellious girlhood would now be in order. So I said: "But a long record of the human race, Nan, proves that if we do not intend to try to be better than the people we happen to be with, then we ought to take care whom we are with."

"You and your sermons!" exclaimed Nan. "Nettie dear, talk *with* me, not *at* me. Oh, Nettie"—Nan threw herself on my shoulders—"I never had a chance to tell him I'm not mad with him. And I'm afraid he'll do something desperate. And if they get to fighting down here, as everybody says, he will be killed! He's that kind, Nettie—he will be killed!"

"And isn't my Ned likely to be killed at all?" I said, beginning to get frightened too; and then, seeing her so tearful: "But it will be all right, dear—don't you worry."

"But, Nettie, why shouldn't a woman let a man know—or give him a hint? 'What!' says mamma to me, 'would you run after him?' But why should I be afraid to let him know that I do care for him?"

"I don't know why not, Nan. It depends on the man, perhaps."

"Did you ever let Ned know you cared for him before he asked—did you, Nettie?"

She was so wistful I almost forgot Larry behind the lattice; but I caught myself in time. "I hope, Nan Wedner, you don't think I proposed to him?"—that was with such dignity as I could quickly assume.

"But, Nettie"—she switched her head on my shoulder—"do you suppose Ned knew, Nettie?"

"I'm afraid," I sighed—I thought of Larry listening, but I had to tell her the truth—"he would have been dull not to guess it."

"And Ned isn't dull, is he?" said Nan.

"Ned dull! I guess not!" I said.

And while I stood with Nan tearful and discouraged against my shoulder, I could hear the patter of the fountain tinkling up from the patio, and the voices of men and girls, and the music of some kind of a native instrument; and the song was of home and love by a man to a girl. And do you know?—no matter what we think of their politics and so on—those men down in that country do seem to be able to put something terribly sad into their voices when they sing, and somebody somewhere has said that no man who loves but is more often sad than gay. And it made no difference—it may have been some low-built kitchen girl he was singing to, and he one of the hotel porters loafing on his job—not a mite of difference. The melody of it rose up and clutched me. And Nan clinging to me—I could feel it clutching her, too. And I knew that for Larry behind the lattice—it was hard work staying where he was; and as for myself—I hadn't seen my Ned in almost a year, and, thinking of Ned and

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his ways, I felt all at once terribly lonesome and like crying with Nan. And then a vision of the arrogant beauty down-stairs came suddenly to my mind. But now without my being so afraid. It would be safe enough now, I thought, to have Larry and Nan meet in her presence.

"Let us go down-stairs now, Nan," I said. "We can look at the dancing. That Miss Whiffle, they say, is a wonderful dancer."

"Yes, but let me look at the children again, Nettie," said Nan. "I love to see them asleep. Isn't it wonderful to you, Nettie, to think of your having children of your own—nobody else's but your own?"

"And Ned's," I said.

"Of course. You wouldn't give them up for anything, would you, Nettie, in all the world? Why, Nettie, I'd go down on my knees and scrub floors, like the old women in the office buildings, every night of my life in thankfulness to have such lovely little babies of my own!"

"Hush, Nan!" I said, thinking of Larry in hiding.

"And Larry, Nettie—wouldn't Larry love to have children of his own!"

Before she could say any more I hurried her away to look at the children, and also to give Larry time to make his escape. And after Nan had cuddled them we headed for the stairs, I wondering just how I could let Larry see us after we got there. And while descending the stairs we heard a rifle-shot, and another, and another, and then dozens of shots.

"Podesta! Podesta!" we heard everybody calling out then, and the waiters dashed from under the portales to the corner of the plaza to see what was doing. And as we hurried down-stairs we heard a voice—Larry's voice.

"This plaza is about the best-lighted place in town," Larry was saying to a group of diners. "The most exposed, but also the safest place—on the defense—in the city. Whatever they decide to do to us here, at least we can see them coming to do it."

The stout majordomo was standing near Larry. "Truly, that is so," he said.

"And these little marble-topped tables," said Larry, "won't be bad little defenses against their rifle fire. We can set them up on edge between the columns of the portales. Let's get busy with the tables now."

Everybody began to clear the little tables by sweeping whatever was on them to the marble floor. The majordomo cried out: "Careful, if you please, señors!" But no one minded him, and everybody then began to pick up the marble-topped tables, Nan and I among them, and place them between the portales columns.

Larry, if he saw us, paid no attention to us; neither did he pay any attention to Carmen Whiffle when she stood at his elbow. "There's no changing nature, Nan," I said—"the male in war time is a warrior first and a lover afterward."

"Would you want him not to be?" said Nan, who had dropped grabbing tables to stand off and admire Larry; and while she was at that, her mother, in a dressing-gown of a chocolate shade, came down the wide stairs.

"Mamma, there's Larry—look!" cried Nan. "And he won't pay the least attention to us!"

"Why should he?" retorted auntie. "He has his work before him. Let him do it in peace."

By this time the tables were all piled up as Larry had ordered, and half the women in the hotel were clustering around him. You would think they had a special claim on him. But he almost rudely waved them away; among them Carmen Whiffle, who retired, I was pleased to see, in some wonderment.

"Good for you, Larry!" I said; but was myself shocked a moment later when he said, with both hands in the air warning us: "Mesdames—señoras, señoritas, ladies, demoiselles—there probably isn't the least danger, but no harm in standing clear. You, Nettie," he added, when I was going to rush over to him, in my pride to let the others know who he was and I was—"you too, Nettie, same as the rest!"

"Larry Trench, why, what—" I began, and "O Larry!" began Nan——

"And you, Nan—you know I'm not allowed to speak to you," said Larry. "I promised your mother I wouldn't"; but he gave her a glance which sent her trembling up against me, murmuring: "O Nettie, Nettie, I'm so glad!"

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"And you, too, Mrs. Wedner," said Larry—"all stand clear of the main entrance. Perhaps you'd all better go up a flight—yes, two flights, up out of the way—everybody!" And he began shooing us all toward the stairs.

"Why, Larry Trench!" I cried—"you'd think you'd been seeing us every day for the last year, instead——"

"Don't be silly," said Nan's mother. "He is right. Ladies, I think we would all do well to follow Lieutenant Trench's instructions." And she always did look the born leader—all we women followed her when she led the way up-stairs.

But we did not go up any two flights. At the head of the grand staircase we stopped, and there waited to see what would happen next.

It soon happened. A man looked through between the tables and chairs of the portales. Larry invited him in. He was one of Podesta's officers, and he came in with a pistol in his belt, but very polite; and Larry just as much so. They talked, and were still talking, when we heard the tramping of men in shoes outside in the plaza, and then—I couldn't believe my eyes—when I took another look there was my own Ned in uniform; and he stepped past the chairs and tables to where Larry and the native officer were; and there was a palavering all around. And I felt pretty proud the way Ned could talk the lingo with so many looking on.

"Ned, Ned!" I called out; and he heard me, but he gave me a sign to be quiet with his hand behind his back. And by and by Ned and Larry and the native officer marched out, and then we rushed to the windows of the rooms opening on the plaza, and we saw General Podesta order his men to march off; and as they did our bluejackets and marines stacked arms in the plaza, and then we knew everything was going to be all right.

And Ned came back into the hotel with Larry to tell us that we need have no further fear—that Podesta's men were to leave the city; and Podesta came back and bowed to us, and said it was so.

And we came running down the stairs, and some of those women there acted as if they would kiss Ned, but I soon let them know who I was, especially Carmen Whiffle, who, after looking in surprise at us, turned to Larry. But auntie and Nan and Larry were already strolling over to the row of palmettos, at which Carmen Whiffle, tossing her head and swaying her waist like every Carmen of every Carmen opera I ever saw, walked over to where Podesta had sat down at a table by himself.

"Will you tell me," I asked Ned on our way up-stairs, "how Larry ever came to know Carmen Whiffle?"

"If there is a young officer in port who doesn't know Carmen Whiffle, I have not met him. She takes care of that."

"But he didn't have to talk with her by the hour—and dance with her."

"In the service, Nettie," said Ned, "we sometimes have to find out things that have nothing to do with the main engine or the turret guns. And Carmen Whiffle knows General Podesta very well. And Larry, if somewhat young and innocent, is not without brains. Now don't ask any more."

And I did not; but I went on to tell Ned how I had planned the balcony interview. Ned could not keep it to himself—he told auntie.

"Yes," said auntie, when he had finished, "it was very clever. Nettie always is. My door was ajar when I saw Neddo running for down-stairs, and I stopped him to learn what in the world he was doing. And he told me the secret that I wasn't to tell Nan."

She is the most annoying woman. "If you knew so much, why didn't you stop it?" I asked.

"Why should I stop it?" she answered, with the most exasperating calm. "I always wanted Nan and Larry to marry. But I always believed in a little discipline, too. When young people have merely to cry for a thing to get it—it doesn't do them any lasting good."

To escape the quizzical eyes of auntie, I looked back down the stairs; and if there weren't Carmen Whiffle and General Podesta sitting at a table and the fat majordomo himself opening a bottle of wine for them!

"Well!" I gasped to Ned.

"Yes," said Ned. "The rumor is that she may be the Señora Podesta any time she pleases. And if she had learned from Ned or some other indiscreet young or old

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officer that we were to land to-night—it would have saved Podesta from making a rather ridiculous entry into the city, wouldn't it?"

"What a schemer!" I cried.

"Yes," smiled Ned—"everybody schemers but our own selves." "I spoke a word to the flag-lieutenant to-day—he's a classmate—to put in a word for me for the landing party to the Old Man."

"Your courage and your brains," I began—"or was it your knowledge of the language——"

"The fleet," interrupted Ned, "is crowded with officers of courage and brains. And I am not alone on the language end of it. But I was the only officer with a wife and two children ashore. And, as we hadn't seen each other for a year, the Old Man thought it mightn't be a bad idea for me to come ashore and have an eye out for them."

By this time Nan and Larry had passed onto the latticed balcony, and Nan's mother to her room; and Ned was hugging Neddo and Anna together.

"Perhaps," I said, "I'm not such a strategist after all!"

"Nettie," said Ned, "cheer up. You have your share of brains. I, your husband, say it. And if your husband admits it, it must be so. But, Nettie dear, don't forget that here with the children is your bidding suit. Lead the play up to the children, Nettie, and they will sure have to hold some cards to set you."

"I haven't seen you in a year—go ahead and laugh at me," I said. But I didn't care—he was my own Ned, and I had him, and told him so.

"And haven't I you!" said Ned—and swept me with the children into his arms.

And Nan and Larry were sitting out on the balcony—I could hear their murmuring voices through an open window; and from the patio below I could make out the tinkle of a fountain and some kind of a native instrument, and a voice chanting—not of pride or glory or riches, but of love—human, humble, eternal love. And before I even knew I was crying Ned was kissing the tears from my eyes.

AFTER READING "LAVENGRO"

By Adin Ballou

I HAVE been still enough; time it is to wander,
Time to take the wide road that breaks above the hill;
I have dreamed in sun and shade but now I'm going yonder,
By Young Duncan's cottage and past Old Duncan's mill.

Many a happy mile of mine shall wind among the valleys;
Many a faint and fragile dream shall blossom sweet and strong;
Dawn and noon and twilight tossed in dark night's ancient chalice
Shall make my feet a stirrup-cup, a stirrup-cup of song!

For I shall sing the dream-songs I made before my going—
The words I linked below gray roof shall ring beneath blue sky;
And every little stream I cross shall echo with its flowing,
Shall ripple to my music as my heart and I go by.

And I shall meet a young child, and I shall know new faces,
And I shall sleep the guest of stars and close my eyes to rain;
And down green hillsides I shall come to streets of old far places,
And singing I shall enter there and singing go again!

Yea, with my wallet and my staff, I now must go a-questing,
I'll take my little book of songs—O I have long been still!
For here I've dreamed in sun and shade and here my heart's been resting,
But now I take the wide road that breaks above the hill!

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THE GOLDEN AGE OF PAINTING

BY KENYON COX

III—DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY the end of the sixteenth century Italian art was rapidly declining, even in Venice; but the influence of Italy was spreading into other countries, and in the seventeenth century the vital art of the world was produced in Flanders, in Holland, and in Spain. It was a century of painting. These countries had produced the best of which they were capable in architecture and in sculpture long before this time; now, while they were creating great and important schools of painting their architecture was mediocre and their sculpture almost non-existent.

In Flanders there had been an admirable native school of painting in the fifteenth century—a school not unlike the Venetian in some things and one that, by its invention of oil-painting, provided the Venetians with their necessary means of expression. The Flemings, like the Venetians, lived in a moist climate and, like the Venetians, they were a nation of traders with the East. They were fond of color, of material luxury, of rich brocades and splendid materials of all sorts. Even more than the Venetians they were naturalists, accepting life as they saw it and reproducing it as accurately as they were able. What they had not was the Italian love of beauty, the Italian genius for form, and the Italian mastery of ordered arrangement. When intercourse with Italy taught them to perceive this lack they set themselves to studying Italian art, and when Rubens came upon the scene they had been "Italianizing" for near a hundred years with deplorable results. Their imitation of Raphael and Michelangelo had succeeded only in eradicating the native qualities of the school and in substituting for them a ridiculous misunderstanding of the Italian genius. It is doubtful if any painting more worthless and sterile than that of the Italianized Flemings of the latter part of the sixteenth century has ever been produced.

Rubens, too, was an "Italianizer" and spent many years in Italy, but he had a great genius for painting, and his instinct led him to find in the Venetians a school sufficiently akin to that which had once flourished in his native land to be capable of a fertile union with it. The result was an art of immense vitality and fecundity —an art prepotent among all others— which filled the seventeenth century with its glory and became, in its turn, the ancestor of the best art, English or French, of the succeeding century.

Peter Paul Rubens is almost, in his proper person, the Flemish school of the seventeenth century. He was surrounded by able men, many of them of his own age or older than he, but his dominant personality reduces them to the rôle of mere satellites, revolving about him and adding to, while they reflect, his splendor. Born almost exactly a hundred years after Titian, he held in his day much such a position as Titian had held a century earlier. His fame was world-wide and his art everywhere in request. Whenever the best man was wanted he was called upon, and he served the little courts of Italy and the great ones of England, France, and Spain as well as that of his native country at Antwerp. He is a splendid figure in history, a cultivated gentleman speaking seven languages, a knight, an ambassador, and a friend of princes, a man occupied with many things besides his art, yet withal a painter of such prodigious industry that he produced more than twenty-two hundred pictures, many of them of huge size. Such an enormous production was made possible only by the systematic use of a corps of pupils and assistants; but while Rubens was the head

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of a vast manufactory of works of art, he put so much of himself into everything that left his workshop as to maintain its output at an extraordinarily high level, and there are enough works of his own hand extant to provide masterpieces for half a dozen painters of our modern stature.

In temper his art is more like that of Veronese than any other; he had much of Veronese's power, his love for the sumptuous, his pride and joy of life. But he is without the Venetian seriousness, without the grave and dignified elegance of Veronese. He is, by comparison, a trifle barbaric, more exuberant, more emphatic, coarser-fibred. Veronese is often at his best in depicting a banquet; Rubens is never more himself than when painting a kermess. His sensuality is franker than that of any Venetian, and where Veronese's female figures are amply classic, Rubens's are pulpy and even baggy. Yet he has an easy, florid, high-worded eloquence that can rise to almost any theme. No one was ever more flowing, more abundant, more vigorous—perhaps no one was ever so skilful. For him difficulties exist only to be conquered with a triumphant facility, yet his virtuosity is never indulged in for its own sake but is kept in subjection to a cool intelligence and a profound learning. For this jovial, ruddy, full-blooded, Flemish giant is in his way a classicist and an eclectic. Everything in his work is calculated and everything is based upon a deep study of the art of the past. He has pondered the works of Leonardo and Michelangelo no less than those of Veronese and Titian; has found time in the midst of his vast productivity to make many copies; has chosen from everything that has been done before him those elements which he can usefully incorporate into his own style and bend to the expression of his own ideals and the ideals of his own time. How thoroughly he did express those ideals is shown by his almost universal popularity.

At the close of the wars with Spain, Flanders had remained Catholic and monarchical while Holland had become Protestant and republican. Rubens is the painter of the Catholic and monarchical reaction and his art was of the same kind as that of the Jesuit churches—splendid, a little pompous, without great purity of taste, an art intended to impress and to dazzle rather than to win. His business was to paint great altar-pieces for the churches or great allegorical decorations for royal palaces; and to carry out such tasks one of the most essential qualifications is rapidity of execution. So he became one of the speediest of executants, but his speed is very different from the hasty improvisation of a Tintoretto. His rapidity is simply efficiency. It is perfectly deliberate, and both his style and his technical methods have been profoundly modified to attain it. His drawing is full of flowing and redundant curves, partly because they are in the taste of the day, partly because such forms are most rapidly and easily executed with the brush; but these curves are not the result of rapid and careless brush-work. They are intelligent modifications, consciously adopted, of the forms of Michelangelo, and they are carefully provided for in his preliminary studies. When one of his patrons—a Frenchman who was, perhaps, influenced by the severer classicism of Poussin—found fault with the bandy legs of some of his figures he gravely defended them as properly drawn according to the best tradition. His composition, his color, his technical method have all received a similar modification. His composition is full of the same emphatic, cursive, S-shaped lines as his drawing. It is restless and full of turbulent movement, but it is rigidly controlled, perfectly lucid, never for a moment out of hand. His color is now rich and sonorous, now coolly brilliant, but it is never carried beyond a certain point of subtlety, and there is always an element of recipe in it. It is neither passionate nor exquisite, but the best color attainable in the time given to the work by a man who knows all that is to be known about color, as about other things, and who has learned just how his effects may be obtained with the least labor. His method of painting is based upon the Venetian, modified by the old Flemish love for thinness of material and smoothness of surface—modified above all by the necessity of speed. Nothing so light, so rapid, so flexible was ever invented, and as he grows older and his mastery of it increases he

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comes to paint almost with vapor, and there seems to be no solid matter at all on his canvas.

The consciously eclectic and almost academic nature of Rubens's art is most clearly seen in the "Descent from the Cross," the first important picture which he painted after his return from Italy. Here the attempt at a synthesis of great qualities is almost as patent as in any of the Bolognese. The composition is largely borrowed from Daniele da Volterra, and the determination to combine Florentine draftsmanship, Venetian color, and the realistic force and sombre light and shade of the Naturalists is self-evident. But the fusion of elements is more conspicuous in this instance only because it is as yet incomplete. The picture is his "masterpiece" only in the original sense of the word—the piece intended to announce and to assure acceptance of his mastery. It is in later works that this style, compounded of many simples, is fully matured and becomes fully his own, so that he speaks through it with perfect ease. How entirely his manner is suited to the matter, and how admirably his painting accords with its natural setting of sumptuous and somewhat over-ornamented architecture may be seen in the "Marie de' Medici" series in the Louvre, now that these pictures are seen together in a room designed to hold them. They are not of Rubens's very best and they contain only here and there his own handiwork, but it is all the more evident how magnificently they are planned. Years ago, when they hung among other pictures in the Long Gallery, they seemed rather pompous and summary, empty and lacking in quality. Now they are seen to be superb decorations which, in the great halls of the Luxembourg Palace for which they were designed, can have lacked nothing of perfect appropriateness.

Such was what one may call the official art of Rubens. Others have created an art that is nobler and purer, more passionate or more delicate and lovely; there is no art that is more intelligent or, in its own way, more admirable, and hardly any from which so much may be learned. But after all, Rubens was a man and not a formula, and so he escapes on all sides from our definition. He had his likes and his loves, which were those of an eminently sane and manly nature, and as he could paint as easily as he could talk these likes and these loves expressed themselves pictorially. He liked hunting and was fond of animals, and he painted beasts as almost no one else has done. He was fond of country life and he became a great landscape-painter, painting a landscape more homely and less stately than that of the Venetians and making distinct advances in truth of light and natural effect. He could even be tenderly poetic now and then, painting one of the most delicate and beautiful representations of moonlight known to art; or romantic, as in that little picture of fighting knights that might have been painted by a Frenchman of 1830. Most of these things are the work of his later years, when he had retired from statesmanship and from the execution of great commissions and painted to please himself. At fifty-three he married his second wife, Helena Fourment, a girl of sixteen, and his love for her inspired a series of portraits and of pictures in which she is ever the central figure, which are among the most delicious things in the world. He painted her in the most splendid costumes his well-furnished purse could buy; he painted her, with singular frankness, in next to nothing at all. Plump and white and blonde, a true Fleming, but radiant with youth and beauty, we know her as a bride, we know her as a young mother, we know her as this or that personage of mythology or of sacred legend. In "The Garden of Love," at Madrid, there seem to be half a dozen Helenas, each lovelier than the other.

In such pictures as this last, Rubens descends straight from Giorgione. They are like the "Partie Champêtre," but a little gayer, a little more florid, a little less nobly poetical. A hundred years later Watteau was to take up the theme, to treat it at once more frivolously and more sentimentally, to etherealize its frank and solid humanity, and to find the type of the French eighteenth century.

Among the brilliant courtiers of this king of painting, one needs special mention not only for his de-

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cisive influence on the English school. Anton Van Dyck is not a painter of the very highest rank—not one of the world's dozen supreme masters—but, as Fromentin said of him, if not on the throne he was near it. No other painter not of this supreme rank is quite his equal, and he needs but a little more sturdy strength, a little more originality, to step from the highest place in the second line into a place in the first. He is like a Rubens of less rugged fibre, more polished, more elegant, with a languid and melancholy distinction that predestines him for the favorite painter of Charles I, but without the sap and vigor, the hearty, natural humanity, of the greater man. He is more impressionable and therefore more variable than Rubens. His early work is thoroughly Flemish and scarce to be distinguished from that of his master. In his Italian days he comes under the influence of Titian and achieves, in both portraits and subject pictures, a dignity and a beauty of color beyond Rubens's range and almost worthy of the great Venetian. Back in his native land, at a time when Rubens is absent, he almost usurps the leadership and his art has the full-ripe Flemish savor. Finally, in England, he ceases to paint altar-pieces or mythologies and becomes definitely the court portrait-painter. Gentility and prettiness gain upon him. Having no rivals, he gives himself less trouble and relies upon assistants for nearly everything but the heads. His art had already fallen far below its best estate before he died at the early age of forty-two.

But he was a *peintre de race*, if, perhaps, a little too high-bred for stamina. In his "Charles I" of the Louvre he has given us the finest example of the state portrait—the portrait which is also a decoration and in which dignity and decorative splendor are as important as likeness. He has given more seductiveness to the beauty of women than almost any other. And in such an accomplished and straightforward piece of work as that portrait, in our own Metropolitan Museum, of the Duke of Lenox and his wonderful dog, he reaches very nearly to the highest level. Lastly, and this itself is a kind of glory, if we cannot imagine a Van Dyck without a pre-existing Rubens neither can we imagine Reynolds or Gainsborough without the pre-existence of Van Dyck.

Nothing could well be more unlike the royalist and Catholic art of Rubens or the eminently aristocratic art of Van Dyck than the bourgeois, almost plebeian, art that was developing during these same years in the northern provinces. In the Protestant Netherlands there were no great church pictures to be painted; in republican Holland there was no demand for splendid allegorical glorifications of the royal house. These comfortable Dutch traders wanted only two things of art. They wanted their own portraits, and they wanted little pictures to hang upon the walls of their comfortable little rooms. The guilds and shooting companies wanted group portraits for their halls, and some of these are very large, but they were the only large canvases in demand. And every burgher wanted the portrait of himself and his wife to hand down to his children. Of these portraits, whether large or small, they did not ask splendor or distinction, they asked only that they should be indubitably and recognizably like. They were not to represent a caste but an individual. And of the little pictures also they demanded that they should be likenesses of the things they knew and could recognize—portraits of their own houses with the people that lived in them, of their peaceful Dutch landscape with its canals and polders and cattle, of their towns or their ships and harbors. If you tried to give them anything more or anything else, it was at your own peril.

One more thing they asked, and that was perfect workmanship. Like the tradesmen and manufacturers they were, they wanted their money's worth of sound painting, as of sound carpentry or solid weaving, and you must know your trade if you were to please them. You might be a brilliant executant, you might be merely a painstaking mechanic, but from the bravura of a Hals to the painful finish of a Gerard Dou some form of competent workmanship was imperiously necessary. And a thorough craftsman could look for the reward of a craftsman, no more. Each town had its painters as it had its blacksmiths, and the best painter in the town could make a fair income; but he might no

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more look for fame, international or even national, than the best blacksmith. He might, indeed, travel from one town to another in search of work, as the blacksmith might, but if he prospered where he was he stayed there, and his reputation might not, in his lifetime, travel so far as from one town to the next one in a country where distances are absurdly small.

Such a local tradesman, the best painter of Haarlem, was Frans Hals. Not an exemplary tradesman; rather too fond of drinking and notoriously quarrelsome with his wife; having to be fetched from the tavern now and then when his services were wanted; unthrifty, and dying at last in the poorhouse. What was worse, a little careless and slovenly at times, but, even in the poorhouse, so much the best workman to be had and so sure of his likeness that one had to employ him. He had even been called as far as Amsterdam once, thirteen miles away, but came back before he had finished the great guild picture he began there. He is inimitable at these great guild pictures; half a dozen of them are to be seen in the town gallery. They have not much composition, but are put together anyhow; they have not even, at least the early ones, any general harmony of tone, being full of bright colors rather than of color. But they are miracles of rendering, unimaginably dexterous, marvellous in freedom and precision. Nobody can paint a sash or a halberd, a glass goblet or a cut-velvet jerkin, as he can. His handling is like sword-play, as free, as dazzling, above all as accurate. It is made up of separate, sharp, slashing touches, each falling into its exact place, each of the right shape and size to a hair's breadth, each more wonderful for its precision than for its rapidity. And there can be no doubt about his likenesses. You would know one of these men anywhere; you do know some of them at once, when they turn up again after an interval of years. They are not psychological masterpieces, these heads; there is no great depth of feeling or subtlety of expression about them. Hals is content with externals; but for exact portraiture, sheer physical resemblance, it would be hard to better them.

Later, and in other things, single portraits of burghers and their wives, Hals can be graver and more solid. Nobody but Rembrandt could improve on the portrait of Vrouw Bodolphe in the Morgan Collection, and even Rembrandt could not much improve on it as mere painting, its free handling based upon impeccable draftsmanship, its quiet color perfect in its relations of tone. And Rembrandt alone could better its rendering of character. It is Hals at his best, which is as much as to say that it is as good as the best of any one in all that it attempts.

As he grew older Hals simplified his palette still more, until he painted with three or four colors only, of which black and white are the chief. His handling grows ever looser and less explicit. In the last stage of all, his wonderful eye has lost its sharpness, his wonderful hand its cunning. He is an old, old man. But the profound knowledge gained by a lifetime of work is still there, and a kind of pathos that is his own rather than his sitter's, and in the wreck of his physical organization he is still a master—perhaps a more affecting one than ever before.

No theory of demand and supply, no philosophy of "the race, the *milieu*, and the moment," will account for Rembrandt. Negatively, indeed, the fact that he was a Dutchman of the seventeenth century may help to explain some of the things he was not, but it will go a very little way toward explaining what he was. He was that entirely inexplicable thing, a great original genius. He had enough of what was common to his countrymen to make an early and marked success, and to be for a time the fashion. He had so much of what they could never understand that he early ceased to be popular and sank further and further into poverty and neglect as his genius developed. He is the first notable instance in the history of art of the romantic and misunderstood artist—the artist out of harmony with his public.

He had to the full, when he chose to exercise it, the admirable Dutch lucidity of observation, the capacity to see and to reproduce the external world. He had, though it is not quite clear where he got it, the sound Dutch training. At any time of his life he could, if he chose, paint

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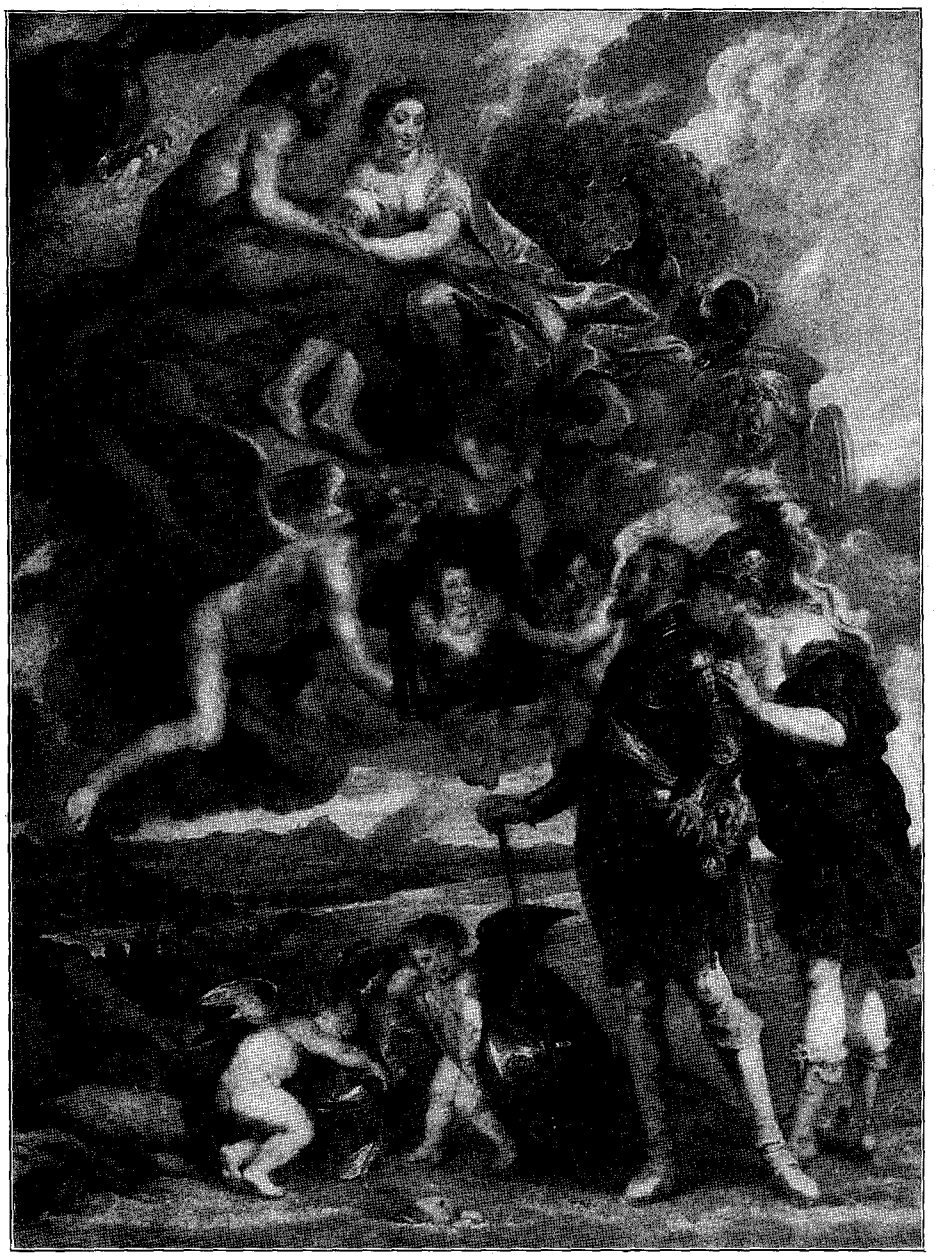

Henri IV Receiving the Portrait of Marie de' Medici. By Rubens.
In the Louvre.

a portrait as like as those of Hals and as well painted, perhaps even more like and better painted, but you could never tell if he would choose. He would begin to dream of expressing the inmost soul of his sitter and forget the shape of his nose. He would see the possibility of some picturesque effect and violate all probability of costume. He would lose himself in the poetry of light and shade, and indulge in all sorts of expedients and experiments to the destruction of accepted methods. He

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would accept a commission to paint the shooting company of Captain Frans Banning Cocq, and instead of the kind of thing that Van der Helst could do so well and Hals so brilliantly he would turn you out a fantastic *Cour des Miracles* or a troop of bandits. What were you to do with a man who might thus, at any time, substitute a grotesque fancy or an imaginative vision for the plain statement of facts that you wanted? Really, he was not to be trusted.

Cupid and Psyche. By Van Dyck.
In Hampton Court.

And the thing this strange genius substituted for the truth was as likely to be trivially picturesque as profoundly imaginative. He had inherited a sham orientalism from his master Lastman, and he made it more absurd than his master's. He got together all sorts of strange frippery and odds and ends of costume, had a magpie love for chains and gorgets and old morions or anything that shone and glittered, liked beggars' rags or Jewish gaberdines; and of all these things he would concoct elaborate nonsense pictures. The next moment he is dominated by a true vision and becomes amazing in his clairvoyance, gives you blind Tobit feeling for the door or Doctor Faustus silent before the miraculous vision, or makes you feel that his Christ, breaking bread with the disciples at Emmaus, has as surely been dead as he is now risen and living. And the same man who does these things is capable of the most hideous vulgarity and even of the grossest indecency.

He has no dignity, no sense of propriety, no sense of beauty, does not conceive the meaning of good taste. But he has a breadth of humanity and a depth of sympathetic insight that are unequalled. It is these qualities that enable him to enthrall us with those story-telling pictures which no other painter—least of all any

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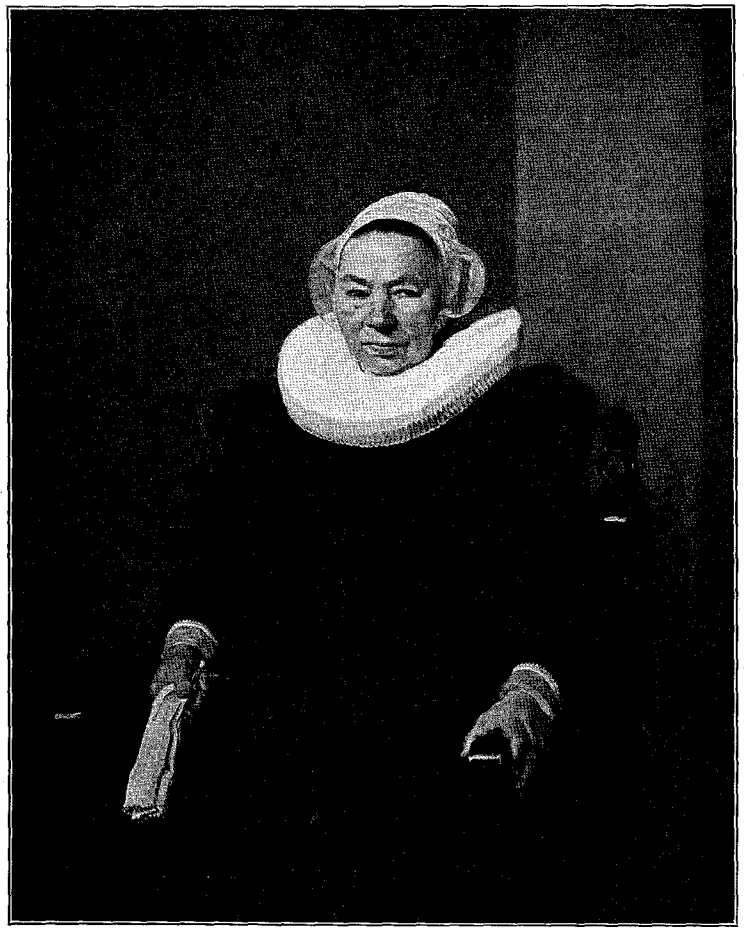
other Dutch painter—could have produced; that make us accept the stories of the Gospel or of the Old Testament as actual happenings that we have seen, and believe in Tobias and his angel as we believe in our next-door neighbors. It is this humanity and this sympathy that give a strange intensity of life to his portraits, even when their accuracy of physical likeness is most dubious; that make them, when he is able to combine the powers of the observer and the man of imagination, the most wonderful portraits ever painted.



Vrouw Bodolphe. By Frans Hals.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Some of these wonderful portraits we have in this country. There is nothing more characteristic of Rembrandt than "The Man with the Black Hat," in the Metropolitan Museum; nothing in the world finer than "The Orphan," in the Chicago Art Institute. Perhaps his greatest masterpiece is a group of such portraits on one canvas, the famous "Syndics," of the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam. Here he has allowed nothing strange or fantastic—the conception is as simple and as straightforward as it can well be—but the power of his imagination and the magic of his light and shade have endowed these plain citizens, busy over the accounts of the Cloth Hall, with an essential humanity that is eternally interesting to mankind.

It is always with light and shade that Rembrandt performs his miracles, that

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he expresses the inexpressible and realizes the supernatural. Of light and shade he is the supreme master, understanding its possibilities of mystery and of sentiment as no one else has done, doing with it what can be done by no other means and shade. With him composition is not a matter of lines and spaces, it is a matter of lighting. The importance of any part of his picture is strictly measurable by the amount of light it receives; the eye is led by gradations and directions of light; the

The Orphan. By Rembrandt.
In the Chicago Art Institute.

what no one else has done at all. Neither Tintoretto nor Correggio himself understood Correggio's invention as Rembrandt understood it—neither of them makes it the warp and woof of his art as Rembrandt does. For Rembrandt the world exists only as light breaking through shadow, as light illuminating shadow. He composes by light and shade, he draws by light and shade, he colors in light and shade, he executes for light and things which are to be subordinated are lost in swimming shadow. Without some suggestion of his light and shade no composition of Rembrandt's would be intelligible, and he thinks so habitually in light and shade that his merest scratch of outline always gives this suggestion. His drawing is so essentially a matter of light and shade that he never draws a true contour, but follows an edge here or an interior marking there as the light reveals it

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to him. For him the color of an object is only important as it is luminous or shadowy in its nature. He never hesitates to falsify the color if it will help him to get the light he wants, and in his mature work the color tends to disappear entirely and we have a brown world in which the illusion of color is maintained only by degrees of light and dark. The degree of luminosity of a given color has been extracted and is made to do duty for the color itself. Even his handling is modified and broken up by his search for light. In his earlier days he can still paint objects as well as any one, with all Hals's explicitness if not with his brilliancy. Later he no longer paints a hand or a sword-hilt, he paints only the light upon it. As a registry of form his touch is enigmatical, is clumsy and fumbling, is even, sometimes, physically unpleasant, as is his hot brown tone. But as a rendering of light it is infallible.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

The Concert. By Ter Borch.
At Berlin.

The very qualities which have made Rembrandt one of our gods of art and have caused him to be reckoned, by many, the very greatest of masters, rendered him incomprehensible to his own countrymen and contemporaries, and the painters un-

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derstood him little better than the public. Ruysdael had, perhaps, a little of his romantic temper, and this, with a love for such exotic things as rocks and waterfalls, insured his failure of popularity and his death in poverty and neglect. The typical Dutch painters are those who, with as little of Rembrandt's intensity of feeling as of the Italian love for decorative splendor, carried out the truly Dutch task of embodying in an exemplary technic a prosaic and exact portraiture of the familiar world about them. There are a host of them, almost all admirable after their degree, and they painted everything in Holland and in the narrow seas, indoors and out. They were a race of specialists and created a number of new *genres*. One man painted only drunken boors, another the lower middle classes, a third ladies and gentlemen. They were the first pure landscape-painters, the first marine painters, the first painters of cattle, the first still-life painters. They subdivided these *genres* almost indefinitely, and one man would devote himself wholly to winter scenes, another to architecture, or even to church interiors. By this piecemeal attack they accomplished their aim of an almost complete picture of the visi-

Officer and Young Lady. By Metsu.
In the Louvre.

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ble world as they knew it. Little as they had in common with Rembrandt, he had yet furnished them with their necessary tool. If they could not make light and shade express the supernatural, they found in it the only possible and complete expression of the natural, and the whole

hardly likely to be seen again. We have lost their methods and forgotten their training, and the best modern work, whatever its merit in other respects, is in technical matters but bunglingly amateurish in comparison with theirs.

In the study of landscape the attempt

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

Dutch Living Room. By De Hooch.
At Berlin.

Dutch school became a school of chiaroscurists who devoted their best efforts to rendering the gradations and reverberations of light. Indeed, it is often their interest in light that alone makes their choice of subject comprehensible. It is only the play of light and shade that makes their church interiors interesting or their butcher's meat and dead game tolerable.

And if the Dutchmen were all naturalists and chiaroscurists, they were all admirable and impeccable craftsmen. Such sound, enduring, beautiful workmanship, such thoroughness of education, such precision and delightfulness of handling, had seldom been seen in the world and are

at a minute and complete investigation of natural appearances was not carried to so full and satisfactory a conclusion as in the painting of interiors. Dutch landscape is of great historical importance because it opened the way to further exploration in many new directions, and when landscape began to be seriously studied again, in the nineteenth century, Dutch influence was, for a time, not only stimulating but dominant. But there were but a few effects of light in the open air that the Dutch painters really mastered, and in that field they left a great deal for their successors to accomplish. In the painting of interiors, on the contrary, they achieved a complete and final success, and

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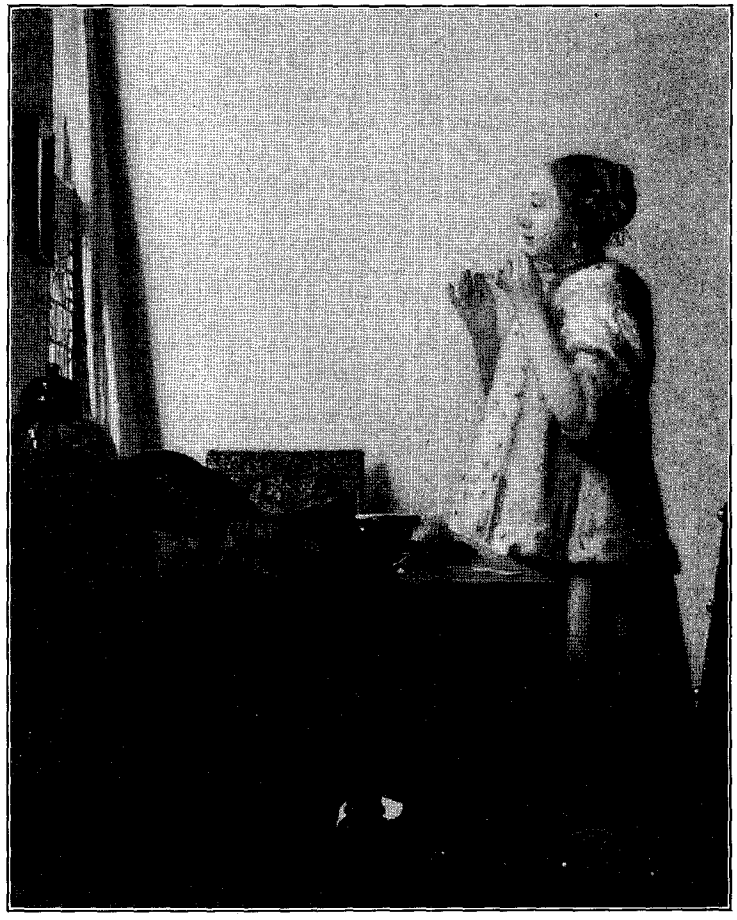
the best works of three or four of their best painters have remained unequalled and inimitable.

These pictures have no subjects, there is no conceivable story connected with them. There is no emotion in them, no passion or imagination, and assuredly no idealism. They are well arranged, or they would not be works of art, but there is little of what the great Italians would have recognized as composition. There is an impreccable draftsmanship as far as the accurate notation of the shapes of things is draftsmanship, but of drawing as a great expressional art there is no trace. Even color does not exist for its own sake or for the decorative and emotional effects that may be obtained from it. It is merged in tone and becomes an element in securing truth of representation. But such absolute truth of representation, combined with material and technical perfection, exists nowhere else in art, and is in itself capable of giving a high and enduring pleasure. In such pictures as that by Ter Borch, in Berlin, of two well-bred women playing together on the harpsichord and the violoncello, or in Mr. Morgan's wonderful Metsu, "A Visit to the Nursery," now in the Metropolitan Museum, the simplest incidents, seen under the simplest effects, are sufficient for the creation of endlessly delightful masterpieces. De Hooch, who draws less well



Lady with Pearl Necklace. By Ver Meer.
At Berlin.

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than the others, attempts more complicated effects of lighting, opens his rooms onto vistas of sunny streets and courtyards or lets the sun into the rooms themselves. But the greatest of all these masters of light, of these extractors of beauty from the commonplace, is Ver Meer of Delft, an artist of rare subtlety, of infinite delicacy, of exquisite refinement—a master as absolute, within his own narrow domain, as any that ever lived.

Before the end of the seventeenth century this admirable school had died out. In two hundred years the art of painting had passed through many stages. From an art of form it had become first an art of color and then an art of what we moderns know as "values"—of the exact notation of degrees of light. To an art abstract and expressive it had added more and more of truth to the appearance of nature, till it reached, with Titian and Veronese, the noblest balance of the ideal and the real; then it had slowly lost its more abstract and formal elements until it had become an art of almost pure representation. At each of these stages it had brought forth masterpieces of a perfection since unknown. The eighteenth century could still create an amiable art of its own, but it is an art of weaker fibre. The nineteenth century could find here or there an unexplored corner in the domain of realism, or produce artists of an essential greatness though mutilated and incomplete from the struggle with uncongenial surroundings. But the golden age of painting was past.

GOD OF THE OPEN

By Badger Clark

God of the open, though I am so simple,
  Out in the wind I can travel with you,
Noons when the hot mesas ripple and dimple,
  Nights when the stars glitter cool in the blue.
Too far you stand for the reach of my hand,
  Yet I can hear your big heart as it beats
Friendly and warm in the sun or the storm.
  Are you the same as the God of the streets?

Yours is the sunny blue roof I ride under;
  Mountain and plain are the house you have made.
Sometimes it roars with the wind and the thunder
  But in your house I am never afraid.
He? Oh, they give him the license to live,
  Aim, in their ledgers, to pay him his due,
Gather by herds to present him with words—
  Words! What are words when my heart talks with you?

God of the open, forgive an old ranger
  Mazed among walls where he cannot see through.
Well do I know, though their God seems a stranger,
  Earth has no room for another like you.
Shut out the roll of the wheels from my soul,
  Bring me a wind that is singing and sweet
Into this place where the smoke dims your face.
  Help me see you in the God of the street!

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CLAY-SHUTTERED DOORS

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT

WE were in the receiving tent of the ambulance, Judith Garing, Doctor Thesiger, and I, when the stretcher-bearers brought in the Kennerly boy.

There had come a hush in the battle out beyond us, a silence which, like a pause in music, heightened the terror of the crash it followed. The three of us, worn by watching, taut from long labors, had fallen into languor that was a loosening of overstrung nerves rather than the relaxation of rest. Ned Thesiger smoked cigarettes listlessly and endlessly. Judith, her eyelids drooped, her body sagging into a canvas chair, drew with her index finger pattern after pattern on the white skirt of her uniform. I rolled bandages automatically, using only one groove of my wearied brain for the task, since, as I worked, I tried to pierce the veil which hid from me the thoughts of these two whom I had known all the years of my life, and yet whom I seemed now to know no better than the strangers of the corps.

For nearly two years we had worked together, day and night, on the shores of that surging sea of conflict that had swept over France. We had fought, shoulder to shoulder, sometimes in triumph and sometimes in failure, for the spark of life that fluttered in the human wreckage cast in to us by the waves of carnage. Under Judith Garing's guidance, inspired by her courage, by her unflagging zest for success, by her magnificent endurance, we had held to our posts, bending to our tasks with the will of life-guards who fight the truceless ocean. For nearly two years we had plied the oars in a struggle for humanity that should have eliminated from all of us any thought of self; and yet I speculated, as I watched Ned Thesiger's lean fingers striking countless matches and saw Judith Garing's closed eyes, on the strength of that barrier of abnegation. I knew, as did no other in the ambulance, of the old bond that had once held the surgeon and the artist, and I wondered, as I wrapped the linen bands, if the dimming years had quenched the living flame that had once blazed on their altars of life.

We had grown up, the three of us, in one of the old streets of a middle-aged American town. Our grandfathers had pioneered on the Illinois prairie, and our fathers were reaping the harvest of that sowing when Judith and Ned and I came together in the intimate companionship of children whose people are animated by the same ambitions, the same standards of citizenship, the same code of individual conduct, the same lethargic self-satisfaction of a community's Brahmin caste. It had been Judith who had driven us out from the narrow contentment of our family traditions into highroads that had seemed to be running far asunder until they had suddenly converged into Neuilly. Judith, with her fiery ambitions, her glorious impatience, her blossoming genius in the painting that made her famous, created for us, as well as for herself, a world of vivid action, of wide vision, and of final achievement, a world whose bugle had called us to the firing-lines. Even though it had been chance and not choice that set Ned Thesiger and myself under her direction in the ambulance, none the less it had been Judith's dominant power over us, bridging fifteen years of absence, that had brought us overseas. The old ideals of childhood and youth which the dark-eyed girl had set blazing in our souls in those summer-time evenings of the Mississippi Valley had kindled again to rush me forth from my safe and steady routine of the visiting nurses in Chicago and had sped Doctor Thesiger out from one of the most promising practices in Cleveland.

I doubt if Ned Thesiger would have come to the ambulance, however, had he known that Judith would be there, for he had not seen her since his marriage, and

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he had been engaged to marry Judith Garing when he had wed the other girl. His faithlessness, crushing her love and her pride, had flung her out upon a tide where her older ambitions made the only raft. That she had come into the harbor of splendid success in her painting, and that Ned Thesiger's wife had been long dead, made no difference in the fundamental fact that he had failed her when she had believed in him. I remembered, as I studied her quiet face, the Judith of the raging grief whom I had bidden godspeed on the day she sailed to France, fifteen years before. Recalling her declaration that she would cut from her life every desire but her wish to paint, I wondered if the nonchalant friendliness she gave to Doctor Thesiger in her few leisure moments were pose or truth. I looked up from my work to see that Ned was watching her with speculative inquiry.

Judith, unconscious of our scrutiny, moved her head so that the light from the door of the tent fell on her face. The power of her strongly chiselled chin and of her determined mouth had been softened a little by the lines of weariness that her unbelievably long vigils had marked on her countenance. Her hair, which had been glossy-black on the day she had met me at the Gare du Nord two summers back, was gray now, giving its own testimony to the cares she had lifted upon her back when she joined the ambulance. But it was her hands, moving incessantly in the weaving of imaginary designs, which caught my interest and held it. Those hands somehow symbolized Judith Garing.

Long-fingered, short-palmed, with the strength of a man's fist and the delicacy of a woman's touch, they betokened in their very shape the combination of artist and executive which distinguished her work and her personality. Just the sort of hands to make that painting of General Picquard, which she finished just before the war began and which is to hang in the Tate; they were also the tools of a mechanic in their amazing agility. I had seen them hammer and saw in the making of devices for the relief of the suffering men who had come to us from Verdun, from Mons, from the Vosges, from the Somme front. I had seen them lifting the wounded with a surety and a tenderness that not one of us trained nurses could put into our arms. I had seen them perform so many miracles of skill, so many wonders of strength, that there were times when I could have believed that Judith Garing's hands were holding the cracked world from falling to pieces. Always powerful, they had gained superhuman strength through the months in which they had labored for others. What a masterpiece they would create, at the bidding of Judith's quickened brain, when the war was over!

Judith, looking up suddenly, found our scrutiny upon her. She smiled at Ned almost indifferently and at me more warmly. "You're as tired as I am, Rhoda," she said. "You'd better rest a bit before night. There's an order for the corps to go forward at sunset, and there'll be only the three of us on duty here all night."

"You need sleep yourself," Ned Thesiger said.

"Oh, I'm all right," she told him.

"You'll break down if you're not careful," he warned her.

"I'll hold up," she said, "as long as any one needs me."

"Don't be foolish," he said sharply, tossing away a cigarette. "There are plenty of people who can do at least half the work you're doing. Let them do it, and save yourself."

"For what?" she asked him.

"For your work," he said, "if for nothing else. Don't you know that you're due for a smash when this is over, if you go on as you're doing? Then how will you paint?"

"I wasn't thinking of my painting," she said.

He looked at her with a curiosity that had something of expectancy in it. I rose to go, spurred by the thought that they might, in my absence, come to a readjustment more vital than this casual acceptance of their proximity; but there fell on the canvas of the tent the shadows of the harbingers of death, the stretcher-bearers. An instant afterward they had lifted the Kennerly boy to the table, and the three of us were standing beside his quivering, broken body.

We had known the Kennerly boy. He

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had been one of the first and one of the pampered patients of the ambulance back in the days when we had thought that the war was to be a clean, swift conflict. He had come to us only slightly wounded, but lingered through a convalescence that might have been perpetual but for his own desire to get back to the trenches. For he had carried in his kit the endearing gift of a blithe cheerfulness that buoyed him and us through the darkening days. Not even the rollicking humor of Lyster of the fusileers, nor the daring mirth of our own American, Winston, who had been wounded at Festubert with the Canadians and who had managed to have himself sent to us, could equal the quiet gayety of the Kennerly boy. He was one of those fair-haired, blue-eyed Canadians who seem to have been cast into a mould for their making, but he was distinguishable from the mass of them by that high serenity of purpose that would have marked him anywhere. He was unusual in many ways for a boy, keenly appreciative of art and literature, eager to talk about beauty, sensitive to every kindness shown him, and radiating an aura of spirituality which was my introduction to the possible ennobling influence of war. Judith and I had become more than ordinarily interested in him during the time he had been with us. Ned Thesiger was, I think, the only one around the ambulance who failed to respond to young Kennerly's remarkable charm.

It was Ned Thesiger, however, who was leaning over the boy now, listening with sensitized ear to the flutter of his heart, probing with skilled fingers around the surface of the wound. He shook his head ominously in answer to Judith's unspoken but insistent question, then ordered the bearers to carry the boy to one of the hospital tents. I started to follow them, but Judith intercepted me. "I'll take care of him," she said.

"You can't," said Ned Thesiger. "You're all in. I've been watching you this afternoon, and you can't go through with this. Put her to bed, Rhoda," he ordered me.

Judith laughed, not gayly, as had once been her wont, but almost drearily. "Don't be silly," she said. "Rhoda will have enough to do to-night when the others go. And what does it matter, anyhow?"

"It matters very much," he said, "to me."

She gave him a look at that which brought a flush to his tanned cheeks. Then she went out after the men who were carrying young Kennerly. Ned turned to me. "Haven't you any influence with her?" he demanded. "Can't you see that she is killing herself?"

"How can I stop her?"

"I'm going to," he declared. "I'm going to ask the chief to send her away."

"Where?"

"Back home—to the States."

"She won't go."

"She'll have to. If the chief gives the order the government will enforce it, for her own good."

"She'll never forgive you."

"Even if she doesn't," he said slowly, "I'm going ahead. I owe Judith something. And if I didn't I couldn't see her killing herself without doing what I could to stop her. I suppose," he went on, pausing to strike a match, then flinging it away without lighting his cigarette, "that you think I'm saving her for myself. I wish I were, Rhoda. But I know, exactly, what Judith thinks of me. No, I'm trying to save her for the thing that has come to be, that will always be, the greatest thing in the world for her, her painting. Won't you help me?"

I thought of Judith's studio with its wonderful half-finished paintings yearning the completion that their inspiration deserved. I thought of the portrait of the old general which had already proven to the critics what Judith could do. I thought of Judith's own splendidly soaring ambition, her dominant desire to make herself the greatest painter of our times. But, even more than these, I thought of the gratitude she must feel in those coming years to Ned Thesiger for the consideration of her welfare that led him now to brook her displeasure. Whether or not Judith cared for him, the realization of his solicitude for her must inevitably soften her ultimate judgment of him. Because I was glad for Judith's sake that the wheel had turned to balance, I gave him the promise.

He hurried me over to the chief's office

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before I had time for reconsideration. There, in the shack all littered with papers, and instruments, and piles of linen, and tools, and maps, Ned Thesiger poured out to the crisply alert man who directed us all the tale of Judith Garing's overwork and the immediate necessity of a leave of absence for her.

"But we need her," the chief interposed. "She's been worth a dozen other women. She can even operate in emergencies."

"And she's done the work of twenty every day she's been here. She's never spared herself. She doesn't know how. Why, she's over now with the Kennerly boy when she should be resting. She never trained and she doesn't know how to rest. She'll keep up, yes, under this strain. But the instant the Somme's over she's going to go to pieces. Are you willing to be responsible for that?"

"No," said the chief slowly. "That's not fair to Miss Garing. She's too big a woman to lose to the world through our selfishness. Where's she to go? Paris?"

"She'd be back in a week," I told him.

"England?"

"She'd be working there in a fortnight."

"Then she goes home." He drew a paper toward him, wrote upon it for a time that seemed endlessly long for him, scrawling his queer handwriting over it, then set it in an envelope, and gave it to Doctor Thesiger. "I'm giving you my right hand," he said, "but justice demands the sacrifice." He smiled at me with that twinkling friendliness that has made our work under him a service of loyal affection. "I think," he said, "that you had better leave to Doctor Thesiger the task of telling Miss Garing."

Judith was at the Kennerly boy's bedside when I passed the tent. She beckoned to me, and I went in. "What does he say?" She nodded to the boy. I dared not tell her that Ned Thesiger had apparently dismissed the patient from his memory, and I chanced comment. "Pretty bad," I said.

"Will they operate?"

"Not yet."

"Before they go to the front to-night?"

"Perhaps."

"Isn't it awful, Rhoda?" she said. It was the first time I had heard Judith say one word of the oppressing horror in which we lived, and I knew how near to the breaking-point she had come. She was looking down at the wisp of bright hair that had slipped through the boy's bandagings. "Somehow," she went on, "it's worse to see him brought back than it is to have the strangers come in. He's so fine-souled, so high-spirited. He's always reminded me of Watts's Galahad. I'm going to paint some day my memory of him as he stood out there in front of the tent, leaning on his crutch. Do you remember the glory of his face when he told us that he was going back? And now—" She turned from her scrutiny of him to look up at me. "What's it all for?" she cried.

"I don't know," I had to confess.

"It must be for something," she went on insistently. "No scheme of creation can permit this hideous waste without a great purpose. What is it?"

I could only shake my head, and go away, leaving her peering outward over the boy's mangled body. I had intended, as I went, to find Ned Thesiger and send him over to the tent to tell Judith whether or not an operation would be necessary for young Kennerly; but a dozen quick calls diverted me, and the corps was setting out at sunset on their way to the front when I thought of the duty. Then I could not find Ned and I went back to Judith.

I saw, as I entered the tent, that the Kennerly boy had regained consciousness. Judith had freshened his bandages. He was lying on his side, helpless, his luminous blue eyes regarding her with that strange intensity that sometimes marks the gaze of badly wounded men. I went over to the other side of his bed, signalling Judith that I would relieve her while she went to supper, but she nodded dissent. The Kennerly boy was talking.

"You will stay with me, won't you, Miss Garing?" he was pleading. "Oh, I know it's irregular to ask for one nurse, but I want you here if—. You understand, you see. You know what I mean even when I can't say it."

"I'll stay," said Judith.

He smiled gratitude to her. "I used to think of you often out there," he went on.

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"When the nights were dark and we were lying in the third-line trenches, looking up at the stars, I would think of the talks we'd had while I was here, when we would wonder what it was all for and why we were in the thick of it. I've found out, Miss Garing." His voice rose exultingly. "I've pieced together the bits the other chaps told me, and I've thought and thought for myself. And I've got it this way: War's the crucible to get the gold out of us. I don't mean out of the fellows who sit over there on Downing Street. I mean us, the chaps who lie in the mud, and who get caught in the barbed wire, and who make the rushes under the fire of big guns. We were pretty ordinary men when we came here to France, weren't we? We were thinking of our three meals a day, and the thrill of the fighting, and the glory of going home with medals on. Well, we aren't thinking so much now of those things. You can't see fellows die beside you, and listen to their prayers, and take their messages without getting outside yourself. Isn't it so?"

"Yes, it's so," Judith assured him. "But you'd better not talk."

"Oh, I must," said the Kennerly boy with that eagerness of apostleship that so many of the boys bring back from the front. "I fancy this spirit we've caught might have been lying here under the surface all the time. I don't know. I came from a different sort of country, from out in the West where the wheat-fields lift to the sky the only spears we ever see. We never thought much of war, or causes, or sacrifice. We didn't need to. I fancy we were all fairly like that, drifting along, satisfied with the world as it was. But it's different now.

"There was a chap in the dugout with me," he continued, "who had it worked out this way. He believed that God had a purpose for all the suffering, the way our fathers had a purpose in all the punishments they used to give us. He'd been a professor, that chap, and he said that nothing in the physical world could be totally destroyed, and so he was sure that nothing in the spiritual world could be annihilated. It was all conserved to make immortality. He went under out there one day when he was telling us that. I found in his pocket a clipping, a verse he used to say to us sometimes. I can say it off. Let's see, it goes this way."

From the mass of his bandages he began to quote in that high-strung voice that carried through the twilight of the tent a strange quality of other-worldliness:

> "Not where the wheeling systems darken,
> And our benumbed conceiving soars!
> The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
> Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors."

"'The Kingdom of God,'" Judith placed it for him.

"That's it!" he cried. "There was another line of it I remember,

> "'Oh, world unknowable, we know thee!'"

"That's it," he insisted. "That's what the war's doing for the fellows like me. It's letting us know the unknowable world. It's opening the clay-shuttered doors. It's bringing to our ears the sound of wings that the writer chap who used to stand on London Bridge, thinking out the way of it all, heard when he wrote that stuff. That's the reason!"

He tried to rise on his cot, but Judith pressed him back firmly. "You mustn't talk," she bade him. She called to me across the darkening space. "Tell Doctor Thesiger I'm going to stay here until he comes to make this examination," she said.

The Kennerly boy's strange phrases rang in my ears as I went out. From the far horizon there came the booming of the big guns, resuming their relentless battering. Nearer, somewhere, an aeroplane buzzed like a huge, vindictive insect. Lights crossed and recrossed each other in long planes across the sky. The battle was raging once more.

I was standing at the door, looking off toward a low line of fire and thinking upon the musings of the Kennerly boy, when Ned Thesiger came through the dusk, holding in his hand the chief's letter to Judith. Before he entered the tent I told him Judith's question concerning the boy. "I'll have to look at him again," he said as he went in.

I had thought he would examine the boy before he gave the letter to Judith, and I

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waited in the thought that he might need both Judith and myself; but he must have given her the chief's communication as soon as he went in, for it was only a moment before she came to the door with the open document in her hand. "What do you know about this, Rhoda?" she demanded, her voice curiously hard. I told her all the truth but my fundamental motive, the hope that Ned's act might one day break down the barrier between them. She listened rigidly, then turned to Ned, who had come to stand behind her.

"And you took it on yourselves to determine my life for me?" she said, her voice cutting the air like the swirl of a lash. "Because you would have wished to go away from here, you have thought it would be my wish. Well, I'll not take it!" She tore the letter across, flinging the pieces to the ground.

"You'll have to." The authority of the military surgeon sounded in Ned's voice. "The chief has not requested you to take a leave. He has ordered it."

"I'll go above his authority," Judith flung back at him. "I shall wire General Picquard to-night."

Over Ned Thesiger's face crept a softened look, but his voice still rang hard as he said curtly: "General Picquard died to-day at the front."

"Oh!" she cried in a grief that I knew was from no frustration of her wishes, but from a real sorrow at the passing of the fine old man she had known so well in days other than these. But she, too, set her shoulders in obstinate strength of will. "I shall not go from here," she repeated stubbornly. She faced Ned Thesiger with blazing eyes. "Why should you come back to hinder me in my course?" she threw challenge. "How dare you interfere in my life again? Haven't you done harm enough to me?"

"Not as much as I did myself," he said, wrenching out the words from that part of his consciousness that he had kept in the dark for the months he had worked beside the woman of his first love. "I have often thought that I served you well when you believed I had done you ill. You wouldn't have been happy with me, Judith. I would have been but a poor tool for your mastering brain. You would have given up for me the work that has made you famous, the career that has brought you the success you always craved. And you would not have been happy. But I've owed you reparation, and I'm trying to make it. I'm only trying to save you for yourself. You're killing yourself here. I'm looking forward for you as you won't look. I'm looking to that time when the war is over when you may use your splendid experience, your quickened insight, your enlarged power, for your work. You'll be able to go back to it after this rest with the zest of genius. You owe it to yourself to consider that. And if you won't, it's my business to see that you must."

She looked him over quietly, considerингly, as if she were finding in him a new model; but there was a tension in her gaze that warned me even before she spoke. I was not prepared, however, for her query. "What are you going to do after this is over?" she asked him.

"I?" The question took him off guard. "Why, I'm going home," he said, "to put to use all that I've learned in this hell. I'm taking a leaf from your book of ambition, Judith. I'm going to be the most famous surgeon in the States."

"Oh!" Her eyes widened. Then she laughed very quietly, but beneath the utter contempt of it I saw Ned Thesiger wince. "I might have known. What was it your father used to say, Rhoda, when we were children? 'You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' Wasn't that it? Well, you can't. I might have known that fifteen years of material prosperity wouldn't change you, Ned, but I hoped, somehow, that it had. I tried to make myself believe that you had come here, as the rest of us came, to do what we could for the men who are doing bigger things than we can. I tried to believe that something in you, the thing I had once imagined was the real you, had come to life. But I was wrong. You've come here, come to this place of war and wounds and death, to this place where men are mounting their Jacob's ladders to eternity, to this place where God is showing the terror and the splendor of his face to mankind, and you dare to say that you seek not God's will nor man's comforting, but your own petty, miserable ends. No, I wouldn't have been

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happy with you, although never until now have I believed it. Through all these years I have pictured you laboring in a noble profession while I was selfishly perfecting a skill that meant nothing to any one but myself. It was that thought which rushed me here when war came. That idea kept me for years from the bitterness that would have been mine had I believed you altogether unworthy of what I had once given you. Well, it's served its purpose, perhaps, since it brought me here. For now I've seen too much of sacrifice, too much of good, too much of martyrdom, to suffer from one little disillusion of my own. What does it matter about you and me? What do our sorrows, our hopes, count in the reckoning? The only thing in the world that endures is the thing that boy in there has found!"

She turned her back upon us and crossed the floor of the tent in swinging strides that seemed to be taking her farther from us than the distance she traversed. Ned Thesiger switched on the electric light. Against it his face looked gray and old and his eyes miserable with the pain of a whipped dog that fails to understand the reason for its beating. Because I had known his limitations, his human failings, as Judith had never known them, I felt a sudden pang of pity for him. To the best of his power of vision he was sincere. If he failed to glimpse the heights on which she stalked, not his was the blame. In the way of men he had sinned and was sorry. In the way of angels Judith stood at the gate, holding aloft the flaming sword. Almost pathetically he drew himself up and went to his duty as if it were the one tangible post in a whirling world.

Above the quiet body of the Kennerly boy, unconscious now in the inevitable reaction from his tense visionings, Ned Thesiger and Judith looked at each other for an instant in which her scorn and his hurt leaped forth into clash. Then he bent over the boy, forgetting the man in the physician, I thought, as he worked. I brought the reflectors and the lights near. In the glare I saw the worry in his face deepen as Judith Garing stood motionless.

For moments he bent over the boy, probing, probing, scanning the gaping wounds with narrowed eyes. He turned to me at last with the baffled look of a man who sees his road ahead of him but who cannot jump the horse of his will power over the fence that holds him from the running. He flung up his hands in a gesture of helplessness.

"Has he no chance?" Judith asked, her eyes straight upon the man across the narrow cot.

"One."

"Well?"

He shrugged.

"Why won't you take it?"

"I haven't the equipment; I gave Magnus all my disinfectants when he went out to-night."

"I have enough," she said, "to sterilize the instruments."

"It needs more than that. The wound's rotten with infection. The man who operates will need a gallon of stuff to clean up if he doesn't want to run the chance of blood poisoning."

"Will it wait until they come back?"

"No. It's to-night or never."

Judith spoke to me. "Have you any disinfectant?"

"None. We've run low. There's been a delay somewhere on the line. They had to take all we had forward with them. They won't have enough at that."

"Why didn't you keep enough for this? Didn't you know you'd need it?" She knitted her brows over a problem her own questioning had raised. "Hadn't you examined him before? Didn't you realize how urgent this might be?"

"I had forgotten him," he said. "I was thinking of you."

She stared at him now without personal rancor or personal approbation, speculatively, as if her gaze might be a Roentgen ray into his soul. "And aren't you going to operate?" she asked.

"Do you know," he countered, "what this operation means?"

"Very well," she said. "I did a dozen of the sort myself after Mons."

"I don't mean that," he struck in impatiently. "It's not the actual incision I'm considering. That's simple enough. It's the afterclap. The man who cuts in there without bichloride enough to protect himself will sacrifice his hand, even if he saves his life!"

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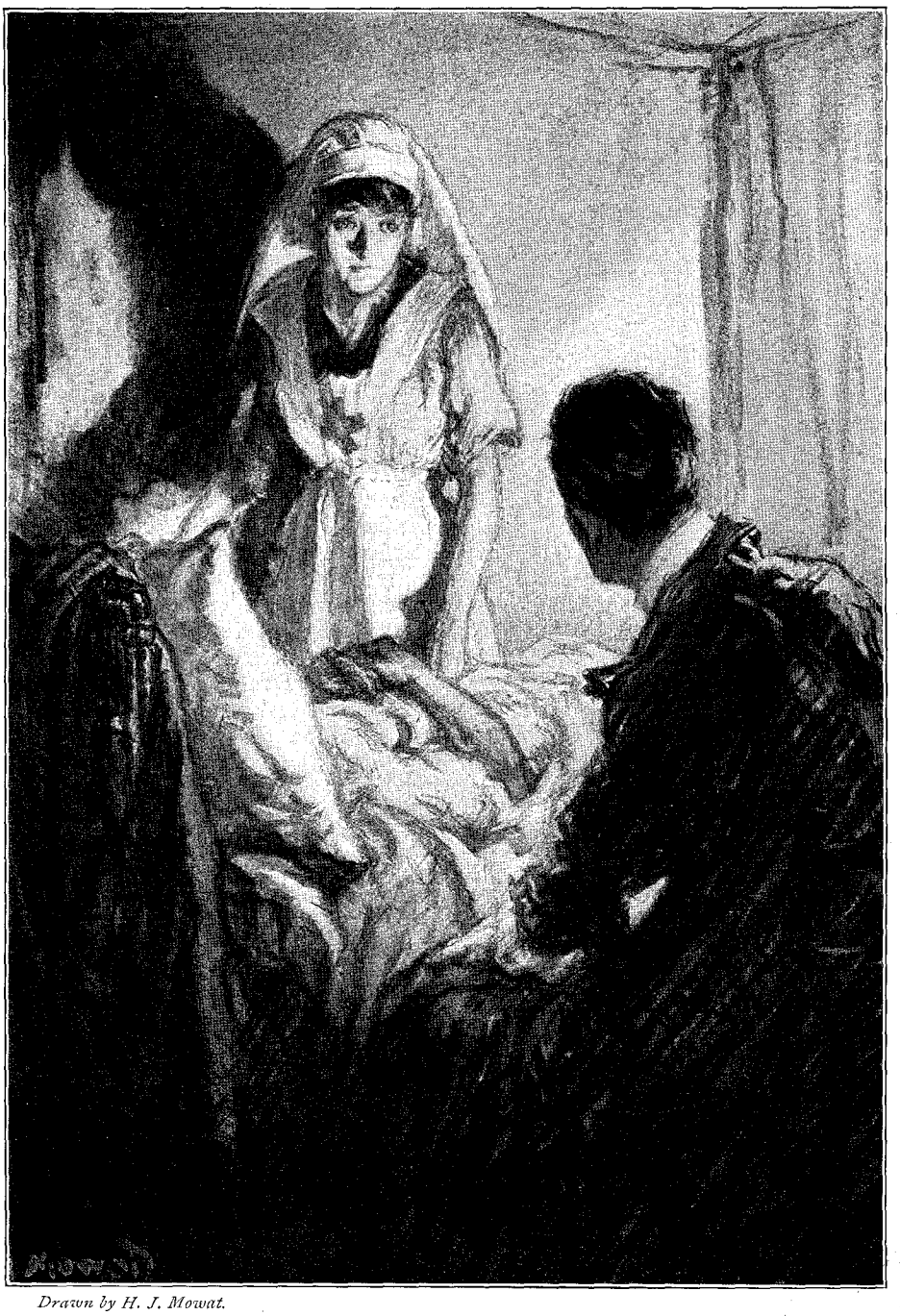

Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

"And so . . . a common soldier dies that a famous surgeon may not be hampered."—Page 106.

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"And so," she said to herself rather than to either of us, "a common soldier dies that a famous surgeon may not be hampered." She stared down at the wisps of bright hair shining among the bandages on the Kennerly boy's head. "He's too young, too gay, to die," she said. "Bring me my kit, Rhoda, and what disinfectant we have. You will administer the anæsthetic."

"What are you going to do?" There was alarm in Ned Thesiger's cry.

"I am going," she said, "to give him his one chance."

"You can't!" he told her. "It's madness. Why, your hand! Your painting!"

"What's that to a life? Or to my duty?"

He drew himself up at that. I had a fear that he would strike her down for that magnificent contempt of him that blazed from her dark eyes, and I drew nearer to them. But neither anger nor defiance, but a strange gleam of exultation shone in Ned Thesiger's eyes. He spoke no word as he faced Judith Garing triumphantly, but I seemed to see his flinging away of the mantle of selfishness that he had worn through the long years of his youth. Over the anger of Judith's face there crept the softer haze of interrogation. His only answer to it came in the radiance of his gaze upon her. The clay-shuttered doors of his soul had swung open, their seal broken by the touch of Judith's hand. Across the years, across doubt, across pain, across fear, she spoke to him. "Oh, Ned, Ned!" she cried, "I knew, somehow, you'd do it for him!"

"I am not doing it for him, Judith," he said humbly. "I am doing it for you."

"But—" She hesitated, her faith clouded for a moment in the thought that the motive nullified the glory of the offering.

"Isn't it all the same in the end," he asked her, "if only we all do the best we can by the light of whatever candles we're given?"

"It must be," she said, her eyes luminous in the glory of her new-born justification of her old belief in him. Then, suddenly, she knelt down beside the Kennerly boy. I knew that she prayed, and I went away.

Afterward, as I stood above the boy from the front, administering the anæsthetic while Doctor Thesiger worked on his perilous task, I heard the thunder of the guns on the Somme, pouring out death upon a stricken world; but I heard, too, and nearer, a sound not of earth—the drift of passing pinions.

A CUP OF TEA

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATION BY CYRIL J. SMITH

YOUNG Burnaby was late. He was always late. One associated him with lateness and certain eager, impossible excuses—he was always coming from somewhere to somewheres, and his "train was delayed," or his huge space-devouring motor "had broken down." You imagined him, enveloped in dust and dusk, his face disguised beyond human semblance, tearing up and down the highways of the world; or else in the corridor of a train, biting his nails with poorly concealed impatience. As a matter of fact, when you saw him, he was beyond average correctly attired, and his manner was suppressed, as if to conceal the keenness that glowed behind his dark eyes and kept the color mounting and receding in his sunburnt cheeks. All of which, except the keenness, was a strange thing in a man who spent half his life shooting big game and exploring. But then, one imagined that Burnaby on the trail and Burnaby in a town were two entirely different persons. He liked his life with a thrust to it, and in a great city there are so many thrusts

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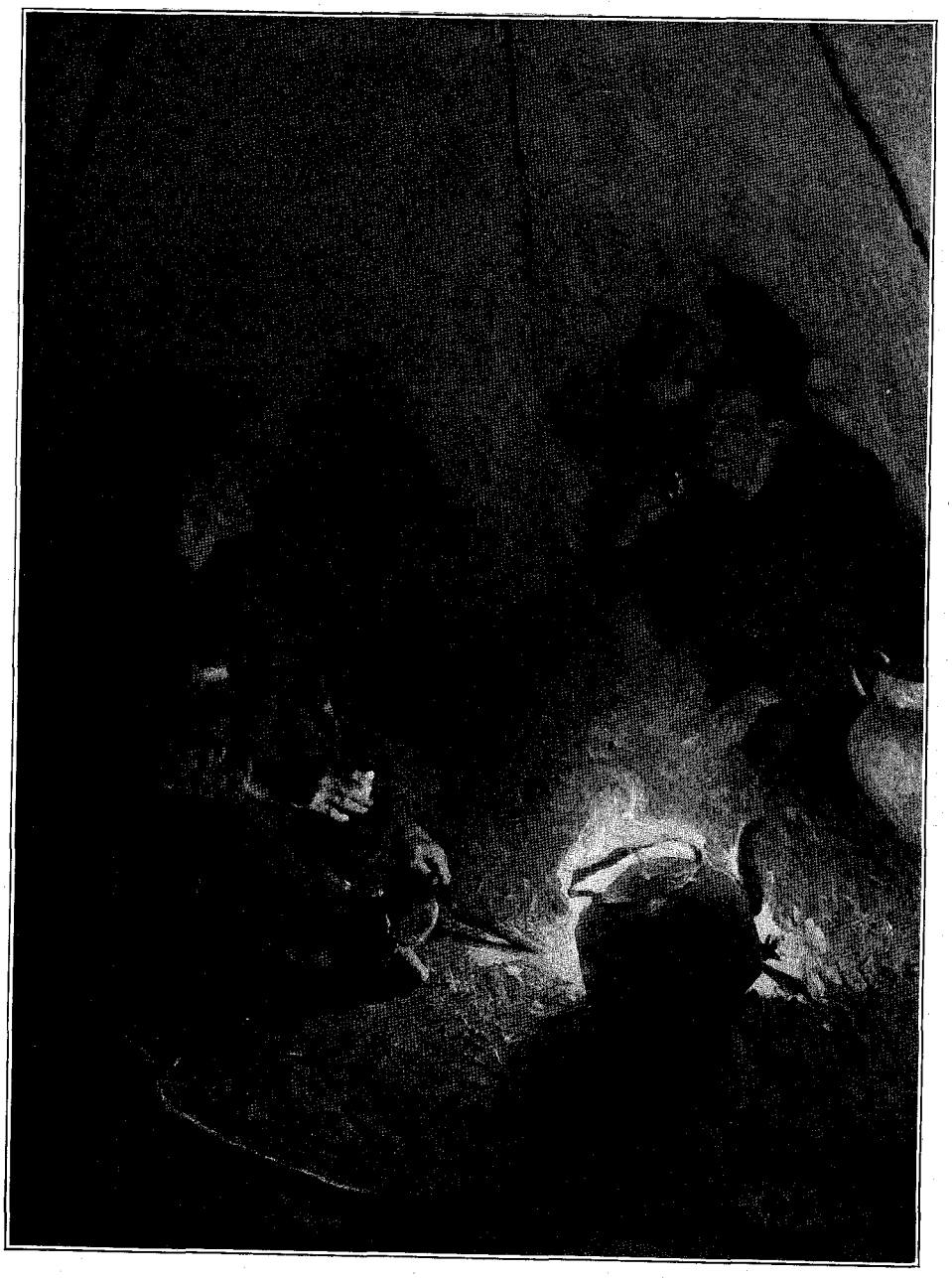

"'You're English!' I gasped out; and the buck said very sweetly: 'That's none of your damned business.'" —Page 110.

that, it is to be supposed, one of Burnaby's temperament hardly has hours enough in a day to appreciate all of them and at the same time keep appointments.

On this February night, at all events, he was extremely late, even beyond his custom, and Mrs. Malcolm, having waited as long as she possibly could, sighed amusedly and told her man to announce dinner. There were only three others besides herself in the drawing-room, Masters—Sir

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John Masters, the English financier—and his wife, and Mrs. Selden, dark, a little silent, with a flushed, finely cut face and a slightly sorrow-stricken mouth. And already these people had reached the point where talk is interesting. People did in Mrs. Malcolm's house. One went there with anticipation, and came away with the delightful, a little vague, exhilaration that follows an evening where the perfection of the material background—lights, food, wine, flowers—has been almost forgotten in the thrill of contact with real persons, a rare enough circumstance in a period when the dullest people entertain the most. In the presence of Mrs. Malcolm even the very great forgot the suspicions that grow with success and became themselves, and, having come once, came again vividly, overlooking other people who really had more right to their attentions than had she.

This was the case with Sir John Masters. And he was a very great man indeed, not only as the world goes but in himself: a short, heavy man, with a long, heavy head crowned with vibrant, still entirely dark hair and pointed by a black, carefully kept beard, above which arose —"arose" is the word, for Sir John's face was architectural—a splendid, slightly curved nose—a buccaneering nose; a nose that, willy-nilly, would have made its possessor famous. One suspected, far back in the yeoman strain, a hurried, possibly furtive marriage with gypsy or Jew; a sudden blossoming into lyricism on the part of a soil-stained Masters. Certainly from somewhere Sir John had inherited an imagination which was not insular. Dangerous men, these Sir Johns, with their hooked noses and their lyric eyes!

Mrs. Malcolm described him as fascinating. There was about him that sense of secret power that only politicians, usually meretriciously, and diplomats, and, above all, great bankers as a rule possess; yet he seldom talked of his own life, or the mission that had brought him to New York; instead, in his sonorous, slightly Hebraic voice, he drew other people on to talk about themselves, or else, to artists and writers and their sort, discovered an amazing, discouraging knowledge of the trades by which they earned their living. "One feels," said Mrs. Malcolm, "that one is eying a sensitive python. He uncoils beautifully."

They were seated at the round, candle-lit table, the rest of the room in partial shadow, Sir John looking like a lost Rembrandt, and his blonde wife, with her soft English face, like a rose-and-gray portrait by Reynolds, when Burnaby strode in upon them . . . strode in upon them, and then, as if remembering the repression he believed in, hesitated, and finally advanced quietly toward Mrs. Malcolm. One could smell the snowy February night still about him.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I——"

"You broke down, I suppose," said Mrs. Malcolm, "or the noon train from Washington was late for the first time in six years. What do you do in Washington, anyway? Moon about the Smithsonian?"

"No," said Burnaby, as he sank into a chair and unfolded his napkin. "Y'see—well, that is—I ran across a fellow—an Englishman—who knew a chap I met last summer up on the Francis River—I didn't exactly meet him, that is, I ran into him, and it wasn't the Francis River really, it was the Upper Liara, a branch that comes in from the northwest. Strange, wasn't it?—this fellow, this Englishman, got to talking about tea, and that reminded me of the whole thing." He paused on the last word and, with a peculiar habit that is much his own, stared across the table at Lady Masters, but over and through her, as if that pretty pink-and-white woman had entirely disappeared, and the warm shadows behind her, and in her place were no one could guess what vistas of tumbling rivers and barren tundras.

"Tea!" ejaculated Mrs. Malcolm.

Burnaby came back to the flower-scented circle of light.

"Yes," he said soberly, "tea. Exactly."

Mrs. Malcolm's delicate eyebrows rose to a point. "What," she asked, in the tones of delighted motherhood overlaid with a slight exasperation which she habitually used toward Burnaby, "has tea got to do with a man you met on the Upper Liara last summer and a man you met this afternoon? Why tea?"

"A lot," said Burnaby cryptically, and proceeded to apply himself to his salad, for he had refused the courses his late-

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ness had made him miss. "Y'see," he said, after a moment's reflection, "it was this way—and it's worth telling, for it's queer. I ran into this Terhune this afternoon at a club—a big, blond Englishman who's been in the army, but now he's out making money. Owns a tea house in London. Terhune & Terhune—perhaps you know them?" He turned to Sir John.

"Yes, very well. I imagine this is Arthur Terhune."

"That's the man. Well, his being in tea and that sort of thing got me to telling him about an adventure I had last summer, and, the first crack out of the box, he said he remembered the other chap perfectly—had known him fairly well at one time. Odd, wasn't it, when you come to think of it? A big, blond, freshly bathed Englishman in a club, and that other man away up there!"

"And the other man? Is he in the tea business too?" asked Mrs. Selden. She was interested by now, leaning across the table, her dark eyes catching light from the candles. It was something—to interest Mrs. Selden.

"No," said Burnaby abruptly. "No. He's in no business at all, except going to perdition. Y'see, he's a squaw-man—a big, black squaw-man, with a nose like a Norman king's. The sort of person you imagine in evening clothes in the Carleton lounge. He might have been anything but what he is."

"I wonder," said Sir John, "why we do that sort of thing so much more than other nations? Our very best, too. It's odd."

"It was odd enough the way it happened to me, anyhow," said Burnaby. "I'd been knocking around up there all summer, just an Indian and myself—around what they call Fort Francis and the Pelly Lakes, and toward the end of August we came down the Liara in a canoe. We were headed for Lower Post on the Francis, and it was all very lovely until, one day, we ran into a rapid, a devil of a thing, and my Indian got drowned."

"How dreadful!" murmured Lady Masters.

"It was," agreed Burnaby; "but it might have been worse—for me, that is. It couldn't have been much worse for the poor devil of an Indian, could it? But I had a pretty fair idea of the country, and had only about fifty miles to walk, and a little waterproof box of grub turned up out of the wreck, so I wasn't in any danger of starving. It was lonely, though—it's lonely enough country, anyhow, and of course I couldn't help thinking about that Indian and the way big rapids roar. I couldn't sleep when night came—saw black rocks sticking up out of white water like the fangs of a mad dog. I was pretty near the horrors, I guess. So you can imagine I wasn't sorry when, about four o'clock of the next afternoon, I came back to the river again and a teepee standing up all by itself on a little pine-crowned bluff. In front of the teepee was an old squaw—she wasn't very old, really, but you know how Indians get—boiling something over a fire in a big pot. 'How!' I said, and she grunted. 'If you'll lend me part of your fire, I'll make some tea,' I continued. 'And if you're good, I'll give you some when it's done.' Tea was one of the things cached in the little box that had been saved. She moved the pot to one side, so I judged she understood, and I trotted down to the river for water and set to work. As you can guess, I was pretty anxious for any kind of conversation by then, so after a while I said brightly: 'All alone?' She grunted again and pointed over her shoulder to the teepee. 'Well, seeing you're so interested,' said I, 'and that the tea's done, we'll all go inside and ask your man to a party—if you'll dig up two tin cups. I've got one of my own.' She raised the flap of the teepee and I followed her. I could see she wasn't a person who wasted words. Inside a little fire was smouldering, and seated with his back to us was a big, broad-shouldered buck, with a dark blanket wrapped around him. 'Your good wife,' I began cheerily—I was getting pretty darned sick of silence—'has allowed me to make some tea over your fire. Have some? I'm shipwrecked from a canoe and on my way to Lower Post. If you don't understand what I say, it doesn't make the slightest difference, but for God's sake grunt—just once, to show you're interested.' He grunted. 'Thanks!' I said, and poured the tea into the three tin cups. The squaw handed one to her buck. Then I sat down.

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"There was nothing to be heard but the gurgling of the river outside and the rather noisy breathing we three made as we drank; and then—very clearly, just as if we'd been sitting in an English drawing-room—in the silence a voice said: 'By Jove, that's the first decent cup of tea I've had in ten years!' Yes, just that! 'By Jove, that's the first decent cup of tea I've had in ten years!' I looked at the buck, but he hadn't moved, and then I looked at the squaw, and she was still squatting and sipping her tea, and then I said, very quietly, for I knew my nerves were still ragged, 'Did any one speak?' and the buck turned slowly and looked me up and down, and I saw the nose I was talking about—the nose like a Norman king's. I was rattled, I admit; I forgot my manners. 'You're English!' I gasped out; and the buck said very sweetly: 'That's none of your damned business.'"

Burnaby paused and looked about the circle of attentive faces. "That's all. But it's enough, isn't it? To come out of nothing, going nowheres, and run into a dirty Indian who says: 'By Jove, that's the first decent cup of tea I've had in ten years!' And then along comes this Terhune and says that he knows the man."

Mrs. Malcolm raised her chin from the hand that had been supporting it. "I don't blame you," she said, "for being late."

"And this man," interrupted Sir John's sonorous voice, "this squaw-man, did he tell you anything about himself?"

Burnaby shook his head. "Not likely," he answered. "I tried to draw him out, but he wasn't drawable. Finally he said: 'If you'll shut your damned mouth I'll give you two dirty blankets to sleep on. If you won't I'll kick you out of here.' The next morning I pulled out, leaving him crouched over the little teepee fire nursing his knees. But I hadn't gone twenty yards when he came to the flap and called out after me: 'I say!' I turned about sullenly. His dirty face had a queer, cracked smile on it. 'Look here! Do you—where did you get that tea from, anyway? I—there's a lot of skins I've got; I don't suppose you'd care to trade, would you?' I took the tea out of the air-tight box and put it on the ground. Then I set off down river. Henderson, the factor at Lower Post, told me a little about him: his name—it wasn't assumed, it seems; and that he'd been in the country about fifteen years, going from bad to worse. He was certainly at 'worse' when I saw him." Burnaby paused and stared across the table again with his curious, far-away look. "Beastly, isn't it?" he said, as if to himself. "Cold up there now, too! The snow must be deep." He came back to the present. "And I suppose, you know," he said, smiling deprecatingly at Mrs. Selden, "he's just as fond of flowers and lights and things as we are."

Mrs. Selden shivered.

"Fonder!" said Sir John. "Probably fonder. That sort is. It's the poets of the world who can't write poetry who go to smash that way. They ought to take a term at business, and"—he reflected—"the business men, of course, at poetry." He regarded Burnaby with his inscrutable eyes, in the depths of which danced little flecks of light.

"What did you say this man's name was?" asked Lady Masters, in her soft voice. She had an extraordinary way of advancing, with a timid rush, as it were, into the foreground, and then receding again, melting back into the shadows. She rarely ever spoke without a sensation of astonishment making itself felt. "She is like a mist," thought Mrs. Malcolm.

"Bewsher," said Burnaby—"Geoffrey Boisselier Bewsher. Quite a name, isn't it? He was in the cavalry. His family are rather swells in an old-fashioned way. He is the fifth son—or seventh, or whatever it is—of a baronet and, Terhune says, was very much in evidence about London twenty-odd years ago. Terhune used to see him in clubs, and every now and then dining out. Although he himself, of course, was a much younger man. Very handsome he was, too, Terhune said, and a favorite. And then one day he just disappeared—got out—no one knows exactly why. Terhune doesn't. Lost his money, or a woman, or something like that. The usual thing, I suppose. I—You didn't hurt yourself, did you?" . . .

He had paused abruptly and was looking across the table; for there had been

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a little tinkle and a crash of breaking glass, and now a pool of champagne was forming beside Lady Masters's plate, and finding its way in a thin thread of gold along the cloth. There was a moment's silence, and then she advanced again out of the shadows with her curious soft rush. "How clumsy I am!" she murmured. "My arm— My bracelet! I—I'm so sorry!" She looked swiftly about her, and then at Burnaby. "Oh, no! I'm not cut, thanks!" Her eyes held a pained embarrassment. He caught the look, and her eyelids flickered and fell before his gaze, and then, as the footman repaired the damage, she sank back once more into the half-light beyond the radiance of the candles. "How shy she is!" thought Burnaby. "So many of these English women are so queer. She's an important woman in her own right, too." He studied her furtively.

Into the soft silence came Sir John's carefully modulated voice. "Barbara and I," he explained, "will feel this very much. We both knew Bewsher." His eyes became sombre. "This is very distressing," he said abruptly.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Burnaby, and raised his head like an alert hound.

"How odd it all is!" said Mrs. Malcolm. But she was wondering why men are so queer with their wives—resent so much the slightest social clumsiness on their part, while in other women—provided the offense is not too great—it merely amuses them. Even the guarded manners of Sir John had been disturbed. For a moment he had been very angry with the shadow that bore his name; one could tell by the swift glance he had cast in her direction. After all, upsetting a glass of champagne was a very natural sequel to a story such as Burnaby had told, a story about a former acquaintance—perhaps friend.

Sir John thoughtfully helped himself to a spoonful of his dessert before he looked up; when he did so he laid down his spoon and sat back in his chair with the manner of a man who has made a sudden decision. "No," he said, and an unexpected little smile hovered about his lips, "it isn't so odd. Bewsher was rather a figure of a man twenty years ago. Shall I tell you his history?"

To Mrs. Malcolm, watching with alert, humorous eyes, there came a curious impression, faint but distinct, as wind touching her hair; as if, that is, a door into the room had opened and shut. She leaned forward, supporting her chin in her hand.

"Of course," she said.

Sir John twisted between his fingers the stem of his champagne-glass and studied thoughtfully the motes of light at the heart of the amber wine. "You see," he began thoughtfully, "it's such a difficult story to tell—difficult because it took twenty-five—and, now that Mr. Burnaby has furnished the sequel, forty-five years—to live; and difficult because it is largely a matter of psychology. I can only give you the high lights, as it were. You must fill in the rest for yourselves. You must imagine, that is, Bewsher and this other fellow—this Morton. I can't give you his real name—it is too important; you would know it. No, it isn't obviously dramatic. And yet—" his voice suddenly became vibrant—"such things compose, as a matter of fact, the real drama of the world. It—" he looked about the table swiftly and leaned forward, and then, as if interrupting himself, "but what *was* obviously dramatic," he said—and the little dancing sparks in the depths of his eyes were peculiarly noticeable—"was the way I, of all people, heard it. Yes. You see, I heard it at a dinner party like this, in London; and Morton—the man himself—told the story." He paused, and with half-closed eyes studied the effect of his announcement.

"You mean—?" asked Burnaby.

"Exactly." Sir John spoke with a certain cool eagerness. "He sat up before all those people and told the inner secrets of his life; and of them all I was the only one who suspected the truth. Of course, he was comparatively safe, none of them knew him well except myself, but think of it! The bravado—the audacity! Rather magnificent, wasn't it?" He sank back once more in his chair.

Mrs. Malcolm agreed. "Yes," she said. "Magnificent and insulting."

Sir John smiled. "My dear lady," he asked, "doesn't life consist largely of insults from the strong to the weak?"

"And were all these people so weak, then?"

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"No, in their own way they were fairly important, I suppose, but compared to Morton they were weak—very weak—Ah, yes! I like this custom of smoking at table. Thanks!" He selected a cigarette deliberately, and stooped toward the proffered match. The flame illumined the swarthy curve of his beard and the heavy lines of his dark face. "You see," he began, straightening up in his chair, "the whole thing—that part of it, and the part I'm to tell—is really, if you choose, an allegory of strength, of strength and weakness. On the one side Morton—there's strength, sheer, undiluted power, the thing that runs the world; and on the other Bewsher, the ordinary man, with all his mixed-up ideas of right and wrong and the impossible, confused thing he calls a 'code'—Bewsher, and later on the girl. She too is part of the allegory. She represents—what shall I say? A composite portrait of the ordinary young woman? Religion, I suppose. Worldly religion. The religion of most of my good friends in England. A vague but none the less passionate belief in a heaven populated by ladies and gentlemen who dine out with a God who resembles royalty. And coupled with this religion the girl had, of course, as have most of her class, a very distinct sense of her own importance in the world; not that exactly—personally she was over-modest; a sense rather of her importance as a unit of an important family, and a deep-rooted conviction of the fundamental necessity of unimportant things: parties, and class-worship, and the whole jumbled-up order as it is. The usual young woman, that is, if you lay aside her unusual beauty. And, you see, people like Bewsher and the girl haven't much chance against a man like Morton, have they? Do you remember the girl, my dear?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"Yes," murmured Lady Masters.

"Well, then," continued Sir John, "you must imagine this Morton, an ugly little boy of twelve, going up on a scholarship to a great public school—a rather bitter little boy, without any particular prospects ahead of him except those his scholarship held out; and back of him a poor, stunted life, with a mother in it—a sad, dehumanized creature, I gathered, who subsisted on the bounty of a niggardly brother. And this, you can understand, was the first thing that made Morton hate virtue devoid of strength. His mother, he told me, was the best woman he had ever known. The world had beaten her unmercifully. His earliest recollection was hearing her cry at night. . . . And there, at the school, he had his first glimpse of the great world that up to then he had only dimly suspected. Dramatic enough in itself, isn't it?—if you can visualize the little dark chap. A common enough drama, too, the Lord knows. We people on top are bequeathing misery to our posterity when we let the Mortons of the world hate the rich. And head and shoulders above the other boys of his age at the school was Bewsher; not that materially, of course, there weren't others more important; Bewsher's family was old and rich as such families go, but he was very much a younger son, and his people lived mostly in the country; yet even then there was something about him—a manner, an adeptness in sports, an unsought popularity, that picked him out; the beginnings of that Norman nose that Mr. Burnaby has mentioned. And here"—Sir John paused and puffed thoughtfully at his cigarette—"is the first high light.

"To begin with, of course, Morton hated Bewsher and all he represented, hated him in a way that only a boy of his nature can; and then, one day—I don't know exactly when it could have been, probably a year or two after he had gone up to school—he began to see quite clearly what this hate meant; began to see that for such as he to hate the Bewshers of the world was the sheerest folly—a luxury far beyond his means. Quaint, wasn't it? In a boy of his age! You can imagine him working it out at night, in his narrow dormitory bed, when the other boys were asleep. You see, he realized, dimly at first, clearly at last, that through Bewsher and his kind lay the hope of Morton and his kind. Nice little boys think the same thing, only they are trained not to admit it. That was the first big moment of Morton's life, and with the determination characteristic of him he set out to accomplish what he had decided. In England we make our future through our friends, in this coun-

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try you make it through your enemies. But it wasn't easy for Morton; such tasks never are. He had a good many insults to swallow. In the end, however, from being tolerated he came to be indispensable, and from being indispensable eventually to be liked. He had planned his campaign with care. Carefulness, recklessly carried out, has been, I think, the guiding rule of his life. He had modelled himself on Bewsher; he walked like Bewsher; tried to think like Bewsher—that is, in the less important things of life—and, with the divination that marks his type of man, the little money he had, the little money that as a schoolboy he could borrow, he had spent with precision on clothes and other things that brought him personal distinction; in what people call necessities he starved himself. By the time he was ready to leave school you could hardly have told him from the man he had set out to follow: he was equally well-mannered; equally at his ease; if anything, more conscious of prerogative than Bewsher. He had come to spend most of his holidays at Bewsher's great old house in Gloucestershire. That, too, was an illumination. It showed him what money was made for—the sunny quiet of the place, the wheels of a spacious living that ran so smoothly, the long gardens, the inevitableness of it all. Some day, he told himself, he would have just such a house. He has. It is his mistress. The world has not allowed him much of the poetry that, as you must already see, the man has in him; he takes it out on his place.

"It was in Morton's last year at Oxford, just before his graduation, that the second great moment of his life occurred. He had done well at his college, not a poor college either; and all the while, you must remember, he was borrowing money and running up bills. But this didn't bother him. He was perfectly assured in his own mind concerning his future. He had counted costs. In that May Bewsher, who from school had gone to Sandhurst, came up on a visit with two or three other fledgling officers, and they had a dinner in Morton's rooms. It turned into rather a 'rag,' as those things do, and it was there, across a flower-strewn, wine-stained table, that Morton had his second revelation. He wasn't drunk—he never got drunk; the others were. The thing came in upon him slowly, warmingly, like the breeze that stirred the curtains. He felt himself, as never before, a man. You can see him sitting back in his chair, in the smoke and the noise and the foolish singing, cool, his eyes a little closed. He knew now that he had passed the level of these men; yes, even the shining mark Bewsher had set. He had gone on, while they had stood still. To him, he suddenly realized, and to such as he, belonged the heritage of the years, not to these men who thought they held it. These old gray buildings stretching away into the May dusk, the history of a thousand years, were his. These sprawled young aristocrats before him—they, whether they eventually came to know it or not, they and Bewsher with them—would one day do his bidding: come when he beckoned, go when he sent. It was a big thought, wasn't it, for a man of twenty-two?" Sir John paused and puffed at his cigarette.

"That was the second high light," he continued, "and the third did not come until fifteen years later. Bewsher went into the Indian army—his family had ideas of service—and Morton into a banking-house in London. And there, as deliberately as he had taken them up, he laid aside for the time being all the social perquisites which he had with so much pains acquired. Do you know—he told me that for fifteen years not once had he dined out, except when he thought his ambitions would be furthered by so doing, and then, as one turns on a tap, he turned on the charm he now knew himself to possess. It is not astonishing, is it, when you come to think of it, that eventually he became rich and famous? Most people are unwilling to sacrifice their youth to their future. He wasn't. But it wasn't a happy time. He hated it. He paid off his debts, however, and at the end of the fifteen years found himself a big man in a small way, with every prospect of becoming a big man in a big way. Then, of course—such men do—he began to look about him. He wanted wider horizons, he wanted luxury, he wanted a wife; and he wanted them as a starved

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man wants food. He experienced comparatively little difficulty in getting started. Some of his school and university friends remembered him, and there was a whisper about that he was a man that bore watching. But afterward he stuck. The inner citadel of London is by no means as assailable as the outer fortifications lead one to suppose.

"They say a man never has a desire but there's an angel or a devil to write it down. Morton had hardly made his discovery when Bewsher turned up from India, transferred to a crack cavalry regiment; a sunburnt, cordial Bewsher, devilishly determined to enjoy the fulness of his prime. On his skirts, as he had done once before, Morton penetrated farther and farther into the esoteric heart of society. I'm not sure just how Bewsher felt toward Morton at the time; he liked him, I think; at all events, he had the habit of him. As for Morton, he liked Bewsher as much as he dared; he never permitted himself to like any one too much.

"I don't know how it is with you, but I have noticed again and again that intimate friends are prone to fall in love with the same woman: perhaps it is because they have so many tastes in common; perhaps it is jealousy—I don't know. Anyhow, that is what happened to these two, Morton first, then Bewsher; and it is characteristic that the former mentioned it to no one, while the latter was confidential and expansive. Such men do not deserve women, and yet they are often the very men women fall most in love with. At first the girl had been attracted to Morton, it seems; he intrigued her—no doubt the sense of power about him; but the handsomer man, when he entered the running, speedily drew ahead. You can imagine the effect of this upon her earlier suitor. It was the first rebuff that for a long time had occurred to him in his ordered plan of life. He resented it and turned it over in his mind, and eventually, as it always does to men of his kind, his opportunity came. You see, unlike Bewsher and his class, all his days had been an exercise in the recognition and appreciation of chances. He isolated the inevitable fly in the ointment, and in this particular ointment the fly happened to be Bewsher's lack of money and the education the girl had received. She was poor in the way that only the daughter of a great house can be. To Morton, once he was aware of the fly, and once he had combined the knowledge of it with what these two people most lacked, it was a simple thing. They lacked, as you have already guessed, courage and directness. On Morton's side was all the dunderheadism of an aristocracy, all its romanticism, all its gross materialism, all its confusion of ideals. But you mustn't think that he, Morton, was cold or objective in all this: far from it; he was desperately in love with the girl himself, and he was playing his game like a man in a corner—all his wits about him, but fever in his heart.

"There was the situation, an old one—a girl who dare not marry a poor man, and a poor man cracking his brains to know where to get money from. I dare say Bewsher never questioned the rightness of it all—he was too much in love with the girl, his own training had been too similar. And Morton, hovering on the outskirts, talked—to weak people the most fatal doctrine in the world—the doctrine of power, the doctrine that each man and woman can have just what they want if they will only get out and seek it. That's true for the big people; for the small it usually spells death. They falter on methods. They are too afraid of unimportant details. His insistence had its results even more speedily than he had hoped. Before long the girl, too, was urging Bewsher on to effort. It isn't the first time goodness has sent weakness to the devil. Meanwhile the instigator dropped from his one-time position of tentative lover to that of adviser in particular. It was just the position that at the time he most desired.

"Things came to a head on a warm night in April. Bewsher dropped in upon Morton in his chambers. Very handsome he looked, too, I dare say, in his evening clothes, with an opera-coat thrown back from his shoulders. I remember well myself his grand air, with a touch of cavalry swagger about it. I've no doubt he leaned against the chimney-piece and tapped his leg with his stick.

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And the upshot of it was that he wanted money. 'Oh, no! not a loan. It wasn't as bad as that. He had enough to screw along with himself; although he was frightfully in debt. He wanted a big sum. An income. To make money, that was. He didn't want to go into business if he could help it; hadn't any ability that way; hated it. But perhaps Morton could put him in the way of something? He didn't mind chances.'

"Do you see?" Sir John leaned forward. "And he never realized the vulgarity of it—that product of five centuries, that English gentleman. Never realized the vulgarity of demanding of life something for nothing; of asking from a man as a free gift what that man had sweated for and starved for all his life; yes, literally, all his life. It was an illumination, as Morton said, upon that pitiful thing we call 'class.' He demanded all this as his right, too; demanded power, the one precious possession. Well, the other man had his code as well, and the first paragraph in it was that a man shall get only what he works for. Can you imagine him, the little ugly man, sitting at his table and thinking all this? And suddenly he got to his feet. 'Yes,' he said, 'I'll make you a rich man.' But he didn't say he would keep him one. That was the third high light—the little man standing where all through the ages had stood men like him, the secret movers of the world, while before them, supplicating, had passed the beauty and the pride of their times. In the end they all beg at the feet of power—the kings and the fighting men. And yet, although this was the great, hidden triumph of his life, and, moreover, beyond his hopes a realization of the game he had been playing—for it put Bewsher, you see, utterly in his power—Morton said at the moment it made him a little sick. It was too crude; Bewsher's request too unashamed; it made suddenly too cheap, since men could ask for it so lightly, all the stakes for which he, Morton, had sacrificed the slow minutes and hours of his life. And then, of course, there was this as well: Bewsher had been to Morton an ideal, and ideals can't die, even the memory of them, without some pain."

Mrs. Malcolm, watching with lips a little parted, said to herself: "He has uncoiled too much."

"Yes"—Sir John reached out his hand and, picking up a long-stemmed rose from the table, began idly to twist it in his fingers. "And that was the end. From then on the matter was simple. It was like a duel between a trained swordsman and a novice; only it wasn't really a duel at all, for one of the antagonists was unaware that he was fighting. I suppose that most people would call it unfair. I have wondered. And yet Bewsher, in a polo game, or in the game of social life, would not have hesitated to use all the skill and craft he knew. But, you say, he would not have played against beginners. Well, he had asked himself into this game; he had not been invited. And so, all through that spring and into the summer and autumn the three-cornered contest went on, and into the winter and on to the spring beyond. Unwittingly, the girl was playing more surely than ever into Morton's hand. The increasing number of Bewsher's platitudes about wealth, about keeping up tradition, about religion, showed that. He even talked vaguely about giving up the army and going into business. 'It must have its fascinations, you know,' he remarked lightly. In the eyes of both of them Morton had become a sort of fairy godfather—a mysterious, wonderful gnome at whose beck gold leaped from the mountainside. It was just the illusion he wished to create. In the final analysis the figure of the gnome is the most beloved figure in the rotten class to which we belong.

"And then, just as spontaneously as it had come, Bewsher's money began to melt away—slowly at first; faster afterward until, finally, he was back again to his original income. This was a time of stress, of hurried consultations, of sympathy on the part of Morton, of some rather ugly funk on the part of Bewsher; and Morton realized that in the eyes of the girl he was rapidly becoming once more the dominant figure. It didn't do him much good"—Sir John broke the stem of the rose between his fingers.

"Soon there was an end to it all. There came, finally, a very unpleasant evening. This too was in April; April a

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year after Bewsher's visit to Morton's chambers, only this time the scene was laid in an office. Bewsher had put a check on the desk. 'Here,' he said, 'that will tide me over until I can get on my feet,' and his voice was curiously thick; and Morton, looking down, had seen that the signature wasn't genuine—a clumsy business done by a clumsy man—and, despite all his training, from what he said, a little cold shiver had run up and down his back. This had gone farther than he had planned. But he made no remark, simply pocketed the check, and the next day settled out of his own pockets Bewsher's sorry affairs; put him back, that is, where he had started, with a small income mortgaged beyond hope. Then he sent a note to the girl requesting an interview on urgent business. She saw him that night in her drawing-room. She was very lovely. Morton was all friendly sympathy. It wasn't altogether unreal, either. I think, from what he told me, he was genuinely touched. But he felt, you know—the urge, the goad, of his own career. His kind do. Ultimately they are not their own masters. He showed the girl the check—not at first, you understand, but delicately, after preliminary discussion; reluctantly, upon repeated urging. 'What was he to do? What would she advise? Bewsher was safe, of course; he had seen to that; but the whole unintelligible, shocking aspect of the thing!' He tore the check up and threw it in the fire. He was not unaware that the girl's eyes admired him. It was a warm night. He said good-by and walked home along the deserted street. He remembered, he told me, how sweet the trees smelled. He was not happy. You see, Bewsher had been the nearest approach to a friend he had ever had.

"That practically finished the sordid business. What the girl said to Bewsher Morton never knew; he trusted to her conventionalized religion and her family pride to break Bewsher's heart, and to Bewsher's sentimentality to eliminate him forever from the scene. In both surmises he was correct; he was only not aware that at the same time the girl had broken her own heart. He found that out afterward. And Bewsher eliminated himself more thoroughly than necessary. I suppose the shame of the thing was to him like a blow to a thoroughbred, instead of an incentive, as it would have been to a man of coarser fibre. He went from bad to worse, resigned from his regiment, finally disappeared. Personally, I had hoped that he had begun again somewhere on the outskirts of the world. But he isn't that sort. There's not much of the Norman king to him except his nose. The girl married Morton. He gave her no time to recover from her gratitude. He felt very happy, he told me, the day of his wedding, very elated. It was one of those rare occasions when he felt that the world was a good place. Another high light, you see. And it was no mean thing, if you consider it, for a man such as he to marry the daughter of a peer, and at the same time to love her. He was not a gentleman, you understand, he could never be that—it was the one secret thing that always hurt him—no amount of brains, no amount of courage could make him what he wasn't; he never lied to himself as most men do; so he had acquired a habit of secretly triumphing over those who possessed the gift. The other thing that hurt him was when, a few months later, he discovered that his wife still loved Bewsher and always would. And that"—Sir John picked up the broken rose again—"is, I suppose, the end of the story."

There was a moment's silence and then Burnaby lifted his pointed chin. "By George!" he said, "it *is* interesting to know how things really happen, isn't it? But I think—you have, haven't you, left out the real point. Do you—would you mind telling just why you imagine Morton did this thing? Told his secret before all those people? It wasn't like him, was it?"

Sir John slowly lighted another cigarette, and then he turned to Burnaby and smiled. "Yes," he said, "it was extremely like him. Still, it's very clever of you, very clever. Can't you guess? It isn't so very difficult."

"No," said Burnaby, "I can't guess at all."

"Well, then, listen." And to Mrs. Malcolm it seemed as if Sir John had grown larger, had merged in the shadows about him; at least he gave that im-

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pression, for he sat up very straight and threw back his shoulders. For a moment he hesitated, then he began. "You must go back to the dinner I was describing," he said—"the dinner in London. I too was intrigued as you are, and when it was over I followed Morton out and walked with him toward his club. And, like you, I asked the question. I think that he had known all along that I suspected; at all events, it is characteristic of the man that he did not try to bluff me. He walked on for a little while in silence, and then he laughed abruptly. 'Yes,' he said, 'I'll tell you. Yes. Just this. What there is to be got, I've got; what work can win I've won; but back of it all there's something else, and back even of that there's a careless god who gives his gifts where they are least deserved. That's one reason why I talked as I did to-night. To all of us—the men like me—there comes in the end a time when we realize that what a man can do we can do, but that love, the touch of other people's minds, these two things are the gifts of the careless god. And it irritates us, I suppose, irritates us! We want them in a way that the ordinary man who has them cannot understand. We want them as damned souls in hell want water. And sometimes the strain's too much. It was to-night. To touch other minds, even for a moment, even if they hate you while you are doing it, that's the thing! To lay yourself, just once, bare to the gaze of ordinary people! With the hope, perhaps, that even then they may still find in you something to admire or love. Self-revelation! Every man confesses sometime. It happened that I choose a dinner party. Do you understand?'" It was almost as if Sir John himself had asked the question.

"And then"—he was speaking in his usual calm tones again—"there happened a curious thing, a very curious thing, for Morton stopped and turned toward me and began to laugh. I thought he would never stop. It was rather uncanny, under the street lamp there, this usually rather quiet man. 'And that,' he said at length, 'that's only half the story. The cream of it is this: the way I myself felt, sitting there among all those soft, easily lived people. That's the cream of it. To flout them, to sting them, to laugh at them, to know you had more courage than all of them put together, you who were once so afraid of them! To feel that—even if they knew it was about yourself you were talking—that even then they were afraid of you, and would to-morrow ask you back again to their houses. That's power! That's worth doing! After all, you can keep your love and your sympathy and your gentlemen; it's only to men like me, men who've sweated and come up, that moments arise such as I've had to-night.' And then, 'It's rather a pity,' he said, after a pause, 'that of them all you alone knew of whom I was talking. Rather a pity, isn't it?'" Sir John hesitated and looked about the table. "It was unusual, wasn't it?" he said at length gently. "Have I been too dramatic?"

In the little silence that followed, Mrs. Malcolm leaned forward, her eyes starry. "I would rather," she said, "talk to Bewsher in his teepee than talk to Morton with all his money."

Sir John looked at her and smiled—his charming smile. "Oh, no, you wouldn't," he said. "Oh, no! We say those things, but we don't mean them. If you sat next to Morton at dinner you'd like him; but as for Bewsher you'd despise him, as all right-minded women despise a failure. Oh, no; you'd prefer Morton."

"Perhaps you're right," sighed Mrs. Malcolm; "pirates are fascinating, I suppose." She arose to her feet. Out of the shadows Lady Masters advanced to meet her. "She *is* like a mist," thought Mrs. Malcolm. "Exactly like a rather faint mist."

Burnaby leaned over and lit a cigarette at one of the candles. "And, of course," he said quietly, without raising his head, "the curious thing is that this fellow Morton, despite all his talk of power, in the end is merely a ghost of Bewsher, after all, isn't he?"

Sir John turned and looked at the bowed sleek head with a puzzled expression. "A ghost!" he murmured. "I don't think I quite understand."

"It's very simple," said Burnaby, and raised his head. "Despite all Morton has done, in the things worth while, in the things he wants the most, he can at

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best be only a shadow of the shadow Bewsher has left—a shadow of a man to the woman who loves Bewsher, a shadow of a friend to the men who liked Bewsher, a shadow of a gentleman to the gentlemen about him. A ghost, in other words. It's the inevitable end of all selfishness. I think Bewsher has rather the best of it, don't you?"

"I—I had never thought of it in quite that light," said Sir John, and followed Mrs. Malcolm.

They went into the drawing-room beyond—across a hallway, and up a half-flight of stairs, and through glass doors. "Play for us!" said Mrs. Malcolm, and Burnaby, that remarkable young man, sat down to the piano and for perhaps an hour made the chords sob to a strange music, mostly his own.

"That's Bewsher!" he said when he was through, and had sat back on his stool, and was sipping a long-neglected cordial.

"B-r-r-r!" shivered Mrs. Selden from her place by the fire. "How unpleasant you are!"

Sir John looked troubled. "I hope," he said, "my story hasn't depressed you too much. Burnaby's was really worse, you know. Well, I must be going." He turned to Mrs. Malcolm. "You are one of the few women who can make me sit up late."

He bade each in turn good night in his suave, charming, slightly Hebraic manner. To Burnaby he said: "Thank you for the music. Improvisation is perhaps the happiest of gifts."

But Burnaby for once was awkward. He was watching Sir John's face with the curious, intent look of a forest animal that so often possessed his long, dark eyes. Suddenly he remembered himself. "Oh, yes," he said hastily, "I beg your pardon. Thanks, very much."

"Good night!" Sir John and Lady Masters passed through the glass doors.

Burnaby paused a moment where he had shaken hands, and then, with the long stride characteristic of him, went to the window and drawing aside the curtain peered into the darkness beyond. He stood listening until the purr of a great motor rose and died on the snow-muffled air. "He's gone," he said, and turned back into the room. He spread his arms out and dropped them to his sides. "Swastika!" he said. "And God keep us from the evil eye!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Malcolm.

"Sir John," said Burnaby. "He has 'a bad heart.'"

"Stop talking your Indian talk and tell us what you mean."

Burnaby balanced himself on the hearth. "Am I to understand you don't know?" he asked. "Well, Morton's Masters, and 'the girl's' Lady Masters, and Bewsher—well, he's just a squaw-man."

"I don't believe it!" said Mrs. Malcolm. "He wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't dare?" Burnaby laughed shortly. "My dear Minna, he'd dare anything if it gave him a sense of power."

"But why—why did he choose us? We're not so important as all that?"

"Because—well, Bewsher's name came up. Because, well, you heard what he said—self-revelation—men who had sweated. Because—" suddenly Burnaby took a step forward and his jaw shot out—"because that shadow of his, that wife of his, broke a champagne-glass when I said Geoffrey Boisselier Bewsher; broke her champagne-glass and, I've no doubt, cried out loud in her heart. Power can't buy love—no; but power can stamp to death anything that won't love it. That's Masters. I can tell a timber-wolf far off. Can you see him now in his motor? He'll have turned the lights out, and she—his wife—will be looking out of the window at the snow? All you can see of him would be his nose and his beard and the glow of his cigar—except his smile. You could see that when the car passed a corner lamp, couldn't you?"

"I don't believe it yet," said Mrs. Malcolm. "It's too preposterous."

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THE FIRST HALF-MILLION ARMY

BY MAJOR M. B. STEWART, U. S. ARMY

THE average American, somewhat abruptly awakened to the stir and bustle of military activity which has sprung up about him almost overnight, is more than likely to begin by inquiring what it is all about.

Subjects which have hitherto been matters of little more than casual interest have become in a day topics of current and vital concern. Military matters which we have heretofore thought of only in the abstract, or as possessing at most but a general interest for us of the United States, have suddenly materialized into grim realities which demand our immediate, earnest, and undivided attention. In other words, war, which we had come to regard as beyond the horizon of our concern, has finally stalked into our immediate world to levy its toll of life and treasure.

On top of this, universal military service, which for the past year or two has hovered in the background of academic discussion, now comes boldly to the front in the form of conscription, selective draft, or whatever you may choose to call it, and lays its claim upon our shoulders. Accustomed as we are to the traditional idea of a volunteer military system, under which a man may fight or stay at home according to his inclination or convenience, this new order of things which invades the innermost circle, trampling option in the dust, picking and choosing, taking, rejecting, without regard to class or condition or anything else but physical and military fitness, to say the least, is apt at first to puzzle and bewilder.

Added to this, if more be needed to increase our feeling of uneasiness, is the consciousness of our own ignorance of whence it all springs and whither it all leads.

We see camps going up and we read of thousands of men clamoring for the chance to attend them and prepare for—what?

In the last few years the majority of the reading public has gradually become accustomed to the idea of military training-camps of one kind or another. At first they came to notice in the form of vacation camps for undergraduates, a combination of military training and summer outing from which a modest number of young college men derived some educational value and a considerable amount of healthy exercise. A few years later a variation in these camps was introduced. Older men took kindly to the idea, and the Business Men's Training-Camps resulted. At first, these camps were a source of mild humor for many people. The spectacle of this cosmopolitan gathering of men prominent in every walk of life toiling and sweating through the grind of a fifteen-dollar regular soldier's daily routine, seemed to tickle the American funny-bone immensely. Later, when these Plattsburgers, as they were known, became a most powerful agency for educating the people of the country to a realization of their military needs and obligations, these camps began to assume the aspect of a national asset.

This was still a voluntary form of military service, in which men participated because of their desires or convictions. They believed that the country should wake up to its military situation and they went to these camps to reinforce themselves with first-hand information before venturing to publish those needs to the public.

Finally, as one result of the combined efforts of men such as these and of the military authorities, there came into existence a definite product, a tangible military asset—the Reserve Officers' Corps.

To explain briefly the reason for the creation of such a corps, it should be understood that for years students of our

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military needs had recognized that the most serious among the many serious defects in our military system was to be found in our lamentable lack of trained officers. Their contention had been very generally answered by the argument: "We have plenty of officers for our Regular Army and for our National Guard—what more do we want or need?" Divorced, as we were, from the necessity for a large military force in this country, we had become accustomed to reckoning our military needs in units of thousands, or, at most, of hundreds of thousands. Military students knew that the problem of modern war involved units of hundreds of thousands and of millions as elementary factors in its solution; moreover, they were keenly alive to the fact that millions of effective fighting men do not spring into being by magic overnight, but are created only at the expense of long, intensive training under competent officers. Where and how to get the officers for such a task was the first of our many military problems.

For this purpose the small Regular Army could not be depended upon. Its entire officer personnel—some seven thousand—would have been but a tithe of the number needed for the purpose. To take them in any considerable numbers for such work would be to cripple, if not actually to disintegrate, our most valuable military asset, and at a time when its need would be most imperative.

We obviously could not afford to support the number of officers required—anywhere from twenty to fifty thousand—through long periods of peace merely in order to be prepared for an emergency which appeared to be both remote and undefined. In other words, it was too high a price to pay for insurance against something as improbable as war appeared to be.

For much the same reason, the National Guard could not be depended upon. With the time ordinarily at its disposal for training, the National Guard's standard of military efficiency is always necessarily far below that demanded by modern warfare. Between them and the firing line looms always the necessity for a period of uninterrupted, intensive training, a breathing-spell in which to gird themselves, fill up their gaps, and, in general, to effect the transformation from the casual novitiate to the trained and seasoned fighting man. In consequence, they have need at all times for all of their own officers in their own work of preparation.

The only reasonable solution of the problem of supplying this lack in trained-officer material lay in securing the services of suitable men who would be willing to undergo the necessary training to become officers and who would not be a source of expense to the government except when called out for training or active service. Under such a system it was thought feasible to create a force of trained officers, unattached in time of peace to any organized force, but who in time of war could be used to officer the additional forces which would have to be raised. Ordinarily these officers would remain in reserve except for brief intervals when called into service for training, hence the reserve officer and the Reserve Officers' Corps.

The plan was to recruit this corps from among men of some military training, graduates of military schools and colleges, ex-officers and soldiers of the Regular Army and the National Guard, and others to whom the military service appealed. It was only natural that the military training camps to which men with a liking for things military had flocked by the thousands should become the most fruitful recruiting-ground for this corps. As a matter of fact, the corps, as such, practically had its birth at the training-camps established throughout the country in 1916. In the meantime the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, had provided the necessary authority for the creation of this corps and had outlined the general plan for its recruitment and training. The corps began its existence with a few hundred men who were examined for commission during the fall of 1916, augmented by a few hundred who had already been listed by the War Department as eligible for commission in any volunteer forces that might be raised. In the majority of cases the men thus commissioned directly into the Reserve Corps were not trained in any sense of the word; they possessed a fair ground-

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work of military training and a fair fund of military information, and were of the caliber to be developed into officers by the course of training and instruction contemplated for them. Had this system been permitted to work itself to a logical conclusion, we should undoubtedly have succeeded in time in creating a corps of respectable size and genuine worth. However, up to April 1 of this year, it had reached a total of something less than a thousand officers of the line.

The situation which confronted the War Department when the Congress declared war with Germany was, roughly, something like this: the Regular Army, due to its expansion of 1916, was still underofficered, although some hundreds of young men had been commissioned during the preceding six months; the National Guard, largely due to its border service, was similarly underofficered. As a preparatory measure, both Regular Army and National Guard were further expanded, thus increasing the attenuation of the already scant officer force. In addition, the War Department faced the immediate problem of raising a further force of 500,000 men, with the prospect of one or more increments of the same size to follow on the heels of the first—with an immediate and pressing necessity for some twelve to fifteen thousand officers and the prospective necessity for double or treble that number. To train these men the department had a mere handful of reserve officers, only partly trained themselves, and the few officers of which it could rob the Regular Army.

The problem narrowed itself down to the task of first training the officers who in turn would train the men of these forces, and again the training-camp idea was called into service.

The United States was divided into sixteen areas, corresponding roughly to the population of the country, and a training-camp was established for each area. The Regular Army was drawn upon for a scant instructing personnel. All reserve officers were ordered to these camps and a call was sent out through the press and other agencies for volunteers to take a three months' course in preparation for commissions in the first force of 500,000. The call was for men between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five years and it resulted in close to 50,000 applications. Approximately 40,000 men were selected for the work and the camps opened for training about the middle of May. To-day a democratic force of 40,000 men, representing practically every profession and calling, is hard at work competing for the privilege of leading the first conscripted armies to be raised for the war. Under the proposed plan approximately one-third of them will be selected for this purpose. The remaining two-thirds of those who pass the test successfully will be commissioned in the Reserve Corps, to be called into active service as they are needed.

So much for the history and the reasons which led to the establishing of the present training-camps.

"Just what do you expect to do with these men? How are you going to do it? And what do you think you will succeed in doing?" are a few of the questions most frequently asked.

The first question may be answered in part by reference to the official announcement concerning these camps. In it we find:

"A complete division comprises nine regiments of infantry, three regiments of field artillery, one regiment of cavalry, one regiment of engineers, and miscellaneous small organizations. Each training-camp will be organized with a view to furnishing the officers of such a division, with the addition of one cavalry regiment at each camp, to provide for a separate cavalry division.

"During the first month of the camp those in attendance will be divided into fourteen companies, regardless of the arm of the service for which the individuals are destined, and one company of Engineer Reserve Officers and candidates for commission as such. During this month the qualifications of each man of the fourteen companies will be studied with a view to assigning the necessary numbers for further instruction in the separate arms of the service. At the end of the first month, therefore, men will be reassigned in due proportions so as to form nine infantry companies, three batteries of field artillery, and two troops of

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cavalry. After this reassignment these men will receive two months' training in their special branches. At the end of the whole period the Regular Army officers in charge will select from each company, battery, and troop the officers of one regiment of the corresponding arm. Thus we shall have carefully selected officers for sixteen divisions of infantry—one from each camp—and for two divisions of cavalry.

"Each company, battery, and troop must furnish approximately forty-five officers for the first half-million troops."

More specifically, it may be added that the men in these camps will be given a three months' course of intensive training, both practical and theoretical, ten hours a day, fifty-five hours a week, fourteen weeks, some seven hundred and fifty hours in all of instruction—billboard in brevity, tabloid in condensation, and gruelling in intensity. No effort will be spared to train them to the highest possible degree of individual efficiency as soldiers, but always with the idea of making trainers of them. The active principle underlying all of their work will be to teach them to teach others, to train them to make fighting men by the same intensive, short-cut methods.

To the second question—how are you going to do it?—the answer must, of necessity, be somewhat speculative. It is an experiment, new to all who are engaged in it. Our traditional conception of years of preparation and years of experience required in the making of a trained and educated officer must give place to rule-of-thumb solution of the grim problem of making practical leaders of fighting men in a very small fraction of the time.

It will necessarily be a school of elementals—A, B, C's—in which no time will be wasted on frills or niceties, in which no attempt will be made to educate or train leaders of large units. Every effort will be directed to the training of these men to lead the smaller units, companies, batteries, and troops, as a rule; battalions and squadrons at most. In this work we will profit by the experience and mistakes of others. The final result will be to give the finished product of the camps a running start—thereafter they must depend upon their work, their study, and their daily experience to keep them well in the lead of those under them. Necessarily, in a task like this, refinements must be hurdled. The fundamentals, the bed-rock requirements of the fighting leader's art must be stripped from the curriculum of the trained officer and administered in staggering doses and with lightning rapidity.

What will be the result?

Categorically, who can tell? Never before in our history have we attempted such an undertaking. Never before have men in such numbers, of similar stamp, come forward to offer themselves for such an experiment. Never before have men been spurred to a similar effort by similar motives. Never before has an army in this country been built up on similar principles of pure and democratic merit. All of the factors which enter into the solution of the problem are new and largely undetermined. Some of them we know. We know the object for which we are working. We know the motives, the zeal, and the intelligence of the material with which we have to work. We know what others have accomplished under similar conditions and we are confident that nothing less will reward our labors.

For the rest, the army which will be produced will be founded upon sound principles of merit and democracy. It will be thoroughly grounded in the essentials of the fighting man's trade. It will be a representative army, based upon the principle of universal service and universal obligation, led by men who have risen to their positions of command through the mill of competitive test.

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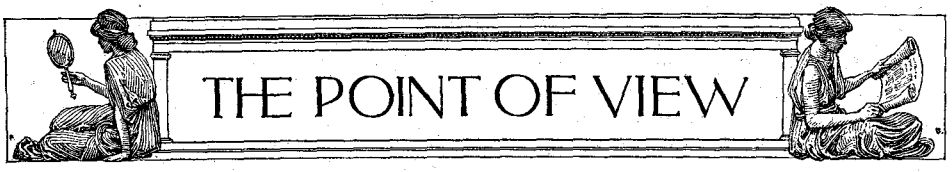

FOR those of us who see the allotted threescore years and ten about to fulfil themselves, there is no more certain way of keeping as young as possible than by association with those who are just entering on manhood; and if we are careful in our choice of juvenile associates there is no pleasanter way. If we try to look at the world through the optimistic spectacles of these young folks, we are able more or less to recover our own attitude at their immature age, and to envisage life as it is to-day by the aid of eyes that were young only in a distant yesterday. The effort to accomplish this impossibility has to be its own reward, of course—but this reward is paid in spot cash.

The Disadvantage of Being Up-to-Date

The companionship of the young who happen to have like interests with our own is an almost certain corrective of the tendency of the aging to be praisers of past times. It compels us to be our own contemporary, and to take stock of the present. We may find delight in overawing our friends of more tender years by describing the glories of our own youth and by dilating upon the roll of great men who are now gone on before and who have left no successors. But if we are honest with these youthful listeners—indeed, if we are honest with ourselves—we are likely to wonder a little whether all these departed great ones were really as mighty as we had fondly believed; and sometimes our doubts are sharply stimulated by the discovery that names familiar in our own mouths as household words have never sounded in the ears of those born two-score years later than we were.

Not long ago a professor of English literature who recalled the magazines and weeklies of forty and even fifty years ago took occasion to ask a little knot of his graduate students if any one of them had read even a single book by William Black or James Payn or Walter Besant. He was not surprised to find that none of the works of these once popular story-tellers had fallen into the hands of any one of the students; but he was a little shocked when he found out that no one of these young fellows of literary taste had ever heard of Besant or Black or Payn. And he began at once to ask himself whether the latter-day successors of these three prolific British novelists will be as completely forgotten in forty years from now.

This inquiry brought home to him again and more emphatically than ever before the fact that the contemporary cannot help being for the most part temporary, and that what is most up-to-date is most swiftly out-of-date. The more strictly a monthly review confines itself to discussion of topics of the time, the more certainly will its contents suffer from the swift oblivion of the back number. And in the vocabulary of the moment there is no condemnation more annihilating than to be dismissed as a back number.

Mr. Brownell, in his sympathetic analysis of Matthew Arnold's essays in criticism, records that themes of keen interest to the critical essayist have lost their edge for us. Without an explanatory foot-note the readers of "Mixed Essays" who have the good fortune to be under forty would grope vainly for the meaning of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill. There is as little light as there is heat in the ashes of dead controversies; and to-morrow there will be little flame in the burning questions of to-day. When Charles Lamb was told that his tragedy was not consonant with the spirit of the age he retorted whimsically: "Hang the age! I'll write for antiquity!" And the manufacturers of fiction who strive to be ultra-modern will soon stand revealed as venders of antiquities.

THE professor of English who conducted the inquest on dead-and-gone best-sellers had good reason for knowing that the graduate students he had interrogated were fairly familiar with the writings as well as with the names of the more important figures in the history of English literature, in both its branches, British and

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American. Most of these graduate students were fitting themselves to be teachers, and they took a professional interest in the subject. But a few weeks after he had interrogated these men, of an average age of twenty-five, he was thrown into a fleeting intimacy with a young fellow of twenty or twenty-one who came of a book-loving family, who had prepared for college, but who had been prevented from entering. The professor found that this young man, who had gone into his father's business, was distinctly intelligent and alertly interested in literature; and in the course of a dozen conversations the older man was surprised at the range of the younger man's reading.

Culture While You Wait

This reading included all the leading novels and plays and poems of three or four modern languages; but it was limited to those which had appeared in the past four or five years. It was strictly contemporaneous. It might be wide, but it was not deep. The young fellow had read with genuine appreciation many good books, but only the latest books in their kind. He could quote from Mr. Chesterton, but he was totally unacquainted with Matthew Arnold. He had a definite opinion about the more vociferous perpetrators of Free Verse; but he had never come in contact with the Fixed Forms, so daintily and delightfully handled by Dobson and Lang and Bunner. He was ready to discuss the plays of Tchekof; but it had never occurred to him that he might find both pleasure and profit in a study of the novels of Turgenief.

This young man was not intellectually immodest, as clever young men often are; he had read what he had read for the best of reasons—because he enjoyed it. He was apparently not at all conscious that he was in any way unusual in the range of his literary activities, and he would probably have laughed aloud in perplexity if he had been told that he was either a Phenomenon or a Symptom. Perhaps he had a hint of juvenile pride that he was "up" in literature, not only up-to-the-minute but up-to-the-second; and he would have been righteously indignant if any one had suggested to him that he had some of the externals of Culture while possessing only a very few of the internals of Education, out of which only can Culture flower.

The professor did not see fit to tell his young friend that he was either a Phenomenon or a Symptom; but he did find it interesting to draw out the ingenuous youth and to find out just what a quick but untrained mind had been able to get from a heterogeny of the latest books eagerly devoured. It was soon made plain that the novice, clever as he indisputably was and shrewd in his individual judgments, had no background and therefore no standards. His judgments had to be individual because of his lack of familiarity with what had gone before the book he was appreciating, what had preceded it and made it possible. He saw a novel or a play or a poem, not as the latest link in a long chain, not as the final pearl added to a lovely neck ace, but by itself alone, unexplained and unrelated.

He was a Phenomenon in that his reading was unusual in itself and unusually intelligent. Yet he was also a Symptom of the way in which the younger generation seems to be tempted to dwell only in the present and to refuse to journey into the past—and even into the immediate past. Unlike this special young fellow, the younger generation at large is likely to be a little intolerant—to proclaim its total satisfaction with the immediate present and to deny that the remoter past has any reason to demand consideration. There is significance as well as pertinence in the tale told of a very modern young lady who was invited by an expectant admirer to go with him to the theatre to see "Romeo and Juliet."

"Isn't there anything else we can go to?" she asked. "I saw 'Romeo and Juliet' when it first came out!"

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THE FIELD OF ART

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These are two semi-lunettes at the ends of the big centre panel, containing the great figure of Unity.

The Armies of the Earth.

"The Kingdom of Unity suffereth violence and the violent would take it by storm."

The Slaves of the Earth.

"They did set over them taskmasters, to afflict them with burdens—but the more they afflicted them the more they multiplied and grew."

VIOLET OAKLEY'S NEW DECORATIONS

THE SPIRIT OF THE WORLD TO-DAY, AS PROPHESIED BY WILLIAM PENN

(IN THE CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG)

OF the nine great mural decorations that Miss Violet Oakley was commissioned to do for the Senate Chamber at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the five here shown are completed and were unveiled with impressive ceremonies in February of this year. This new series admirably supplements and harmonizes with the eighteen panels of a former frieze depicting "The Founding of the State of Spiritual Liberty." The late Edwin A. Abbey had been commissioned to do this work, and upon his death it was unanimously agreed that Miss Oakley's distinguished success with her former series entitled her to undertake this. The decorations are entirely her own creation.

It was while she was in London and when momentous questions were already before the world in the discussion of the menacing Balkan troubles that the dominating theme for these decorations came to the artist's mind. But the real foundation and inspiration that was emphasized and defined by coming events came from her reading of Hegel's great work on "The Philosophy of History," and especially of Penn's "Essays toward the Present and Future Peace of Europe by the Establishment of an European Diet, Parliament of the States," published in 1693–4. It was from Spinoza, said Governor Brumbaugh at the unveiling exercises, that Penn may have derived some of his doctrines:

"No more tolerant or gracious government ever was promulgated than the government of Pennsylvania. To express adequately the animating purpose thereof was the task set for the artist. Miss Oakley, with unity in her soul and with fine feeling and commanding skill, has here given expression to this great philosophic ideal of government. The waters of life, fresh and free, flow from the throne of God. They animate and enshrine the majestic figure of Unity and flow to all the races of men. It is an ideal interpretation of the loftiest conception of human government. The thought that thrilled Spinoza, that carried William Penn to this great country —is here vividly and adequately portrayed."

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The Constitutional Convention and the Birth of the Union—Philadelphia, 1787.

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair . . . the event is in the Hand of God."—Washington.

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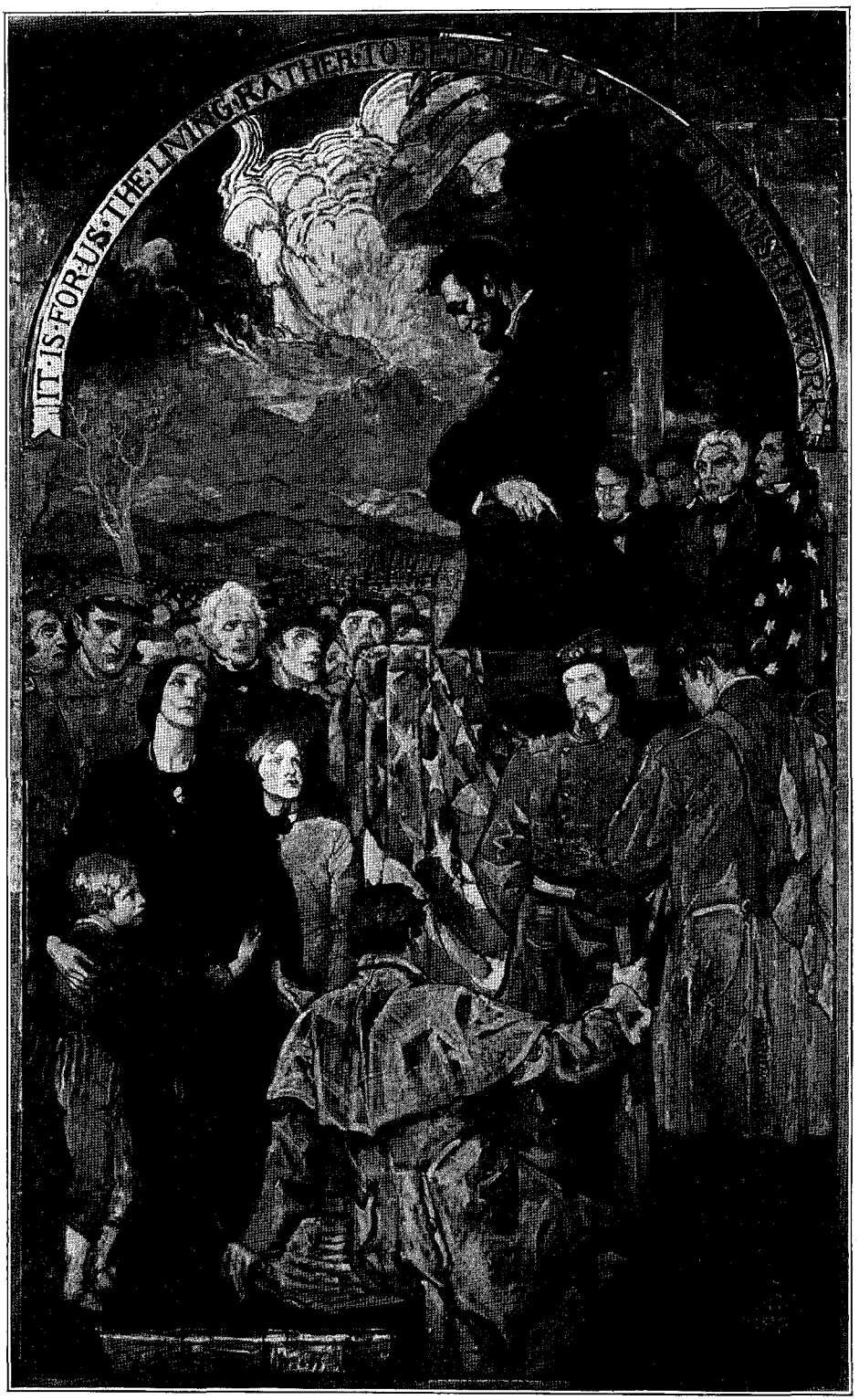

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The Dedication of the Living to the Preservation of the Union—Gettysburg, 1863.

"It is for us the living rather to be dedicated . . . to the Unfinished Work."—Lincoln.

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The subject of the paintings is "The Creation and Preservation of the Union, Penn's Principles of Government and His Prophecy of Peace."

Miss Oakley has expressed with a fine and dignified symbolism and distinguished artistic skill the spirituality of her own ideals and the ideals of the great founder of the Keystone State; those ideals that are to-day so deep in the thoughts and hopes of all of the allied nations of the world; the great thought of a world-wide democracy—a real unity of nations for the preservation of a world-wide peace.

With its realization—our country playing its own unselfish part, making its sacrifices for humanity—let us hope will come in fact the ideal commonwealth that Penn prophesied—to be governed by the principles that governed his conduct and that expressed his ideas of government. Miss Oakley, in her reply to Governor Brumbaugh's address, said of her work:

"A profound wonder overwhelmed me as I learned more and more of the great, positive constructive Principle informing the founder of Pennsylvania's first government. It can never be adequately described, much less understood, by any negative statements as to what these early Friends did not do. Such as: 'They did not believe in fighting,' 'did not carry weapons,' 'refused to kill under any and all circumstances,' 'were not worldly,' etc., etc.

"We know that to-day no one could live and be thus wholly negative. It would have been just as impossible then. I found, instead, some of the positive things they did, some of the truths concerning 'the light that was in them.' It will be when spiritual light again floods the hearts of men as dazzlingly that the great ones will appear who are to reconstruct this battered globe. Is not the time almost ripe—the bleeding world almost ready—for another Holy Experiment, a trial of Unity?"

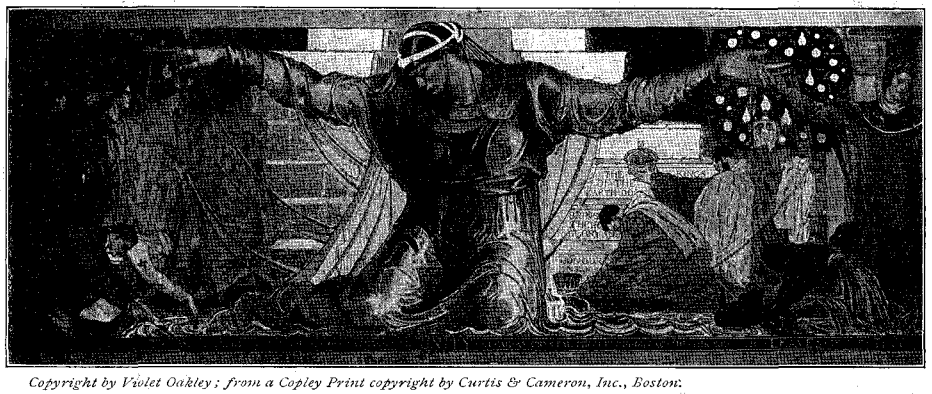
Penn's effort to establish a pure democracy was not a failure, and his prophecy, in the words of Isaac Sharpless, promises to be fulfilled—after two hundred and twenty-four years:

"The world will return to it when times are riper. There will be another trial of the principles of a pure democracy, with perfect civil and religious liberty, perfect justice to neighbors, never attacking, and without need or provision for armed defense, which will be permanently successful."

The artist is now at work completing the four other decorations of the series.

Miss Oakley was a pupil of the Art Student's League, of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, under Howard Pyle and Cecilia Beaux, and in Paris under Amand-Jean, Collin, and Lazar. She has won the gold medal of honor of the Pennsylvania Academy, the medal of honor of the Architectural League, and a medal of honor from the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Her other work includes important mural decorations both in public and private collections.

J. B. C.



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Detail from "Unity" Decoration.

"Supreme Manifestation of Enlightenment in International Unity"—Prophecy of William Penn.

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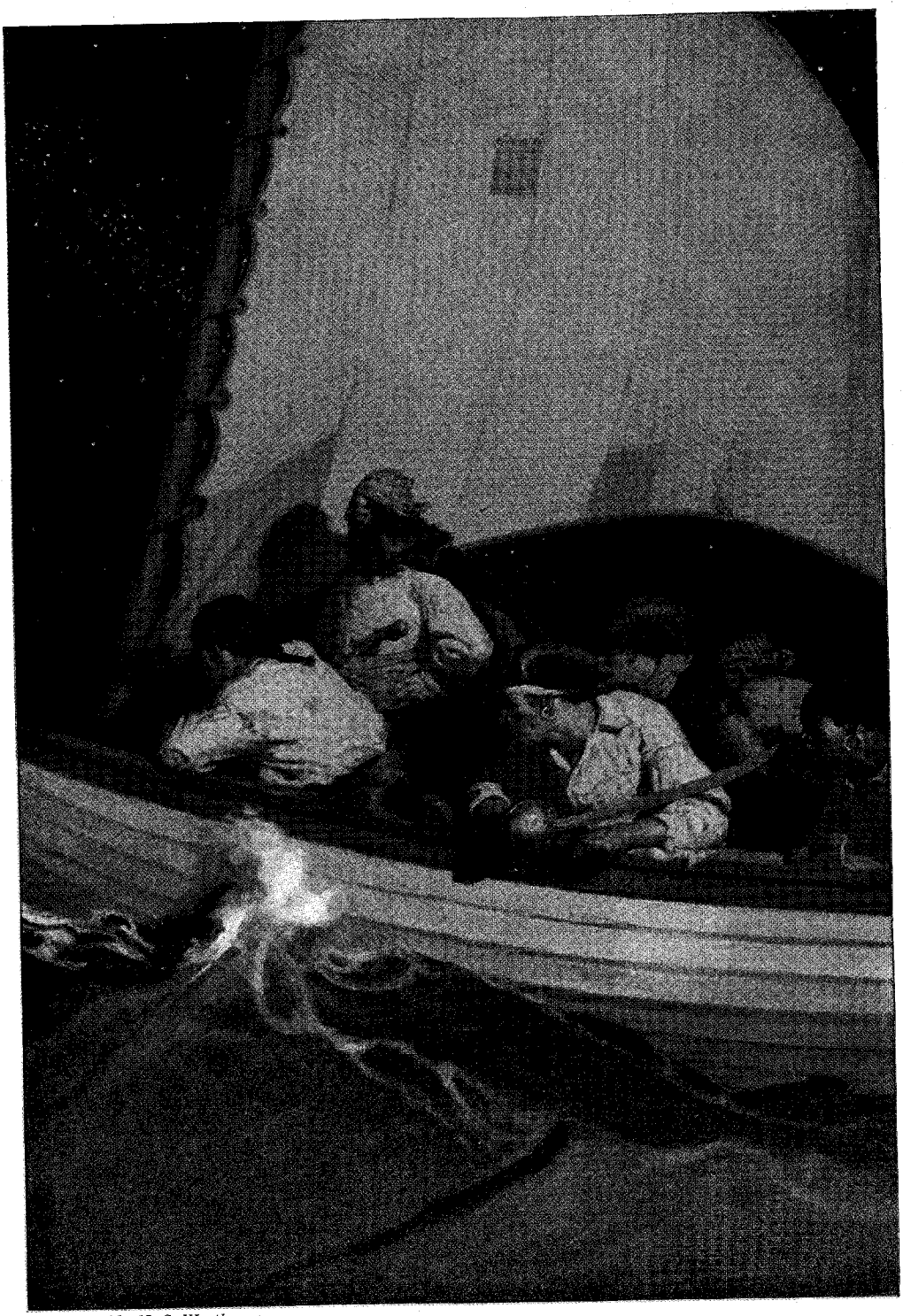

Painted by N. C. Wyeth.

"Oh, Morgan's men are out for you;
And Blackbeard—buccaneer!"

—"The Golden Galleon," page 166

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